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The wit and wisdom of Rev.
Charles H. Spurgeon













C.H. Spurgeon

THE WIT AND WISDOM

OF

Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon.

CONTAINING

SELECTIONS FROM HIS WRITINGS,

AND

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE AND WORK.

BY

REV. RICHARD BRISCOE COOK, D. D.

AUTHOR OF

The Story of Jesus, and other works.

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ILLUSTRATIONS.

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LIFE AND WORK OF REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

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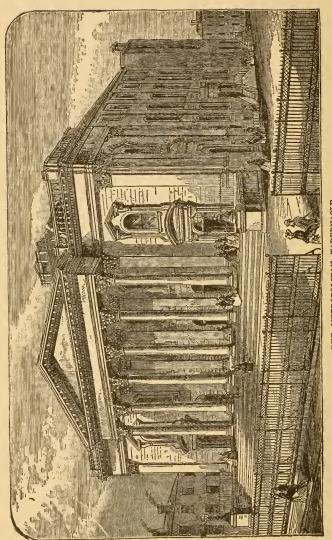
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LIFE AND WORK.







THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

Life and Work of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

A^N English school-boy when asked, "Who is the Prime Minister of England?" answered, "Mr. Spurgeon." The child replied better than he knew. Mr. Spurgeon is, not only England's, but the world's greatest preacher since the days of Paul.

"No one," says a well-known writer, "has ever preached to so large a congregation continuously in one place. The lecturer goes from place to place, and even the theatre manager must resort to new actors, new scenes, new plays to draw the crowd; but Mr. Spurgeon has been preaching the simple gospel for over thirty years to a multitude of people in London, the metropolis of the world. And the traveler who visits London from any part of the world goes to hear Spurgeon, who has very prop-

erly been called 'the Whitefield of the nineteenth century.'" Besides being a great preacher, Mr. Spurgeon is remarkable as the author of many valuable works, and as the successful originator of a number of successful Christian enterprises, such as the College and the Orphanage. He is distinguished as preacher, author, editor and philanthropist.

BIRTH AND PARENTAGE.

CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON was born at Kelvedon, in Essex, England, June 19, 1834. His ancestors were pious people. Rev. James Spurgeon, his grandfather, and his father, Rev. John Spurgeon, were preachers of the gospel and pastors of Independent churches. The mother of Mr. Spurgeon was the youngest sister of Charles Parker Jarvis, Esq., of Colchester, "a woman remarkable for piety, usefulness and humility."

The London *Graphic* for November 15, 1890, says: "The Spurgeon family is of Huguenot origin. The persecution which followed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes drove several members of it to this country, who settled some in Norfolk and some in Essex. Mr. C. H. Spurgeon has descended from the latter branch."

"Early in his ministry in London, he was introduced, at a book-store in Paternoster Row, to Mr. John Spurgeon, a descendant of the Norwich branch of the family; and on comparing notes of their respective ancestors, piety, uprightness and loyalty, were found alike in both. The same spirit of religious intolerance which sent the immortal Bunyan to Bedford Jail for preaching the gospel, also sent, in 1677, Job Spurgeon to Chelmsford Jail, where, for conscience sake, he lay on a pallet of straw for fifteen weeks, in extremely severe winter weather, without any fire."

"The great-grandfather of Pastor Spurgeon was contemporary with the opening period of the reign of King George III." His grandfather, James Spurgeon, was converted while yet a youth at Halstead. While an apprentice at Coggeshall he became a member of the church there. At the age of twenty-six his mind was directed to the gospel ministry, and he entered Hoxton Academy in 1802. In 1810 he became pastor at Stambourne, in Essex, where he remained pastor for more than half a century. The church had but four pastors in two hundred years; he was the fourth. He frequently said, "I have not had one hour's unhappiness with my church since I have been over it." "He was the very picture of neatness, and in many particulars resembled John Wesley, specially in his manners and statue. He wore a dress cravat, a frilled shirt, and had a vest with deep pockets, as if provided for large collections. He was seldom without a pocket of sweets,

which he gave generally to the children wherever he went, so that they gathered round him and attached themselves to him with a firmness which riper years did not shake. He was always happy in the company of young people. He wore the breeches, buckled shoes and silk stockings which marked the rein of George III. For more than half a century his life corresponded with his labors."

"In the year 1856, Pastor C. H. Spurgeon preached a sermon at Stambourne, on the occasion of his grandfather's completing the fiftieth year of his ministry. This was published under the title of 'The God of the Aged.' * * The old man had especial delight in promoting the sale of the sermons and other publications of his grandson, seeking always to get an early supply of any new productions. He was careful to supply the members of his church annually with a copy of 'Spurgeon's Almanack,' which the writer, (Geo. J. Stevenson) supplied him with several years before his death."

When the remarkable man was eighty-six, his grandson, Charles, was on a preaching tour in Essex, and a letter of entreaty was sent by the patriarch urging the young divine to call upon him. Arriving as early as eight in the morning, the aged saint was on the look-out for "his boy."

He died February 12, 1864, in the eighty-seventh year of his age. His son John at Cranbrook, Kent, and his grandson Charles, both preached memorial sermons to their respective congregations.

John Spurgeon, the father of Charles, was born at Stambourne in 1811. He was the second of ten children. He was engaged in business at Colchester; for sixteen years he preached on Sundays to a small congregation of Independents at Tollesbury, being occupied with business during the week. He afterwards devoted his whole time to the ministry at Cranbrook, London and Islington. "He gathered a large congregation twice on the Sabbath, to whom his preaching was both acceptable and beneficial." In all his work Mrs. Spurgeon, the mother of London's famous preacher, was a true help-meet for him with energy, fidelity and affectionate regard, doing her duty in her family and in the church. Mr. George J. Stevenson, in his faithful biography of Mr. Spurgeon, says: "When, at some future period, the historian of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and of the Stockwell Orphanage, is considering the primary causes of those great enterprises, the care which Mrs. Spurgeon bestowed upon the early training of her

family must be accounted as a valuable auxiliary in preparing the way for such exemplary conduct."

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon has one brother, James, and six sisters, two of whom are married, one to a minister of the gospel and the other to a solicitor. They all had a good education bestowed upon them by their self-denying parents.

CHILDHOOD.

A^T an early age, while yet an infant, he was sent to live with his grandfather, at Stambourne, where he was welcomed as the first grandchild in the family, and was then put under the care of his maiden aunt, Ann Spurgeon, whom he ever loved as a second mother. He was there for almost the entire period of the first six years of his life. He soon manifested a greater fondness for books than for play, Robinson Crusoe and the Pilgrim's Progress being his special delight. Another book that amused him many hours was a picture book. It contained a portrait of Bonner, Bishop of London; and when informed that Bishop Bonner persecuted in his day many of the servants of God for their religion, the effect upon his mind was never effaced. He could neither read nor write then, but the picture of the persecutor of God's people made him dislike the man, whom he called, in derision, "Old Bonner." This early impression probably had much to do in making Mr. Spurgeon the mighty champion he is of religious liberty, and in giving him that intense abhorrence he possesses of tyranny in every form and under every name. The child surprised

tne deacons and matrons who gathered on Sabbath evening at his grandfather's with the subjects he proposed for conversation, and his intelligent remarks upon them.

In *The Sword and the Trowel* for January, 1888, Mr. Spurgeon gives a picture of the Old Meetinghouse and Minister's House, Stambourne, Essex, and indulges in these delightful recollections under the head of

THE OLD MANSE AT STAMBOURNE.

"The frontispiece has far more charms for me than for any of my readers, but I hope that their generous kindness to the writer will cause them to be interested in it. Here my venerable grandfather lived for more than fifty years, and reared his rather numerous family. The old meeting-house still stands, with its grand overshadowing trees, and the quiet graveyard, wherein the bodies of many of the Lord's chosen ones wait for the sounding of the resurrection trumpet. The house has been supplanted by one which, I doubt not, is most acceptable to the excellent minister who occupies it, but to me it can never be one half so dear as the revered old home in which I spent some of my earliest years. It is true it had developed devotional tendencies, and seemed inclined to prostrate its venerable form,

and therefore it might have fallen down of itself if it had not been removed by the builder, but, somehow, I wish it had kept up forever and ever. I could have cried 'spare the old house; touch not a single tile, a bit of plaster,' but its hour was come, and so the earthly house was happily dissolved.

"It looks a very noble structure, with its eight windows in front, but at least three, and I think four, of these were plastered up, and painted black, and then marked out in lines to imitate glass. They were not very bad counterfeits, or the photograph would betray this. Most of us can remember the window-tax, which seemed to regard light as a Latin commodity—lux, and therefore a luxury, and therefore to be taxed. So much was paid on each aperture for the admission of light; and so room after room of the manse was left in darkness, to be regarded by my childish mind with reverent awe. Over other windows were put boards marked Dairy or Cheese-Room, because by this name they would escape the tribute. What a queer mind must his have been who first invented taxing the light of the sun! It was, no doubt, meant to be a fair way of estimating the size of a house, and hence the wealth of the inhabitants; but, incidentally, it led occupiers of large

houses to shut out the light for which they were too poor to pay.

"Let us enter by the front door. We step into a spacious hall paved with brick. There is a great fire-place, and over it a painting of David and the Philistines, and giant Goliath. The hall floor was of brick, and carefully sprinkled with fresh sand. We see this in the country still, but not often in the minister's house. In the hall stood the child's rocking-horse. It was a gray horse, and could be ridden astride or side-saddle. When I visited Stambourne last year, a man claimed to have rocked me upon it. I remember the horse, but not the man; so sadly do we forget the better and remember the baser. This was the only horse that I ever enjoyed riding. Living animals are too eccentric in their movements, and the law of gravitation usually draws me from my seat upon them to a lower, level; but this was a horse on which even a member of Parliament might have retained his seat.

"Into this hall came certain of the more honored supporters of the meeting to leave their cloaks, and so forth, on wet Sundays. The horses and gigs went down to the stables and sheds in the rear; whips usually went into the pews, and a few of the choicer friends left their wraps and coats in the minister's hall. How I used to delight to stand in the hall, with the door open, and watch the rain run off the top of the door into a wash-tub! What bliss to float cotton-reels in the miniature sea! How fresh and sweet that rain seemed to be! The fragrance of it, as a thunder-shower poured down, comes over me now.

"Where the window is open on the right was the best parlor. Roses generally grew about it, and bloomed in the room if they could find means to insert their buds, which they generally did. There had evidently been a cleaning up just before the photograph was taken, for there are no roses creeping up from below. What vandals people are when they set about clearing up either the outside or inside of houses! This is the room which contained the marvel to which I referred in the Almanack for 1879.

"Here is the reference to it: 'We remember well, in our early days, seeing upon our grand-mother's mantel-shelf an apple contained in a phial. This was a great wonder to us, and we tried to investigate it. Our question was, "How came the apple to get inside so small a bottle?" The apple was quite as big round as the phial: by what means was it placed within it? Though it

was treason to touch the treasures on the mantelpiece, we took down the bottle and convinced our youthful mind that the apple never passed through its neck, and by means of an attempt to unscrew the bottom, we became equally certain that the apple did not enter from below. We held to the notion that by some occult means the bottle had been made in two pieces, and afterwards united in so careful a manner that no trace of the joint remained. We were hardly satisfied with the theory, but as no philosopher was there to suggest another hypothesis, we let the matter rest. One day next summer we chanced to see upon a bough another phial, the first cousin of our old friend, within which was growing a little apple, which had been passed through the neck of the bottle while it was extremely small. "Nature well known, no prodigies remain;" the grand secret was out. We did not cry "Eureka! Eureka!" but we might have done so if we had then been versed in the Greek tongue.

"'This discovery of our juvenile days shall serve for an illustration at the present moment. Let us get the apples into the bottle while they are little, which, being translated, signifies let us bring the young ones into the house of God in the hope that 22

in after days they will love the place where His Honor dwelleth, and then seek and find eternal life. Sermons should not be so long and dull as to weary the young folk, or else mischief will come of it; but with interesting preaching to secure attention, and loving teachers to press home the truth upon the youthful heart, we shall not have to complain of the next generation that they have forgotten their resting-places.

"In this best parlor grandfather would usually sit on Sunday mornings and prepare himself for preaching. I was put into the room with him that I might be quiet, and as a rule The Evangelical Magazine was given me. This contained a portrait of a reverend divine, and one picture of a mission-station. Grandfather often requested me to be quiet, and always gave as a reason that I 'had the magazine.' I did not at the time perceive the full force of the argument to be derived from that fact, but no doubt my venerable relative knew more about the sedative effect of the magazine than I did. I cannot support his opinion from personal experience. Another means of stilling 'the child' was much more effectual. I was warned that per haps grandpa would not be able to preach if I distracted him; and then—ah! then what would

happen if poor people did not learn the way to heaven? This made me look at the portrait and the missionary-station once more. Little did I dream that some other child would one day see my face in that wonderful evangelical portrait-gallery.

"On the left, nearly hidden by a shrub, is a very important window, for it let light into the room wherein were the oven, the mangle, &c.; best of all, the kneading-trough. How often have I gone to that kneading-trough, for it had a little shelf in it, and there would be placed something for the child!—a bit of pastry, which was called by me, according to its size, a pig or a rabbit, which had little ears and two currants for eyes, was carefully placed in that sacred shrine, like the manna in the ark. Dear grandmother, how much you labored to spoil that 'child!' Yet your memory is more dear to him than that of wiser folks, who did not spoil the child. Do you now look down upon your petted grandson? Do you feel as if he would have been better if you had been sour and hard? Not a bit of it. Aunt Ann, who had a finger in it al. is not a bit penitent, but would spoil 'the child' again if she had a chance.

"There was a sitting-room at the back of the house, where the family met for meals. In that

blank side there certainly was a window looking out upon the garden, and we cannot make out why the photograph does not show it. There are some faint indications, but one has to look long to spy them. When I last saw the keeping-room, a bit of ivy had forced its way through the lath and plaster, and had been trained along the inside of the room; but in my childish days we were not so verdant. I remember a mark on the paper which had been made by the finger of one of my uncles, so they told me, when one year the flour was so bad that it turned into a paste, or pudding, inside the loaf, and could not be properly made into bread. History has before this been learned from hand-writings on the wall. There was a mysterious jack over the fire-place, and with that fire-place itself I was very familiar; for candles were never used extravagantly in grandfather's house, and if anyone went out of the room and took the candle with them, it was just a little darker, not very much; and if one wished to read, the fire-light was the only resort. I think there were mould candles now and then in the best room, but that was only on high days and holidays. My opinion, derived from personal observation, was that all every-day candles were made of rushes and tallow.

"Our young readers in London and other large towns have probably never seen a pair of snuffers, much less the flint and steel with which a light had to be painfully obtained by the help of a tinder-box and brimstone match. What a job on a cold, raw morning to strike and strike, and see the sparks die out because the tinder was damp! We are indeed living in an age of light when we compare our incandescent gas-burners and electric lights with the rush-lights of our childhood. And yet the change is not all one way; for, if we have more light, we have also more fog and smoke, at least in London.

"A quaint old winding stair led to the upper chambers. The last time I occupied the best bed room the floor seemed to be anxious to go out of the window, at least it inclined that way. There seemed to be a chirping of birds very near my pillow in the morning, and I discovered that swallows had built outside the plaster, and sparrows had found a hole that admitted them inside of it, that they might lay their young. It is not always that one can lie in bed and study ornithology. I confess that I liked all this rural life, and the old chintz bed-furniture, and the ancient and tottery mansion altogether.

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"I am afraid I am amusing myself rather than my reader, and so I will not weary him with more than this one bit of rigmarole just now. But there was one place up stairs which I cannot omit, even at the risk of being wearisome. Opening out of one of the bedrooms there was a little chamber of which the window had been blocked up by that wretched window-duty. When the original founder of Stambourne Meeting quitted the Church of England, to form a separate congregation, he would seem to have been in possession of a fair estate, and the house was quite a noble one for those times. Before the light-excluding tax had come into operation that little room was the minister's study and closet for prayer; and it was a very nice, cosy room, too. In my time it was a dark den, but it contained books, and this made it a gold-mine to me. Therein was fulfilled the promise, 'I will give thee treasures of darkness.' Some of these were enormous folios, such as a boy could hardly lift. Here I struck acquaintance first with the martyrs, and specially with 'Old Bonner,' who burned them; next, with Bunyan and his pilgrims; and further on, with the great masters of Scriptural theology, with whom no moderns are worthy to be named in the same day. Even the old editions are precious

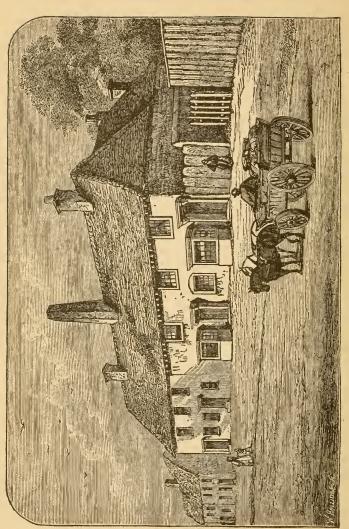
to me, with their margins and old-fashioned notes. It is easy to tell a real Puritan, even by the shape of the book and the look of the type; and I confess a prejudice against nearly all the new editions, and a preference for the originals, even though clothed in sheepskins and goatskins, or shut in the hardest of boards. It made my eyes water to see a number of these old books in the new manse. I wonder whether some other boy will love them, and love to revive that grand old divinity which will yet be to England her balm and benison.

"Out of the darkened room I fetched those old authors when I was yet a youth, and never was I happier than when in their company. Out of the present contempt, into which Puritanism has fallen, many brave hearts and true will fetch it, by the help of God, ere many years have passed. Those who have daubed at the windows will yet be surprised to see heaven's light beaming on the old truth, and then breaking forth from it to their own confusion."

Mr. Spurgeon also tells the following story about himself at that time. "When I was a very small boy, I was staying at my grandfather's, where I had aforetime spent my earliest days; and, as the manner was, I read the scriptures at family prayers. Once

upon a time, when reading the passage in the Book of Revelation which mentions the bottomless pit, I paused and said, 'Granpa, what can this mean?' His answer was kind but unsatisfactory: 'Pooh, pooh, child, go on.' The child intended, however, to have an explanation, and therefore selected the same chapter morning after morning, Sunday included, and always halted at the same verse to repeat the inquiry. At length the venerable patriarch capitulated at discretion, by saying, 'Well, dear, what is it that puzzles you?' Now the child had often seen baskets with very frail bottoms, which in the course of wear became bottomless, and allowed the fruit placed therein to fall upon the ground. Here then was the puzzle: If the pit aforesaid had no bottom, where would all the people fall who dropped out at its lower end? A puzzle which rather startled the propriety of family worship, and had to be laid aside for explanation at a more convenient season. Questions of this simple and natural character would frequently break up into paragraphs the family bible-reading, and had there not been a world of love and license allowed to the inquisitive reader, he would soon have been deposed from office."





BIRTHPLACE OF C. H. SPURGEON, KELVEDON, ESSEX.

PREMONITIONS AND PREDICTIONS OF GREATNESS.

M. SPURGEON gave evidence of goodness and greatness in early life. "As a youth he was chaste, moral and guarded in his deportment." "His moral character, especially his love of truth, was very conspicuous." He was a diligent student, practicing self-denial to secure an education, and carrying off prizes before all competitors. His grandfather writes, "I do not remember ever hearing of his speaking anything but the truth. I cannot remember that we had ever an occasion to correct him for any false tale." His boldness and fidelity as a champion of right is foreshadowed in the following anecdote: Before he was six years old, and in the spring of 1840, seeing a man who had made a profession of religion standing in the streets of the village with others of doubtful character, he went up to the inconsistent professor and to his astonishment demanded, "What doest thou here, Elijah?"

PROPHECY OF RICHARD KNILL.

THERE was a prophecy concerning Mr. Spurgeon made when he was a child ten years of age that will be interesting to relate. It was very remarkable. He was spending his vacation at Stambourne with his grandfather. On that occasion the Rev. Richard Knill came on Friday to remain over the Sabbath, which was the anniversary of the Missionary Society. He came to grandfather Spurgeon's house to remain and preach on Sunday. He heard Charles read a chapter out of the scriptures at worship, and commended him. He said, "I have heard old ministers and young ones read well, but I never heard a little boy read so correctly before." He invited the boy to walk with him before breakfast in the garden, and early in the morning a tap at the door called the child from his bed. The conversation was about Jesus. They both entered the great sugar-loaf arbor of yew where they knelt in prayer, Mr. Knill praying with his arms around the boy for the salvation of his soul. Feeling a singular interest in the child he called the family together before leaving and taking Charles upon his knee, said:

"I do not know how it is, but I feel a solemn presentment that this child will preach the Gospel to thousands, and God will bless him to many souls. So sure am I of this, that when my little man preaches in Rowland Hill's Chapel, as he will do one day, I should like him to promise me that he will give out the hymn commencing:

'God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform.'''

Rowland Hill's was the largest church then in London belonging to the Dissenters.

This promise was made, and, says Mr. Spurgeon, "The prophetic declaration was fulfilled. When I had the pleasure of preaching the Word of Life in Surrey Chapel, (Rowland Hill's,) and also when I preached in Mr. Hill's first pulpit at Wootton-under-Edge, the hymn was sung in both places. Did the words of Mr. Hill help to bring about their own fulfillment? I think so. I believed them, and looked forward to the time when I should preach the Word. I felt very powerfully that no unconverted person might dare to enter the ministry. This made me the more intent on seeking salvation, and more hopeful of it; and when by grace I was enabled to cast myself on the Savior's love, it was not long before my mouth began to

speak of His redemption. How came that soberminded minister to speak thus to and of one into whose future God alone could see? How came it that he lived to rejoice with his younger brother in the truth of all that he had spoken? The answer is plain. But mark one particular lesson: Would to God that we were all as wise as Richard Knill in habitually sowing beside all waters. Mr. Knill might very naturally have left the minister's little grandson on the plea that he had other duties of more importance than praying with children; and yet who shall say that he did not effect as much by that simple act of humble ministry as by dozens of sermons addressed to crowded audiences? To me his tenderness in considering the little one was fraught with everlasting consequences, and I must ever feel that his time was well laid out."

Rev. James Spurgeon, grandfather, writing of the prediction of Mr. Knill at Stambourne, concerning Chas. H. Spurgeon, says: "It appears to me as if he spoke under a spirit of prophecy. When Mr. Knill first heard of my grandson being in town (London) he wrote to me for his address. The reason he gave was, being then from home, with a large party of friends, after dinner the conversation turned upon a wonderful preacher who was pastor of the New Park-street Chapel. Mr. Knill inquired his name, and the answer given was, 'Mr. Spurgeon.' 'I know him,' said Mr. Knill. 'No, no,' replied his friends; 'I think not.' 'Yes, I do, sir,' replied Mr. Knill. 'I saw him at his grandfather's house some years ago, when I preached in the village for the missionary cause, and I have always been convinced that he would one day be a most extraordinary character in the Christian world. I remember,' continued Mr. Knill, 'taking the lad into the garden; I conversed with him, and prayed with him, and found that he possessed a mind far beyond his years.'"

Mr. Knill died at Chester in 1857 or 1858, and was buried in the cemetery there; the greater part of the citizens showed their respect by attending his funeral, and among them was Dr. Graham, Bishop of Chester.

"Here, then," says an author, "we have very striking testimony to prove that very early in life, Mr. Spurgeon manifested these evidences of future usefulness and distinction which have been so amply and so remarkably realized." We give another instance proving the same.

Mr. Spurgeon's grandfather says: "When my grandson was quite young, he went into a field

where a very pious man was plowing. He was a member of my church. The child began to ask some questions on religious subjects which the good man thought beyond his age. The conversation continued for some time on spiritual subjects, until the man was quite amazed at what he had heard, although he was a man deeply experienced in the things of God. At last the man said to my grandson, 'My dear boy, God has given you great gifts, great grace and great experience. My prayer to God for you is that he may keep you truly humble, for if you rise one inch above the ground, you must be cut down.' I am amazed and thankful to God that my grandson is kept humble."

Mr. Spurgeon's parents shared with others the conviction that their son would one day occupy a distinguished place in the world, and their chief anxiety was that he should be good as well as great, and that he should excel in the service of God. Being a boy of strong passions and a determined will, they had great fear at one time concerning him, and prayed earnestly that God would give him grace to keep his will subject to the will of God. It was, therefore, a great gratification to them to see him yield the fruits of careful religious training and instruction in the scriptures

in early life. In matters of religion he was beyond his years, and the teacher and leader of his companions. He had, even at such a tender age, the clearest conception of the doctrines of God's word. With a memory of great vigor and power, he treasured up the best things in God's kingdom for future use. He was faithful and true, and loved the company of God's people, with whom he delighted to talk with beaming face of Christ and salvation.

Rev. John Spurgeon says of his son Charles, that when but a youth scarcely in his teens, he was often found in the hayrack or the manger reading aloud, talking, or sometimes preaching to his brothers and sisters, so anxious was he to be doing good. Such exercises as these encouraged the hope, even then entertained by his parents, that their good and intelligent boy would devote himself to the gospel ministry, and they took these as early manifestations of the inclination of his mind.

A letter written in 1848 or 1849, when he was but fourteen years old, to his uncle plainly foreshadows his useful and wonderful career. It might have been written by him in later years and still have done him credit. Here are some of the wise things said in it:

"You have doubtless heard of me as a top-tree

Antinomian. I trust you know enough of me to disbelieve it. * * I groan daily under a body of sin and corruption. * * I become more and more convinced that to attempt to be saved by a mixed covenant of words and faith is, in the words of Berridge, 'to yoke a snail and an elephant.' * * The Rock of Ages is our only hiding-place. * * I rejoice in an assured knowledge by faith of my interest in Christ, and of the certainty of my eternal salvation. * * I glory in the distinguishing grace of God. Yet what strivings, what conflicts and dangers, what enemies stand in the way. * * On my bended knees I have often to cry for succor and bless His name; He has hitherto heard my cry."

DISTRESSING DOUBT.

AT another time he passed through a period of distressing doubt. In speaking of a free-thinker he remarks: "I, too, have been like him. There was an evil hour in which I slipped the anchor of my faith; I cut the cable of my belief; I no longer moored myself hard by the coasts of Revelation; I allowed my vessel to drift before the wind. I said to reason, 'be thou my captain;' I said to my own brain, 'be thou my rudder;' and I started on my mad voyage. Thank God, it is all over now. But I will tell you its brief history. It was one hurried sailing over the tempestuous ocean of free thought."

"The result was, that from doubting some things, he came to question everything, even his own existence. Thus 'the devil foileth himself.' Faith came to the rescue of bewildered reason, and from that perilous voyage brought back the wanderer 'safe to land.' She who had nursed him in infancy, like the grandmother of Timothy, is pictured as exclaiming before the throne of God in heaven, 'I thank Thee, O thou Ever-gracious One, that

he who was my child on earth, has now become Thy child in light!' There, too, having conquered those violent extremes to which satan often drives the sinner who is repenting of his sins, and having fled for refuge, and found a welcome and safety in the bosom of a crucified Jesus, his sins forgiven, and his spirit enjoying the liberty of the adopted children of God."

HIS CONVERSION.

THE story of his conversion, as told by himself, is well worth relating. He tells it repeatedly. "It pleased God in my childhood to convince me of sin. I lived a miserable creature, finding no hope, no comfort, thinking that surely God would never save me. At last the worst came to the worst; I was miserable; I could do scarcely anything. My heart was broken in pieces. Six months did I pray; prayed agonizingly with all my heart, and never had an answer. I resolved that, in the town where I lived, I would visit every place of worship in order to find out the way of salvation. I felt I was willing to do anything and be anything if God would only forgive me. I set off, determined to go round to all the chapels, and I went to all the places of worship; and though I dearly venerate the men that occupy those pulpits now, and did then, I am bound to say that I never heard them once fully preach the gospel. I mean by that, they preached truth, great truths, many good truths that were fitting to many of their congregations,—spiritually minded people; but what I

wanted to know was, how can I get my sins for-given? And they never once told me that. I wanted to hear how a poor sinner, under a sense of sin, rught find peace with God; and when I went I heard a sermon on 'Be not deceived; God is not mocked,' which cut me up worse, but did not say how I might escape."

"At last one snowy day, it snowed so much I could not go to the place I had determined to go to, and I was obliged to stop on the road, and it was a blessed stop for me. I found rather an obscure street, and turned down a court, and there was a little chapel. * * It was a Primitive Methodist's chapel. * * So, sitting down, the service went on, but no minister came. At last a very thin-looking man came into the pulpit and opened his Bible and read these words: 'Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth.' Just setting his eyes upon me as if he knew me all by heart, he said: 'Young man, you are in trouble.' Well, I was, sure enough. Says he, 'You will never get out of it unless you look to Christ.' And then, lifting up his hands, he cried out, as only, I think, a Primitive Methodist could do, 'Look, look, look! It is only look!' said he. I saw at once the way of salvation. Oh, how I

did leap for joy at that moment! * * Like as when the brazen serpent was lifted up, they only looked and were healed. I had been waiting to do fifty things, but when I heard this word, 'look,' what a charming word it seemed to me. Oh, I looked until I could almost have looked my eyes away! and in heaven I will look on still in my joy unutterable."

This was in Colchester, to which his parents had removed from Kelvedon while he was at his grandfather's, and where, in 1864, Mr. Spurgeon afterwards preached on one occasion in the same chapel. He took as his text Isaiah xlv: 22, and preached from the same words, related the account of his conversion to the congregation, and pointed to the very pew under the gallery where he was sitting at the time.

He tells his conversion in *The Sword and the Trowel*, his magazine, for the benefit of boys:

"I tell you, boys, the day I gave myself up to the Lord Jesus, to be His servant, was the very best day of my life. Then I began to be safe and happy; then I found out the secret of living, and had a worthy object for my life's exertions, and an unfailing comfort for life's trouble. Because I would wish everybody to have a bright eye, a light tread, a joyful heart, and overflowing spirits, I plead with him to consider whether he will not follow my example, for I speak from experience."

Mr. Spurgeon, like Paul the apostle, loves to relate the story of his conversion, which he tells over and over again. Once when he was telling the story of his salvation, "a good friend in the company cried out, 'tell us something fresh, old fellow.' Mr. Spurgeon, not the least disconcerted, replied, 'now, really, in preaching ten times a week we cannot always say things fresh. You have heard John Gough, and you know he tells his tales over again. I have nothing but the old gospel, He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.'" With this Mr. Spurgeon went on with his story.

But who was the preacher whose sermon was instrumental in young Spurgeon's conversion? Mr. George J. Stevenson, to whose biographical sketch of the London preacher we are greatly indebted for many facts, says:

"Mr. Danzy Sheen, a Primitive Methodist minister, has been at much pains to gather up the real facts of the case, and these he has published in a pamphlet entitled 'Pastor Spurgeon: his Conversion, Labor and Success.' "The result of the inquiries made by Danzy Sheen show that Rev. Robart Eaglen was the Primitive Methodist minister traveling in the Ipswich circuit in the year 1850–1, in which circuit Colchester was a branch mission. That Mr. Eaglen preached in Colchester Chapel on Sunday morning, December 15th, 1850; that the snowstorm delayed his arrival at the chapel considerably beyond the proper time; that he preached from the words, 'Look unto me and be saved,' etc.—Isaiah xly: 22."

"Mr. John Bloomfield, of Colchester, a Primitive Methodist local preacher of that town, who has known Charles Spurgeon from a child, and was intimately acquainted with all of the family, thus wrote to Danzy Sheen: 'I know that Mr. Eaglen preached the sermon under which Mr. Spurgeon was converted, for I was there myself, and heard it; and during the following week Mr. Spurgeon's father asked me who the preacher was (that preached on that Sunday), and where he lived. I told him it was Mr. Eaglen of Ipswich.'

"In October, 1868, Mr. Eaglen supplied Danzy Sheen with the outline of the sermon alluded. He remarks: 'Very many besides Rev. C. H. Spurgeon have been converted through the preaching of this 44

sermon. But no preacher will be surprised at this; for from this meagre outline it is clear that the structure and matter of the discourse are such as to make a polished shaft in the quiver of any spiritual archer.'

"Some years afterwards the Rev. Thomas Lowe introduced Mr. Eaglen to Mr. Spurgeon at Lowestoft, as his spiritual father; but Mr. Spurgeon did not recognize him, because he had in the meantime gathered much flesh, and was neither so thin nor so pale as when the 'Look and be Saved' sermon was preached in 1850. 'But,' said Mr. Spurgeon to Danzy Sheen, 'I never expect to look on the face of that preacher again until the morning of resurrection.'"

UNITES WITH THE CHURCH

MR. STEVENSON writes: "Brought up, as he had been, among Independents, his own views on one point of church organization now assumed a form differing materially from what his parents had adopted. Having experienced a change of heart he felt it to be laid upon him as an imperative duty to make a full and public confession of the change by public baptism. He had united himself formally with the Baptist people the year before; now he felt constrained to fully cast in his lot, and become one of them entirely, " and the necessary steps were taken by his immersion."

Before joining the Baptist church young Spurgeon had dutifully corresponded with his father about it, who when he found that his son was a Baptist by conviction, and that no argument could turn him or shake his views, made no further opposition to his immersion, and gave his consent. "The new convert walked from Newmarket to Isleham, seven miles, on May 2d, and staying with the family of Mr. Cantlow, the Baptist minister there, he was by that gentleman publicly baptized

in that village on Friday, May 3, 1851, being in his sixteenth year." He wrote to his father, "It is very pleasing to me that the day on which I shall openly profess the name of Jesus is my mother's birthday. May it be to both of us a foretaste of many happy and glorious days yet to come." After this he became more active than ever in the Lord's work.

His godly mother said to him one day: "Oh, Charley, I have often prayed that you might be saved, but never that you should become a Baptist."

The witty reply was: "God has answered your prayers, mother, with His usual bounty, and given you more than you asked."

In 1850, young Spurgeon removed from Newmarket to Cambridge, and there united with the St. Andrew's Street Baptist church, of which the famous Rev. Robert Hall was at one time the pastor; and though the new convert was only sixteen years old, he was accepted as a member of the Lay Preachers' Association connected with that church and at once began to discharge his active duties.





COTTAGE AT TEVERSHAM. WHERE MR. SPURGEON FIRST PREACHED.

HIS FIRST SERMON.

YOUNG SPURGEON began work at once for Christ and for souls. He carried tracts with him wherever he went and distributed them; he also revived an old society for the distribution of tracts at Newmarket; he addressed Sundayschool children, with such "love and instruction" that they flocked to hear him, besides his studies at Mr. Leeding's school at Cambridge occupied him for three hours daily, and his duties as a member of the Lay Preachers' Association, which led him to address the village congregations in the vicinity of Cambridge. The meetings were held in the evenings of the week in the homes of the people who were induced to come in their plain everyday clothes.

Mr. Spurgeon relates how he came to preach his first sermon:

"We remember well the first place in which we addressed a congregation of adults, and the woodblock which illustrates this number of the magazine sets it clearly before our mind's eye. It was not our first public address by a great many, for both at Newmarket and Cambridge, and elsewhere, the Sabbath-school had afforded us ample scope for speaking the gospel. At Newmarket especially we had a considerable admixture of grown-up folks in the audience, for many came to hear 'the boy' give addresses to the school. But no regular set discourse to a congregation met for regular worship had we delivered till one eventful Sabbath evening, which found us in a cottage at Teversham, holding forth before a little assembly of humble villagers.

"The tale is not a new one. A number of worthy brethren preach the gospel in the various villages surrounding Cambridge, taking each one his turn according to plan. Monday the presiding genius was the venerable Mr. James Vinter, whom we were wont to address as Bishop Vinter. * * *

"We had one Saturday finished morning school, and the boys were all going home for the half holiday, when in came the aforesaid 'bishop' to ask us to go over to Teversham next Sunday evening, for a young man was to preach there who was not much used to services, and very likely would be glad of company. That was a cunningly devised sentence, if we remember rightly, and we think we do; for at the time, in the light of that Sunday

evening's revelation, we turned it over and vastly admired its ingenuity. A request to go and preach would have met with a decided negative; but merely to act as company to a good brother who did not like to be lonely, and perhaps might ask us to give out a hymn or to pray, was not at all a difficult matter, and the request, understood in that fashion, was cheerfully complied with. Little did the lad know what Jonathan and David were doing when he was made to run for the arrow, and as little knew we when we were cajoled into accompanying a young man to Teversham.

"Our Sunday-school work was over, and tea had been taken, and we set off through Barnwell and away along the Newmarket Road with a gentleman some years our senior. We talked of good things, and at last we expressed our hope that he would feel the presence of God while preaching. He seemed to start, and assured us that he had never preached in his life, and could not attempt such a thing; he was looking to his young friend, Mr. Spurgeon, for that. This was a new view of the situation, and I could only reply that I was no minister, and that even if I had been, I was quite unprepared. My companion only repeated that he, even in a more emphatic sense, was not a preacher,

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that he would help me in any other part of the service, but that there would be no sermon unless I gave them one. He told me that if I repeated one of my Sunday-school addresses it would just suit the poor people, and would probably give them more satisfaction than the studied sermon of a learned divine. I felt that I was fairly committed to do my best. I walked along quietly, lifting up my soul to God, and it seemed to me that I could surely tell a few poor cottagers of the sweetness and love of Jesus, for I felt them in my own soul. Praying for divine help, I resolved to make an attempt. My text should be, 'Unto you, therefore, which believe He is precious,' and I would trust the Lord to open my mouth in honor of His dear Son. It seemed a great risk and a serious trial; but depending upon the power of the Holy Ghost, I would at least tell but the story of the cross, and not allow the people to go home without a word.

"We entered the low-pitched room of the thatched cottage, where a few simple-minded farm laborers and their wives were together; we sang and prayed and read the scriptures, and then came our first sermon. How long and how short it was we cannot now remember. It was not half such a task as we feared it would be, but we were glad to

see our way to a fair conclusion and to the giving out of the last hymn. To our own delight we had not broken down, nor stopped short in the middle, nor been destitute of ideas, and the desired haven was in view. We made a finish and took up the book, but to our astonishment an aged voice cried out, 'Bless your dear heart, how old are you?' our very solemn reply was, 'You must wait till the service is over before making any such inquiries. Let us now sing.' We did sing, and the young preacher pronounced the benediction, and then began a dialogue which enlarged into a warm, friendly talk, in which everybody appeared to take part. 'How old are you?' was the leading question. 'I am under sixty,' was the reply. 'Yes, and under sixteen,' was the old lady's rejoinder. 'Never mind my age, think of the Lord Jesus and his preciousness,' was all that I could say, after promising to come again if the gentlemen at Cambridge thought me fit to do so.

"Are there not other young men who might begin to speak for Jesus in some such lowly fashion—young men who hitherto have been as mute as fishes. Many of our young folks want to to do great things, and therefore do nothing at all; let none of our readers become the victims of such an unreasonable ambition."

The young preacher, finding that his preaching was acceptable, engaged to preach every evening, after attending to his duties in the school during the day. It would not be fair to judge those early efforts at preaching of Mr. Spurgeon by the ordinary rules which apply to public speaking. The tender years of the speaker and his intense desire to be of some service in his Master's kingdom are sufficient to cover all his faults. An aged and intelligent Christian, who had heard some of these early sermons in the cottages of England, testified that they were very instructive and abounded in illustrations from history, geography, astronomy, and other sources of knowledge.

A gentleman who heard Mr. Spurgeon preach his first sermon, and read, pray and expound the word, says that he was attired in a round jacket and broad turn-down collar which was then the fashion. His preaching at that period gave "promise that he would become a powerful and popular preacher."

FIRST PASTORATE-WATERBEACH.

MR. SPURGEON'S first pastorate was at Waterbeach, a village near Cambridge, where was one of the twelve preaching stations of the Lay Preachers' Association. It was a village of 1,300 inhabitants, much scattered. Mr. Spurgeon's preaching there was attended by large congregations and the conversion of souls. Sometimes the crowd was too great to get in, so that the meeting had to be held in the open air; but what was much better, a reformation in the habits of the people soon appeared. This little church unanimously invited him to become its pastor. This invitation was accepted, and during the few months of his pastorate there the church grew from forty members to one hundred. The chapel in which the church worshiped had formerly been a barn, with whitewashed walls and thatched roof. This house still stands, as does the house or cottage at Teversham, where he preached his first sermon. The church wanted him to preach at night, but he replied, "I can not always preach three times; I am not so strong as a man."

Mr. C. King, one of the deacons of the church at Waterbeach afterwards said, "We have often sat under his ministry with a mixture of *pleasure*, *profit* and *surprise*, asking, "whence hath he this wisdom?"

Even at this early period, when he was only eighteen years of age, numerous invitations came to him from even distant villages to preach special sermons.

It was not simply at Waterbeach that the young preacher met with such success, but wherever he went and preached the people crowded to hear him and souls were awakened and saved: the inquiry was heard, wherever he proclaimed the gospel, What must I do to be saved?

Of his pastorate at Waterbeach Mr. Spurgeon at that time wrote:

"I have all that heart can wish for; yea, God giveth more than my desire. My congregation is as great and loving as ever. During all the time I have been at Waterbeach, I have had a different house for my home every day. Fifty-two families have thus taken me in, and I have still six other invitations not yet accepted. Talk about people not caring for me because they give me so little, I dare tell any one under heaven, 'tis false! they do all

they can. Our anniversary passed off grandly; six were baptized; crowds on crowds stood by the river; the chapel afterward was crammed both to tea and the sermon."

Mr. Spurgeon had been living at Cambridge. His usefulness had so increased his duties that he found it requisite to go to Waterbeach to live altogether during the summer of 1853.

"Having by his earnestness, usefulness and diligence obtained great favor and acceptance among the people of God in Cambridgeshire and Essex, his fame spread rapidly in all directions. Besides visiting many poor and sick persons, and administering comfort and consolation to them, he had to travel many miles to the various villages; and during the year previous of his residing entirely at Waterbeach, he preached more than three hundred and sixty sermons, and on nearly every occasion to overflowing audiences. Such increasing and heavy duties in the cause of the great master of assemblies, in no way lessened his zeal in the work. Living in constant personal communion with heaven, he had a motive for being earnest, which mere hirelings in the Lord's vineyard do not possess."

HIS EDUCATION.

COME people have an idea that Mr. Spurgeon has had no education. It is true that he had no college training, but by no means is he an uneducated man. He was educated at the best schools of his day. At an early age he spent four years at a respectable school in Colchester; Mr. Henry Lewis was his teacher. The head usher in the school was Mr. Leeding, to whom young Spurgeon was greatly indebted for the knowledge he there obtained. Mr. Leeding afterwards opened a school at Cambridge for young gentlemen. In the school he attended he studied the Latin, Greek and French languages, and took the highest rank as a scholar. He carried off prizes in every school he attended. As a student and usher at an agricultural college at Maidstone, in 1848, then conducted by a relative, he made rapid progress in the usual branches of a school education. He removed next, in 1849, to Newmarket, where, engaged as usher in the school of Mr. Swindell, he pursued the study of the Greek and French languages. Here he also learned the practice of great self-denial. He

seemed bent upon acquiring knowleage and serving God, and for the attainment of these he constantly denied himself. While at Newmarket young Spurgeon wrote an essay on Popery, for a prize. He failed, after much delay, to get the prize, but was given a handsome sum of money for it by the gentleman who offered the prize.

At Cambridge, to which he removed, after one year, in 1850, he was so anxious to obtain an education, that he again served as usher, this time in Mr. Henry Leeding's school, for which he received a small compensation. His duties here were less arduous, and his comforts greatly increased, but his faith in God, which was often tested, he steadily maintained.

Soon after he began to preach at Waterbeach, in 1852, his father and other friends urged him to go to Stepney, now Regent's Park College, to prepare more fully for the work of the Christian ministry, and he himself then felt inclined to do so, and actually took steps towards it, when a very small event changed the whole course of his intentions. His father had offered to send him at any sacrifice to college.

He says: "Knowing that learning is never an incumbrance, and is often a great means of useful-

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ness, I felt inclined to avail myself of the opportunity of attaining it." He did not however go, owing to the following remarkable circumstance:

Dr. Augus, then tutor, afterwards president of the college, and before that pastor of the church in London of which Mr. Spurgeon became pastor, made an engagement to meet the unknown young man at the house of Mr. Macmillan, the publisher, in Cambridge. Mr. Spurgeon, after praying with the Master, was promptly on time at the place of appointment, and was shown into a room where he waited for two hours. Feeling his own insignificance and the greatness of the London tutor, he did not venture to ring the bell for the servant to inquire the cause of the unreasonable delay. However, the bell was set in motion, and the young man of eighteen was informed by the servant that the doctor could stay no longer, and had gone off on a train to London. The stupid girl had invited the tutor into one room and the young man into another and never informed the family that the young man was there. At first Mr. Spurgeon was greatly disappointed, but came to regard it as a strange providence that prevented his going to Regent's Park. He finally gave up all idea of going to college.

He wrote to his father under date of March 9, 1852: "I have all along had an aversion to college, and nothing but a feeling that I must not consult myself but Jesus, could have made me think of it. It appears to my friends here that it is my duty to remain with my dear people at Waterbeach, so say the church here unanimously."

In a letter to his mother in the same year—in November—he writes: "I am more and more glad that I never went to college. God sends such sunshine in my path, such smiles of grace, that I cannot regret if I have forfeited all my prospects by it."

Two years before this, when he was but sixteen and residing at Cambridge, the entrance of one of his early companions upon a collegiate course led his own mind in that direction for a time; and it was probably at this time that his parents first urged him to go to college. In a letter to his mother in which he declines to go, he writes: "If the Lord will teach me to know his statutes, and prepare me to preach his gospel to his poor people, I have my desire."

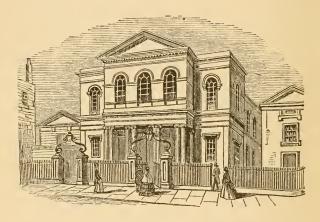
Though Mr. Spurgeon has not had a college education, yet he is an educated man, and a man of great knowlege. Few college-bred men have produced greater works than have emanated from his

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pen. His Treasury of David is a fresh, original and exhaustive commentary upon the Psalms, which would be regarded as the masterpiece of any mind.

Dr. E. L. Magoon, who introduced Mr. Spurgeon's sermons to the American public, in his preface to his "Spurgeon, the Modern Whitefield," says: "To the Bible he ascribes the discipline of his mental faculties, as well as his knowledge of divine truth. Once, he declares, he put all his knowledge in glorious confusion, but now he has a shelf in his mind for everything, and whatever he reads or hears he knows where to stow it away. 'Ever since I have known Christ I have put Christ in the center as my sun, and each secular science revolves around it as a planet, while the minor sciences are satellites to their planets.' He can learn everything now, and, from his own experience, he exhorts thus: 'O, young man, build thy studio on Calvary! There raise thine observatory, and scan, by faith, the lofty things of nature! Take thee a hermit's cell in the Garden of Gethsemane, and lave thy brow with the waters of Siloa.' In one of his sermons he remarks that the man of one book is more intelligent than the man of many."





NEW PARK-STREET CHAPEL,

The first building in which Mr. Spurgeon preached in London.

CALL TO LONDON—NEW PARK STREET.

WE now come to consider the circumstances connected with his call to London. A gentleman from Essex, Mr. Gould, was present at the anniversary meeting of the union of Sundayschools of Cambridge, who heard Mr. Spurgeon make an address upon that occasion, and was deeply impressed with it. Mr. Gould afterwards met Thomas Olney, of the New Park-street Church, Southwark, London, and heard from him how that once flourishing church was then suffering from a scattered membership and a diminished congregation. He remembered the youthful minister he had heard at Cambridge, and recommended him to the deacon as one likely to suit the place. This church had been one of the most influential in London, and had enjoyed the ministry of such men as Dr. Gill and Dr. Rippon. At first, no attention was paid to the suggestion, but Deacon Olney and Deacon Low consulted with their brethren, and not long afterward Mr. Spurgeon received an invitation to preach for the London Church. So great was his humility that he thought there was some mistake about it, and sent the letter back, saying that it was surely not meant for him.

Mr. Spurgeon thus relates his experience when he made his first appearance in London:

"On one of the last Sabbaths in the month of December, 1853, C. H. Spurgeon, being then nineteen years of age, preached in New Parkstreet Chapel, in response to an invitation, which, very much to his surprise, called him away from a loving people at Waterbeach, near Cambridge, to supply a London pulpit. The congregation was a mere handful. The chapel seemed very large to the preacher, and very gloomy, but he stayed himself on the Lord, and delivered his message from James I, 17. There was an improvement even on the first evening, and the place looked mare cheerful; the text was: 'They are without fault before the throne of God.'"

In compliance with the earnest request, he engaged to preach during January, 1854, the first, third and fifth Sabbaths, for the same people. Before this engagement was out, he was invited to occupy the pulpit for six months on trial. Before the six months had expired, he was unani-

mously invited to forthwith become pastor of the "The place was filling; the prayerchurch. meetings were full of power, and conversions were going on," so he at once accepted the invitation to become pastor. When he preached the first time, some were disappointed; others resolved to oppose, and did oppose, but by far the greater number wanted to hear him again.

FIRST SUNDAY IN LONDON.

M^{R.} SPURGEON, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his pastorate, writes of these events in his own inimitable way thus:

"Twenty-five years ago we walked on a Sabbath morning, according to our wont, from Cambridge to the village of Waterbeach, in order to occupy the pulpit of the little Baptist Chapel. It was a country road, and there were four or five honest miles of it, which we usually measured each Sunday, foot by foot, unless we happened to be met by a certain little pony and cart, which came half way, but could not by any possibility venture further, because of the enormous expense which would have been incurred by driving through the toll-gate at Milton. That winter's morning we were all aglow with our walk, and ready for our pulpit exercises. Sitting down in the table-pew, a letter was passed to us bearing the postmark of London. It was an unusual missive, and was opened with curiosity. It contained an invitation to preach at New Park-street Chapel, Southwark, the pulpit of which had formerly been occupied

by Dr. Rippon—the very Dr. Rippon whose hymn-book was then before us upon the table; the great Dr. Rippon, out of whose selection we were about to choose hymns for our worship. The late Dr. Rippon seemed to hover over us as an immeasurably great man, the glory of whose name covered New Park-street Chapel and its pulpit with awe unspeakable. We quietly passed the letter across the table to the deacon who gave out the hymns, observing that there was some mistake, and that the letter may have been intended for a Mr. Spurgeon who preached somewhere down in Norfolk. He shook his head, and observed that he was afraid there was no mistake, as he always knew that his minister would be run away with by some large church or other, but that he was a little surprised that the Londoners should have heard of him quite so soon. 'Had it been Cottenham, or St. Ives, or Huntingdon,' said he, 'I should not have wondered at all; but going to London is rather a great step from this little place.' He shook his head very gravely; but the time was come for us to look out the hymns, and therefore the letter was put away, and, as far as we can remember, was for the day quite forgotten, even as a dead man out of mind.

"On the following Monday, an answer was sent to London, informing the deacon of the church at Park street, that he had fallen into an error in directing his letter to Waterbeach, for the Baptist minister of that village was very little more than nineteen years of age, and quite unqualified to occupy a London pulpit. In due time came another epistle, setting forth that the former letter had been written in perfect knowledge of the young preacher's age, and had been intended for him, and him alone. The request of the former letter was repeated and pressed, a date mentioned for the journey to London, and the place appointed at which the preacher would find lodging. That invitation was accepted, and as the result thereof the boy preacher of the Fens took his post in London.

"Twenty-five years ago—and yet it seems but yesterday—we lodged for the night at a boarding-house in Queen Square, Bloomsbury, to which the worthy deacon directed us. As we wore a huge black satin stock, and used a blue handkerchief, with white spots, the young gentlemen of that boarding-house marvelled greatly at the youth from the country who had come up to preach in London, but who was evidently in the condition known as

verdant green. They were mainly of the evangelical church persuasion, and seemed greatly tickled that the country lad should be a preacher. They did not propose to go and hear the youth, but they seemed to tacitly agree to encourage him after their own fashion, and we were encouraged accordingly. What tales were narrated of the great divines of the metropolis and their congregations! One, we remember, had a thousand city men to hear him, another had his church filled with thoughtful people, such as could hardly be matched all over England, while a third had an immense audience, almost entirely composed of the young men of London, who were spell-bound by his eloquence. The study which these men underwent in composing their sermons, their herculean toils in keeping up their congregations, and the matchless oratory which they exhibited on all occasions were duly rehearsed in our hearing; and when we were shown to bed in a cupboard over the front door we were not in an advantageous condition for pleasant dreams. Park-street hospitality never sent the young minister to that far away' hired room again; but assuredly the Saturday evening in a London boarding-house was about the most depressing agency which could have been

brought to bear upon our spirits. On the narrow beds we tossed in solitary misery and found no pity. Pitiless was the grind of the cabs in the street; pitiless the recollection of the young city clerks whose grim propriety had gazed upon our rusticity with such amusement; pitiless the spare room, which scarce afforded space to kneel; pitiless even the gas-lamps which seemed to wink at us as they flickered amid the December darkness. We had no friend in all that city full of human beings, but we felt among strangers and foreigners, hoped to be helped through the scrape into which we had been brought, and to escape safely to the severe abodes of Cambridge and Waterbeach, which then seemed to be Eden itself.

"Twenty-five years ago it was a clear, cold morning, and we wended our way along Holborn Hill, towards Blackfriars and certain tortuous lanes and alleys at the foot of Southwark Bridge. Wondering, praying, fearing, hoping, believing,—we felt all alone and yet not alone. Expectant of divine help, and inwardly borne down by our sense of the need of it, we traversed a dreary wilderness of brick to find the spot where our message must needs be delivered. One word rose to our lips many times, we scarce know why,-'He must needs go through Samaria.' The necessity of our Lord's journeying in a certain direction is no doubt repeated by his servants, and as our present journey was not of our seeking, and had been by no means pleasing so far as it had gone,—the one thought of the 'needs be' for it seemed to overtop every other.

"At sight of Park-street Chapel we felt, for a moment, amazed at our own temerity, for it seemed to our eyes to be a large, ornate, and imposing structure, suggesting an audience wealthy and critical, and far removed from the humble folk to whom our ministry had been sweetness and light. It was early, so there were no persons entering; and when the set time was fully come there were no signs to support the suggestion raised by the exterior of the building, and we felt that, by God's help, we were not yet out of our depths, and were not likely to be with so small an audience. The Lord helped us very graciously; we had a happy Sabbath in the pulpit, and spent the intervals with warm-hearted friends; and when, at night, we trudged back to the Queen-square narrow lodging, we were not alone, and we no longer looked on Londoners as flinty-hearted barbarians. Our tone was altered; we wanted no pity of any one; we did

not care a penny for the young gentlemen lodgers and their miraculous ministers, nor for the grind of the cabs, nor anything else under the sun. The lion had been looked at all round, and his majesty did not appear to a tenth as majestic as when we had only heard his roar miles away."

And now began one of the most remarkable careers recorded in the annals of human history. His knowledge of and faith in the scriptures; his love for Christ and souls; his strong common sense; his evangelical views; his great humility; his fervent piety; his firmness, which he has never allowed his strong sympathies to run away with, and his art of putting things, account in a large measure for Mr. Spurgeon's great and prolonged success.

Among those whose acquaintance Mr. Spurgeon made, upon his first visit to London, were Deacon Low, who had conducted the correspondence with him for the church; Joseph Passmore, who became his publisher and intimate friend; and Thomas Olney, senior deacon, who, after worshipping in Carter Lane and soothing the dying hours of the venerable Dr. Rippon, welcomed young Spurgeon to London and sustained him in all his labors. Deacon Olney died in 1853, but his children follow in the footsteps of their father.

THE ASIATIC CHOLERA IN LONDON.

N the autumn of 1854, not twelve months after Mr. Spurgeon became the pastor of New Parkstreet Church, that dreadful scourge of humanity, the Asiatic cholera, visited London. It was raging all over Europe and thousands were falling victims to its ravages. The faith and courage of the young preacher were tested in a remarkable manner. He was already popular, especially among the poor. And now he was sent for to visit the sick and the dying, without intermission, day and night. He obeyed every summons during its continuance, visiting, reading, praying and conversing with the suffering and afflicted. These scenes were appalling and exhausting to the mind, heart and body of the servant of God. Once, when he had returned home, after witnessing several terrible deaths, he was again called upon to revisit the same sad scenes when he was almost tempted to yield to the longing for rest. He had toiled until his physical energies were well nigh exhausted, and, giving way to depression of mind, he almost thought himself a victim of the dread disease. It was then,

while mournfully contemplating the situation, that his attention was attracted to a scrap of paper—some notice probably—wafered on a shop window. He approached it, and read the words written on it. They were: "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth by noonday."—Psalm xci, 5, 6. These words he accepted as a message from God, and he was inspired to cheerfully continue his work of love.

IN EXETER HALL.

In a very short time after Mr. Spurgeon entered upon his pastorate in London, the empty chapel became crowded and his fame spread all over the city; the house was far too small to hold the people. One evening, in 1854, the young preacher said, "By faith the walls of Jericho fell down, and by faith this wall at the back shall come down too." An aged and prudent deacon observed to him at the close of the sermon, "Let us never hear of that again." "What do you mean?" said the preacher, "you will hear no more about it when it is done, and, therefore, the sooner you set about doing it, the better." And it was done.

While the house was being enlarged, the congregation resolved to worship in Exeter Hall, in the Strand, one of the largest halls in London. The question arose, "Will Mr. Spurgeon fill Exeter Hall?" It was soon settled, for the great hall was filled at once, and during the whole time it was occupied, from February 11, 1855, to May 27 of the same year. "Who is this Spurgeon?"

was the question heard from all sides, and it was during this time that the London newspapers began to denounce, and some of them to print ludicrous cuts representing him.

The Strand, the papers complained, is blocked up by crowds who gather to hear a young man in Exeter Hall. One of the caricatures was "Brimstone and Treacle," in which the earnest young preacher is contrasted with a sleepy-looking clergyman. Another point that adorned the print-seller's window was "Catch-'Em-Alive-O!" Here we have the successful winner of souls represented by the man who walks the streets of London selling fly-paper, with his hat covered with the paper, and paper covered with flies, crying, "Catch-'Em-Alive-O!"

But all these devices of the devil only advertised Mr. Spurgeon, and greater crowds than ever flocked to hear him. He was neither a sky-rocket nor a fire-brand, and had come to stay.

From Exeter Hall Mr. Spurgeon returned to New Park-street Chapel, in June, 1855. The chapel had been enlarged by an addition of several yards to its northern end, so as to afford sitting for three hundred more people, but still the place was too small. All the sittings were taken, many had to be refused accommodations and many more went away from the crowded house unable to gain even an entrance. Those, who, unable to gain admission, were obliged to leave the place disappointed amounted to hundreds and even to thousands every Sabbath. There seemed to be no remedy at hand, so this state of things continued for some time.

Besides preaching twice on Sunday and twice during the week to his own people in Park street, he had numerous calls from all directions to preach on special occasions in and out of London, which kept him occupied, sometimes preaching every day in the week, and always with the same success, and to the like large crowds of people wherever he went. He was soon known all over England.

VISITS SCOTLAND.

In July of 1855 he journeyed to the north of England and into Scotland preaching to multitudes of people. In Glasgow, the sight of the monument erected to Knox, revived in him intense indignation against popery.

Mr. Spurgeon preached in Glasgow to, perhaps, the largest audiences ever gathered there to hear the gospel. But he was received at first with great suspicion in Scotland, to illustrate which many stories are told. "At the close of each of these services," observed Mr. Spurgeon, "I learned the meaning of the text, 'So then, we are no longer strangers and foreigners'; for I found that the children of God recognized the herald of truth, and cheerfully gave me their hearts and their hands."

He writes of the rocks of Aberfeldy, "If any thing in our island could raise the feelings of a man toward heaven surely the sight of the scenery of Scotland might suffice to do it"

It was when in this romantic village, in the north of Scotland, that the bellman was sent round to .

announce a sermon, by a minister from the south, in these words: "Your auld playmate, and auld acquaintance, Shony Carstair, wants to see you all at the Independent Chapel, at 7 o'clock, to hear my dear friend, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, preach." There was given an account of the crowds who flocked to hear the preacher in Exeter Hall, which was concluded by: "Mind, he has come 500 miles to tell you something for your good, and the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon and myself expect you all to come and give us a hearty shake hands."

This strange and unusual mode of announcing a sermon was not without success. "The whole village was moved, and though the preacher, during the service, tried all means to move them, the cold blood of the men of the far north was undisturbed by Mr. Spurgeon's appeals, and the only movement seen in the congregation was a free use of the snuff-box, the person 'using a small spoon to shovel the snuff from the box to the nose!' The sermon over, before the benediction was pronounced, a rush was made simultaneously, and ere the preacher could descend from the pulpit, the chapel was deserted! Such is a glance at Mr. Spurgeon's day spent at Aberfeldy, and of a Highland congregation."

On his return to Glasgow, from the north, Mr. Spurgeon preached in the largest hall in the city. Admission was by ticket, and days before the service tickets were selling at a premium. On Sunday morning, hours before service, all the roads leading to the town were filled with people, multitudes of all classes—rich and poor, old and young, merchant and weaver—all gathered to hear the gospel. The streets were crowded outside the hall, while inside were 5,000 persons to each service, morning and evening.

Mr. Spurgeon afterwards journeyed in the East, west of England, preaching to multitudes of people. In his tour eastward, he began at the scene of his early labors, Waterbeach, and passed through Cambridgeshire and Suffolk, preaching twice or three times a day to the people.

Mr. Spurgeon, on his return, applied himself to the needs of the people in the immediate neighborhood of the New Park-street Chapel. The district was crowded with the poor, and to the amelioration of their condition he earnestly and anxiously set to work. There were more than 3,000 children, under 14 years of age, in the district, and for these there were accommodations for 800 in Sabbath-schools, and 360 in day-schools. A number of

gentlemen of the church at once set to work, with their pastor, to remedy this sad state of affairs, and a mission hall, reading and school rooms were soon provided, and an encouraging beginning made.

HIS MARRIAGE.

T is said that the marriage of this popular young preacher had been often the subject of remark, and that his name in this relation had been connected with several ladies, each of which had been selected, by their friends, as a suitable person as the partner for life of the young pastor. Mr. Spurgeon was a prudent man, and had given no occasion for public opinion or public talk. However he had made his own choice from among the ladies of his acquaintance and was about to be married. On Tuesday, January 8, 1856, Mr. Spurgeon and Miss Susannah, daughter of Mr. Robert Thompson, of Falcon Square, London, were married. Regarding the event as a religious service as well as a civil compact, they were married in the New Park-street Chapel, which was filled to excess, and some two thousand persons were outside unable to gain access. The opening service consisted of the announcing of the hymn, "Salvation! O, the Joyful Sound!" and reading of the scriptures, the 100th Psalm by Dr. Fletcher, of Finsbury Chapel, who also offered up a solemn

and affecting prayer. Dr. Fletcher then made an appropriate address, went through the form of marriage used by Protestants, pronounced them husband and wife. He then read part of the Ephesians V; the wedding hymn was sung commencing, "Since Jesus freely did appear;" and Dr. Fletcher implored the Divine blessing upon the pair in conclusion of the ceremony.

The parents of both bride and bridegroom were present. The newly married couple departed for a brief sojourn on the continent.

RETURN TO NEW PARK-STREET.

T was in June, 1855, as already noted, that the New Park-street Chapel enlarged was re-opened. At the end of Sept., 1856, a great meeting was held in New Park-street Chapel to adopt measures for the erection of a large tabernacle. Mr. Spurgeon, after describing the utter inadequacy of the house to ccommodate the thousands who assembled to heara the gospel, said that he would "become an itinerant evangelist if a place were not erected of a size more commensurate with the extraordinary congregations who flocked to hear him." Five hundred members had been added to the church, he remarked, which numbered 900. It was finally determined that no effort be made towards the selection of a site or the erection of a house for twelve months; meanwhile the friends of the enterprise could see how much money could be obtained towards it. It was thought that a tabernacle to seat 5,000 should be built, and which, it was estimated, would cost \$60,000.

"To return to New Park-street, enlarged though it was," remarks Mr. Spurgeon, "resembled the attempt to put to sea in a teapot." The packing of the people in the house was dense in the extreme, and many hundreds were turned away, unable to gain admission. In June, 1856, the church returned to Exeter Hall, Mr. Spurgeon preaching there in the evening, and at the chapel in the morning, but this would not do; "therefore, a fund was commenced to provide for the erection of a large house of prayer."

SURREY GARDENS.

BUT, meanwhile, the proprietors of Exeter Hall declined to rent it longer continuously to one congregation, and Mr. Spurgeon was forced to look about for another home for his immense congregation. Just then Music Hall was opened in the Surrey Gardens for the monster concerts of M. Jullien, and, though it seemed a daring enterprise, this hall was secured for Sabbath evenings.

THE PANIC.

It was while worshiping in this mammoth hall that a deplorable accident occurred. One Sabbath evening in October, (19, 1856,) an audience was collected there of 7,000 persons to hear the youthful preacher, when some evil-disposed people caused a disturbance, which resulted in a panic, which suddenly seized the whole congregation. There was a fearful rush for the doors, and several persons were thrown down and trampled by the crowd. Seven persons lost their lives, and twenty-eight were so injured as to be removed to hospitals. Mr. Spurgeon, not being aware that



SURREY MUSIC HALL.



any loss of life had occurred, tried to allay the fear of the people, and to renew the service, but the people were too excited, so the congregation was dismissed. The pastor, whose physical strength was remarkable, was completely prostrated for days by the strain to his nervous system. There were grave doubts whether he would ever be able to preach again. The press unjustly censured, but the benevolent raised a fund to help the poor sufferers.

For fear of further panic, the night meeting was given up, and the service in Music Hall held in the morning. It was thought that this would diminish the crowd, but still the multitude came, and for three years he preached weekly to 10,000 people. He soon became the great London preacher, though yet not much more than a boy, and gave great promise of the future man.

THE RICH AND THE POOR.

Thas been truly said of Mr. Spurgeon, as it was of the Master himself, that "The common people heard him gladly," but the London preacher, as well as his Lord, preached the gospel with acceptance to some of all classes of people. The desire to hear Mr. Spurgeon preach was not confined to any class, but persons of all ranks and stations have sought to hear him, or to read his sermons all over the world.

As early as 1857, while he was preaching at Surrey Music Hall, the excitement caused by his preaching was not confined to the lower classes, or the middle classes, but extended to all grades of society. Not only the nobility, but even members of the royal family are said to have come to hear him preach.

One of the first men of note to go to hear Mr. Spurgeon soon after the disaster in Surrey Gardens, was Lord Campbell, Lord Chief Justice of England. Sir Richard Mayne, Chief Commissioner of Police, was also present, to whom the Chief Justice remarked after the sermon, "He is doing great good, sir, great good."

Among the nobility and other distinguished persons present, at other times, at Music Hall, have been noticed the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, Lord John and Lady Russell, Lord Alfred Paget, Lord Panmure, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Earl Grey, the Bishop of London, Sir James Graham, the Duchess of Sutherland, the Earl of Carlisle, the Earl of Elgin, Baron Bramwell, Miss Florence Nightingale, Dr. Livingston, Lady and Lionel Rothschild. And this interest in his preaching remains unabated to this day.

"I WANT TO HEAR SPURGEON."

HERE is a part of a famous letter, written by an eminent scholar, dated Westminster, and which appeared in the London *Times* at this period, and which was signed, *Habitans in Sicco*.

"I want to hear Spurgeon; let us go.' Now, I am supposed to be a high church man, so I answered, 'What! go and hear Calvinist-a Baptist!' * * 'Never mind; come and hear him.' Well, we went yesterday morning to Music Hall. * * Fancy a congregation consisting of 10,000 souls, streaming into the hall, mounting the galleries, humming, buzzing, and swarming-a mighty hive of bees-eager to secure at first the best places, and, at last, any place at all. After waiting more than half an hour-for if you wish to have a seat you must be there at least that space of time in advance-Mr. Spurgeon ascended his tribune. To the hum, and rush, and trampling of men, succeeded a low, concentrated thrill and murmur of devotion, which seemed to run at once, like an electric current through the breast of every one present; and by its magnetic chain the

preacher held us fast bound for about two hours. It is not my purpose to give a summary of his discourse. It is enough to say of his voice, that its power and volume are sufficient to reach every one in that vast assembly; of his language, that it is neither high-flown nor homely; of his style that it is at times familiar, at times declamatory, but always happy, and often eloquent; of his doctrine that neither the Calvinist nor the Baptist appear in the forefront of the battle which is waged by Mr. Spurgeon with relentless animosity, and with gospel weapons, against irreligion, cant, hypocrisy, pride, and those secret bosom sins which so easily beset a man in daily life; and to sum up all in a word, it is enough to say of the man himself, that he impresses you with perfect conviction of his sincerity."

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and what is more to the purpose, with people. And may it please your grace, here are two churches in the metropolis, St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. What does your grace think of inviting Mr. Spurgeon, this heretical Calvanist and Baptist, who is able to draw 10,000 souls after him, just to try his voice, some Sunday morning, in the nave of either 'of those churches?'"

FRIENDLY CRITICISM.

"COON as he commenced to speak," says an English critic, "tones of richest melody are heard. A voice full, sweet and musical, falls on every ear, and awakens agreeable emotions in every soul in which there is a sympathy for sounds. That most excellent of voices is under perfect control, and can whisper or thunder at the wish of its The countenance speaks, the possessor. * entire form sympathizes. * * To the influence of this powerful voice, he adds that of a manner characterized by great freedom and fearlessness, intensely earnest, and strikingly natural. When to these we add the influence of thrilling description, touching anecdote, sparkling wit, startling episodes, striking similes, all used to illustrate and enforce the deep, earnest home-truths of the Bible, we surely have a combination of elements which must make up a preacher of wonderful attraction and of marvellous power."

Here is another friendly criticism, and there were many. One who heard him preach, October 7, 1857, in Sydenham Crystal Palace, in which the

world's fair had been held, to 23,000 persons in a day of national fast for the Indian mutiny, describes him as, "Of medium height, quite stout, round and beardless face, high forehead, dark hair parted in the middle, boyish in countenance, awkward in figure, in manners plain, face heavy except when illuminated by a smile; voice rich, powerful, melodious, under perfect control, and the only personal instrument he possesses, by which he is enabled to acquire such a marvellous power over the minds and hearts of his hearers." "Twelve thousand have distinctly heard every sentence he uttered in the open air, and this powerful instrument carried his burning words to an audience of 20,000 gathered in the Crystal Palace."

In connection with his preaching in the Crystal Palace, a story is told by his brother and assistant, the Rev. James Spurgeon. The latter was called to see a dying man, who related that he had been converted in a very singular way. He was on a scaffold at work, far up from the ground, putting window glass in the roof or dome of that immense structure, when he heard a loud voice saying to him: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." These words were re-

peated in a soft, low but distinct voice. He was startled, for he saw no man, and was alone in the building; and these words went to his heart, for he accepted Christ and died trusting Him. It seems that Mr. Charles H. Spurgeon had gone alone into the Crystal Palace before the day came for preaching to see if his voice was strong enough to be heard in such a large edifice. It was the most natural thing for him to try his powers and test his ability to be heard by the use of a text of scripture. He, too, thought himself alone, but the word of the Lord was blessed to the salvation of a soul.

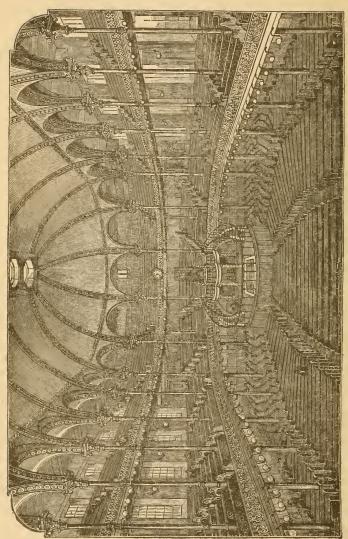
Mr. Stevenson, his biographer, tells the following anecdote of Mr. Spurgeon's preaching:

"The readiness with which Mr. Spurgeon can adapt himself to his audience, whether that audience consists of the educated or affluent, the poor or the ignorant, was never more distinctly seen than on Tuesday, March 12th, when, in the Evangelists' Tabernacle, Golden Lane, city, he preached to a congregation of costermongers. Mr. Orsman, the missionary there, had distributed tickets among the street dealers in Whitecross street, so as to secure the class for whom the service was intended. An amusing article might be written to describe

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the singular variety of countenances and callings of those present. The hymns were heartily sung; the prayer won the hearts of the audience, when Mr. Spurgeon offered supplication for those who had bodily aches and pains, and whose poverty deprived them of many desired comforts; many deep sighs followed those prayers. The sermon was preached from John IV, 15, and it was illustrated by allusions to the habits and manner of his congregation, whose acuteness relished the anecdotes and homely hits which the preacher so freely used. A costermonger's living depends much upon his voice. After the service the costers were free in their comments on the preacher's voice, which was described as 'Wot a voice!' 'Wonderful!' 'Stunning!' 'I never!' 'Would make a fine coster!' After the sermon about two hundred remained to be prayed with, and much spiritual good was done that night."





INTERIOR OF METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

THE corner-stone of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, the great meeting-house in which Mr. Spurgeon now preaches, was laid with great rejoicings August 16, 1859, by Sir Morton Peto, himself a Baptist. A gentleman in Bristol, who had never heard the pastor, sent \$25,000 voluntarily towards the new edifice.

Says Mr. Spurgeon: "Under date of January 6th, 1861, there stands in our church records the following solemn declaration, signed by the pastor and leading friends: "This church needs rather more than £4,000 to enable it to open the new Tabernacle free of all debt. It humbly asks this temporal mercy of God, and believes that for Jesus' sake the prayer will be heard and the boon bestowed. As witness our hands."

"Now let the reader mark," continues Mr. Spurgeon, "that on May 6th of the same year, the pastor and friends also signed their names to another testimony, which is worded as follows: "We, the undersigned members of the church, lately worshiping in the New Park-street Chapel,

but now assembling in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, desire, with overflowing hearts, to make known and record the loving kindness of our faithful God. We asked in faith, but our Lord has exceeded our desires, for not only was the whole sum given us, but far sooner than we had looked for it. Truly, the Lord is good and worthy to be praised.'"

In May, 1861, after more than a month of preliminary services, the Metropolitan Tabernacle was opened for regular services free of debt.

It cost \$155,000, to raise which Mr. Spurgeon traveled all over England. It is 146 feet long, 81 feet broad and 62 feet high. There are 5,500 sittings of all kinds, and room for 6,500 persons without excessive crowding. The main floor extends from wall to wall, and there are besides two galleries extending around the entire house—even behind the pulpit.

The lecture room holds 900 people and the Sunday-school room 1,000 children. Besides there are six class-rooms, kitchen, lavatory, retiring-rooms; also rooms for ladies' working meeting, for young men's class, for secretary, for pastor, for deacons, for elders, and three store-rooms

Thus had Mr. Spurgeon completed a great work

in seven years, and at 26 years of age was found preaching the gospel in one of the largest buildings in London to a great congregation, both edifice and assembly the result of his own genius and piety.

"During the progress of the work Mr. Spurgeon met on the ground on one evening after the workmen had left, one of his deacons, 'good Mr. Thomas Cook." After some consultation and meditation, surrounded by planks, piles of timber and bricks, in the dim twilight, they both knelt down where no eye could see them but that of God; and with only the canopy of heaven for their covering, the pastor and his friend both poured out most earnest supplications for the prosperity of the work, the safety of the men engaged on the building and a blessing on the church. Their prayers were not offered in vain, but were abundantly answered."

It is evident that Mr. Spurgeon is not only great as a *preacher*, but that he has proved himself to be an able *author*, and a great *worker* in every department of Christian activity. With the opening of the New Tabernacle began a work wonderful and world-wide, that has never been surpassed by man.

AN ANCIENT CHURCH.

THE church to which young Spurgeon was called was an old one, "venerable alike for both age and influence," but the New Parkstreet Chapel, in which the church worshiped, was comparatively modern, not being quite a quarter of a century old.

"From some of the many Baptist assemblies which met in the borough of Southwark, our church," says Mr. Spurgeon, took its rise. Crosby says: 'This people had formerly belonged to one of the most ancient congregations of the Baptists in London, but separated from them in the year 1652, for some practices which they judged disorderly, and kept together from that time as a distinct body.' They appear to have met in private houses, or in such other buildings as were open to them."

The congregation, though few in number, was composed of persons of influence and of sound judgment and earnest piety. Some of the members were men of means and merchants of London. The first pastor of the church was Rev.

William Rider, a sufferer for conscience sake. This was during the ascendancy of Oliver Cromwell. The second pastor of this church was the well-known Rev. Benjamin Keach.

Mr. Keach was converted in his fifteenth year and at the age of fifteen was called to the ministry, and preached at Winslow. He endured losses, bereavements, punishment in the pillory, but was true to Christ and his principles in all. He became pastor of the church in Southwark in 1668. He was a self-made man, but became one of the most notable pastors of this church, which had several distinguished pastors. "As a Christian, as a divine, as an author and as a controversalist, Benjamin Keach must rank among the giants of those days." For a period of thirty-six years he was the faithful and exemplary pastor of the church. He died in 1704, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

It was during the pastorate of Mr. Keach that the church, which, in the early part of his ministry, worshiped in a private house in Tooley Street, was, by the gracious dispensation of Charles II., permitted to erect a meeting-house upon the Horsleydown, in the east side of London bridge. It was soon necessary to enlarge the edifice so as to accommodate nearly one thousand persons.

Rev. Benjamin Stinton, the son-in-law of Mr. Keach, who had helped him in his pastoral labors, became the successor of his father-in-law. Mr. Keach, when on his death bed, exacted from him the promise that he would become pastor of the church, if invited to do so. He served the church as pastor from 1704 to 1718, fourteen years, and died in the forty-third year of his age. He had great natural gifts, but a limited education, which, however, was by great industry enlarged after he became pastor of the church.

He was originator of the Protestant Dissentors' Charity School in Horsleydown, and of The Baptist Fund for the honorable maintenance of poor ministers and for the training of others to take their places.

The celebrated John Gill, D. D., the distinguished oriental scholar and commentator, became the fourth pastor, and served the church from 1720 to 1771, a period of fifty-one years, till his death. Mr. Gill came from Kettering, where he was pastor, and where Andrew Fuller afterward preached. Dr. Gill was born there in 1697; hence he was but twenty-three years old when he became pastor of the church. The church flourished under his ministry.

The church, during Dr. Gill's pastorate, in 1757, erected for him a new meeting-house in Carter lane, St Olave's street, near London bridge, Southwark.

He died in 1771, in the 74th year or his age, after living to celebrate his jubilee as pastor among this people.

Mr. Spurgeon gives a cut of Dr. Gill's pulpit, and says: "It has for years been used by the young men of the pastor's college, when preaching before their fellow-students. Ought they not to be *sound?*"

The church in Carter lane again called a young man, and he served them for life, the Rev. John Rippon, D. D. Without being great he was exceedingly useful. He was born near Tiverton, in 1751, and came from the Baptist Academy at Bristol to preach for the church on probation. He was called and became pastor in 1773, when he was but twenty years of age. Some members were opposed to him because they thought him light and trifling, but he showed strong common sense, as well as ability as a preacher; for when the disaffected persons withdrew to form another church, Mr. Rippon "modestly expressed his wonder that more had not been dissatisfied, and his

surprise that so large a number were agreed to call him to the pastorate. In the spirit of forbearance and brotherly love, he proposed that, as these friends were seceding for conscience sake, and intended to form themselves into another church, they should be lovingly dismissed with prayer and God-speed, and that, as a token of fraternal love, they should be assisted to build a meeting-house for their own convenience, and the sum of \$1,500 should be voted to them when their church was formed and their meeting-house erected. The promise was redeemed, and Mr. Rippon took part in the ordination service of the first minister. This was well done. Such a course was sure to secure the blessing of God."

"It is somewhat remarkable," says Mr. Spurgeon, "as illustrating the perversity of human judgment, that the seceding friends who objected to Rippon's youth, elected for their pastor Mr. William Beetton, who was younger still, only being nineteen years of age."

"The friends who remained with young Rippon," continued Mr. Spurgeon, "had no reason to regret their choice; the tide of prosperity set in and continued for half a century, and the church again came to the front in denominational affairs.

The chapel in Carter lane was enlarged, and various agencies and societies set in motion; there was, in fact, a real revival of religion in the church. Rippon was rather clever than profound; his talents were far inferior to those of Gill, but he had more tact, and so turned his gifts to the greatest possible account."

While the church was under the pastoral care of Dr. Rippon, the Carter-lane Chapel was demolished, in 1830, to make room for the approaches of the present London bridge, and the New Parkstreet Chapel was erected. In this latter edifice the church was worshiping when Mr. Spurgeon became pastor; and he found them singing out of Watts' and Rippon's hymn-book. Speaking of the demolition of the chapel, Mr. Spurgeon says: "Due compensation was given, but a chapel could not be built in a day, and, therefore, for three years the church was without a home. After so long a time for choice, the good deacons ought to have pitched upon a better site for the new edifice; but it is not harshly judging them when we say that they could not have discovered a worse position. If they had taken thirty years to look about them with the design of burying the church alive, they could not have succeeded better.

Here in New Park street, however, the new chapel must be built, because the ground was a cheap freehold, and the authorities were destitute of enterprise, and would not spend a penny more than the amount in hand. That God in infinite mercy forbade the extinction of the church is no mitigation of the short-sightedness which thrust a respectable community of Christians into an out-ofthe-way position, far more suitable for a tallow melter's than a meeting-house."

"The church, however, was a neat, handsome, commodious, well-built edifice, and was regarded as one of the best Baptist chapels in London." It stood on the Surrey side of the Thames, near Southwark Bridge.

Like his distinguished successor Mr. Spurgeon, Dr. Rippon was humorous and witty.

When asked why he did not attend more denominational meetings and take the lead he replied, "Why, I see the Dover coach go by my house every morning, and I notice that the leaders get most lashed."

"How is it, Doctor, that your church is so peaceful? asked a much-tried brother minister. Well, friend," replied Dr. Rippon: "You see, we don't call a church-meeting to consult about buying a new broom every time we want one, and we don't entreat every noisy member to make a speech about the price of soap the floors are scrubbed with."

Dr. Rippon died in 1836, in the 85th year of his age and the 63d of his pastorate. During one hundred and seventeen years the church had had but two pastors.

Rev. C. Room, who had assisted Dr. Rippon, served as supply for some time. Dr. Joseph Angus was called to the pastorate in 1837, and served two years.

Upon the resignation of Dr. Angus, Rev. James Smith became pastor and occupied that relation for eight years, from 1841 to 1850, when he resigned.

Rev. William Walters followed, in 1851, and after remaining two years, resigned.

All these were men of ability, but Mr. Spurgeon says, "These changes sadly diminished the church and marred its union. The clouds gathered heavily and no sunlight appeared."

He writes: "Those who are given to change were not numerous in the community. Short pastorates are good when ministers are feeble, but it is a great blessing when saints are so edified that all are content, and the ministry is so owned of God that vacancies are filled up even before they are felt. In such a case, change would wantonly imperil the hope of continued prosperity, and would therefore be criminal."

Another writer says: "These frequent changes had not a good effect. The number of church-members, although increased by Mr. Smith's ministry, was comparatively small. From the extreme of prosperity, and from the highest point of eminence and influence, the church at New Park-street had greatly diminished in numbers, until the congregation did not occupy more than half the seats in the new chapel, and the income had become insufficient to sustain the pastor and pay the ordinary expenses of the place."

It was at this season of aepression that Mr. Spurgeon appeared in the pulpit of the New Park-street Church.

An eminent Presbyterian divine distinquished for grace and learning, wished that there were a hundred Spurgeons in London and fifty in New York. But there is only one Spurgeon. Such men come once only in a generation, or "like angels visits, few and far between." Whitefield was such a man, and so was Summerfield. "Spurgeon is not a whit behind either of those men in graphic

power, while he is vastly superior to them in logic and illustration. He grapples with the strangest truths, unfolds the profoundest doctrines, plies the lever with the stoutest arguments, and aims at convincing before he attempts to persuade. He has, therefore, all the elements of great usefulness and of permanent popularity."

These words were written in the early days of Mr. Spurgeon's ministry in London and hence seem to us, looking back on a long and useful career of undiminished greatness and glory, as prophetic.

THE AUTHOR.

M. SPURGEON has proved himself able to write with a ready pen, as well as speak with an eloquent tongue. One would suppose, from his much writing and many valuable books, that he would have no shrinking from the toils and responsibilities of authorship; but Mr. Spurgeon, great as he is, also is a man. The following quotations from his prefaces show his shrinking humility when he put forth his books to the world, and also his strong common sense, firmness to his convictions, his fairness of dealing, and his independence of character. It seems, however, to have been no easy task for Mr. Spurgeon to write.

In 1857 he wrote in his preface to The Saint AND HIS SAVIOUR: "I have no idea what I am expected to say in a preface. * * I will, however, make one or two faithful declarations which may, perhaps, shield me from the reader's wrath, should he find my work of less value than he expected. Never was a book written amid more incessant toil. Only the fragments of time could



MR, SPURGEON AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-ONE.



be allotted to it, and intense mental and bodily exertions have often rendered me incapable of turning even these fragments to advantage. * * Writing to me is the work of a slave. It is a delight, a joy, a rapture to talk out one's thoughts in words that flash upon the mind at the instant when they are required; but it is poor drudgery to sit still and groan for thoughts and words without succeeding in obtaining them. Well may a man's books be called his 'Works,' for, if every mind were constituted as mine, it would be work indeed to produce a quarto volume. Nothing but a sense of duty has impelled me to finish this book, which has been more than two years on hand."

In his book entitled The Metropolitan Tabernacle, Its History and Work, Mr. Spugeon says: "When modest ministers submit their sermons to the press they usually place upon the title page the words, "Printed by request." We might with emphatic truthfulness pleaded this apology for the present narrative, for times without number, friends from all parts of the world have said, 'Have you no book which will tell us all about your work?'

"The best excuse for writing a history is that there is something to tell, and unless we are greatly

mistaken the facts here placed on record are worthy of being known.

"Our young people ought to be told by their fathers the wondrous things which God did in their day 'and in the old time before them.' Such things are forgotten if they are not every now and then rehearsed anew in the ears of the fresh genations. 'Why should the wonders he hath wrought be lost in silence and forgot?' We feel that we only discharge a duty to the present and coming generations when we use our pen for such a purpose.

"The Baptist character of the book may trouble some thin-skinned readers of other denominations, but we appeal to their candor and ask them, if they were writing the story of a Methodist or Presbyterian church, would they think it needful, fitting, or truthful to suppress the peculiarities of the case? In all probability they would not have been less denominational than we have been, or if they had succeeded in being so they would have robbed their record of half its value and all its interest. We do not expect in reading a life of Wesley to find his Arminianism and his Methodism left out, nor ought any one to expect us to weed out Believer's Baptism and Calvinistic doctrine

from the annals of a Particular Baptist church. We are Calvinistic Baptists, and we have no desire to sail under false colors, neither are we ashamed of our principles; if we were we would renounce them to-morrow."

HIS PREACHING AND SERMONS.

M. SPURGEON preaches to thousands all over the world, of all nations and of all denominations, by the printed page, especially by his sermons, and many have been converted, and multitudes of God's people enlightened, encouraged, comforted and strengthened by them. One of his sermons, that on "Baptismal Regeneration," reached a circulation of 200,000. Besides the many large volumes, there is a weekly publication of the sermons in pamphlet form, which is distributed widely. From the very beginning of his ministry in London, his sermons were printed weekly.

His sermons have been translated into several languages, and copies of them have been handsomely bound by a gentleman and presented to every crowned head in Europe. The same person has distributed at his own expense, 270,000 copies of the sermons.

How Mr. Spurgeon came to print his first sermon is related by himself. Even when a youth, he read the printed sermons of Rev. Joseph Irons,

and resolved some day to have "a penny pulpit of his own." In the fall after his settlement in London he published a sermon entitled "Harvest Time," which met with such a welcome that he was encouraged to publish more. By the close of the year he had published about twelve in all. He arranged with a publisher, Joseph Passmore, a relative of Dr. Rippon, to print one of his sermons weekly, beginning with the year 1855. This, doubtless, added much to his popularity. There has been a growing demand for them, until now the issue is 25,000 every week. The firm now is Passmore & Alabaster, and their business in publishing and selling the works of Mr. Spurgeon alone must be immense.

A writer, speaking of the reception and circulation of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons in America, says: "The reception of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons in the United States of America, has no parallel in the history of this department of religious literature. Without any of those aids to popularity that they have in England, where the voice of the young living preacher has been heard all over the land, thousands will try to read the eloquence that has thrilled their hearts, here no one has heard his voice but these printed pages have come with

messages of salvation, and have been hailed with joyful emotion by thousands in all parts of this vast country. Up to this date 44,000 of these volumes have been sold within the last twelve weeks, and orders are flowing in for them so rapidly that 1,000 copies per week will not supply the demand. This is the more remarkable as it occurs at a time when there is comparatively little demand for books, and the trade is languishing. The publishers receive daily, from the clergy of all evangelical denominations, the most valuable and hearty assurances that the sermons of Mr. Spurgeon are just what they and their people need and love. Churches that are destitute of pastors have called for these sermons that they may be read from the vacant pulpit. And it may be safely said that hundreds of thousands in this western world have already been brought under the power of the truth as preached by this youthful herald of the cross.

"One of the most extraordinary facts remains to be mentioned: The secular press of the United States, with unexampled unanimity, has commended these sermons. Their boldness and directness, their glowing eloquence and great ability, command the respect and admiration of all cultivated men." It has been years since these words were written, for Mr. Spurgeon is no longer the "youthful herald" that he then was, but he is yet the popular preacher in America, and thousands of his sermons have since been read, and more so to-day than ever is this true.

Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, as has been said, are read by all classes the world over.

One day a gentleman was climbing the Alps over Lake Geneva, when he came to a solitary cottage, before whose door, upon the grass, sat two poor women. one reading while the other was sewing. His curiosity was excited to know what book had found its way to that lowly and desolate spot, so he asked the woman what she was reading. She at once held up the book, and great was his surprise to find it was a volume of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons translated into French.

"One of the bondsmen of the Seventy-third Regiment," says Mr. Spurgeon, "writes home from India to say that he receives our sermon every week by post, and that on a Sunday evening the soldiers will read 'Spurgeon's sermons' when they will read nothing else of a religious character. He states that after a sermon has gone the round of fifty or sixty men, it is returned to him

all black and fringed, through the wear and tear."

A German lady who received one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, entitled "The Seven Sneezes," from the text 2 Kings, 4: 35, asked her son, just returned for the Easter holidays, to translate it for her into German. He was led, as his mother had hoped, to see his condition, and soon after to feel within himself the impulses of spiritual life.

On Monday, January 9, 1888, a great many people met in the Metropolitan Tabernaele to welcome Mr. Spurgeon home from Mentone, where he had been for his health, and also to recognize the fact that the 2,000th sermon of the great preacher had been published. Mr. Spurgeon, on this occasion, said: "I have in my hand a sermon by which I set great store. It bears the initials D. L., that is, David Livingston, and is a sermon found inside of Dr. Livingstone's box. It is entitled, 'Accidents not Punishments,' No. 408, and on it is written 'very good, D. L.' This is sent me by Mrs. Agnes Livingstone Bruce, and is brown and worn, but I treasure it as a great relic, because that servant of God carried it with him, and evidently carried it in his box."

Mr. Spurgeon alluded also to the wide circulation reached by his sermons in all lands, and

among all nations, including the Russians and the Boers

It is said that Dr. Livingstone, while in England was a constant attendant upon the preaching of Mr. Spurgeon, and hence, it is not to be wondered at, that he should have carried this printed sermon all over Africa in his strong box.

The Metropolitan Pulpit, a monthly publication of the pastor's sermons, reached its 2,000th published sermon, all by the editor and pastor, on the occasion named above, and in September, 1890, its 425th Part, and with its more than 2,150 sermons, composes a vast store of sermonic treasure.

"One of our college brethren sends us the following cheering letter: 'Dear Mr. Spurgeon—When visiting a sick woman to-day, she said: "Oh, how I do enjoy Mr. Spurgeon's sermons! My poor brother, many years ago, was on his death-bed. Consumption was killing him. One day we heard him call out, 'I've found him!' 'I've found him!' 'Found who?' said mother, speaking up the stairs, 'Found my blessed Saviour.' Up ran mother, and I followed, and when we got to his bedside, tears were streaming down his face, and he was holding in his hands one of Mr. Spur-

geon's sermons. 'Look, mother, look! Mr. Spurgeon has led me to Jesus! Oh, how blessed! I see him! I see him!' Then, weak as he was, he would have us sit down, and read aloud to us the sermon that led him to Jesus."

Mr. Spurgeon's likeness has gone everywhere with his sermons. Some time ago there appeared in a shop window, in New Castle, England, under a lithographic likeness of Mr. Spurgeon, the announcement, "Spurgeon reduced to sixpence." A friend informed Mr. Spurgeon of it, and hoped that he was not quite so poor as the notice implied. No one enjoyed it, or was more amused than Mr. Spurgeon himself.

Mr. Spurgeon may be called a great author not only from his sermons, but because of his books and many other valuable publications.

HIS BOOKS.

M. SPURGEON is a very voluminous writer, being the author of over sixty volumes, and his works have been classified thus by his publishers: Expository—The Treasury of David, containing an Original Exposition of the Book of Psalms, in seven volumes; The Interpreter, or Scripture for Family Worship; and, The Golden Alphabet of Praises of Holy Scripture.

HOMILETICAL—The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit, containing his sermons, in thirty-three volumes; and a dozen volumes of sermons besides, under special names, for example, Soul-winning Sermons, Striking Sermons, Christmas Sermons, New Year's Sermons, Types and Emblems, Trumpet Calls, Storm Signals, The Present Truth, Farm Sermons, and The Royal Wedding.

ILLUSTRATIVE—Feathers for Arrows, or Illus trations for Preachers and Teachers; and, Illustrations and Meditations or Flowers from a Puritan's Garden.

EXTRACTS—Gleanings Among the Sheaves.

DEVOTIONAL—Morning by Morning; and Even-

ing by Evening; or Daily Readings for the Family or Closet.

FOR STUDENTS—Lectures to My Students, two volumes; Commenting and Commentaries; My Sermon Notes, four volumes; and, Speeches at Home and Abroad.

Periodical—The Sword and The Trowel, a Record of Combat with Sin and of Labor for the Lord, a monthly magazine.

Historical—The Metropolitan Tabernacle, its History and Work.

Popular—John Ploughman's Talk; and, John Ploughman's Pictures, or Plain Advice for Plain People, there being on the cover of the latter volume Mr. Spurgeon himself, dressed as an English plowman; Spurgeon's Shilling Series; The Clue of the Maze; All of Grace; According to Promise; three volumes, addressed to business men, entitled, A Man in Christ, The Claims of God, First Things First; and, A Catechism with Proofs.

In addition to all these is Mr. Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanac, and numerous tracts and leaflets, some illustrated and some colored, upon various Christian duties and doctrines. Among the more recent books of Mr. Spurgeon are, The Cheque Book of the Bank of Faith, being precious promises

arranged for daily use; The Salt-Cellars, a collection of short proverbs, together with brief notes thereon, in two volumes; and Sermons in Caudles.

These books have had a large circulation. The first volume of The Treasury of David has had a circulation of 25,000, and 300,000 copies of John Ploughman have been sold. The Sword and Trowel has reached its 25th year, having been first issued in January, 1865.

THE WORKER.

M. SPURGEON and his people are great workers, not that preaching and authorship are not work, but we would distinguish these from organized church work in which others share the labors of the pastor.

When a church, somewhere in England, wrote to Mr. Spurgeon to send them a pastor who would fill their house of worship, he replied, "that he did not know one that would do it; that it was as much as any preacher could do to fill the pulpit, and that they, the church should fill the house." This shows that Mr. Spurgeon believes in Christians working.

Connected with the church, and presided over by the pastor, are the following flourishing institutions, most of them in their own buildings erected for the purpose: The almshouses for the church poor; the Pastors' College, sending out in all the world its hundreds of young men to preach the gospel; one orphanage for boys and another for girls, sheltering 500 fatherless children; an asylum for widows; a colportage association for the circulation of religious literature, besides many other forms of church work of minor importance. Besides this, it is worthy of record that Mrs. Spurgeon has been very successful in raising a fund for supplying poor ministers of all denominations with books. Christian people have furnished thousands of dollars of the money needed for conducting all these enterprises voluntarily, and often without solicitation.

In the diary of the Earl of Shaftsbury is the following entry:

"June 12th, 1875. At eleven o'clock yesterday to Spurgeon's Tabernacle, to go with him over all his various institutions, school, college, almshouses, orphanage. All sound, good, true, Christ-like. He is a wonderful man, full of zeal, affection, faith, abounding in reputation and authority, and yet perfectly humble, the openness and simplicity of a child."

THE ALMSHOUSES.

VER the door of the girls' school connected with the almshouses of the church is the following inscription:

"THESE BUILDINGS ARE CONNECTED WITH THE ANCIENT CHURCH NOW WORSHIPING IN THE MET-ROPOLITAN TABERNACLE. SIX OF THE ALMS-HOUSES, TOGETHER WITH A SCHOOL-ROOM, WERE BUILT AND ENDOWED UNDER THE PASTORATE OF DR. JOHN RIPPON, AT NEW PARK STREET. SOUTHWARK. THE PRESENT STRUCTURES WERE COMPLETED MARCH, 1868.

C. H. AND J. A. SPURGEON, PASTORS.

Dr. Rippon's love for the aged women of his congregation, led to the establishment of these almshouses. First a house was taken near the chapel then in Carter Lane, and afterward three almshouses were erected and called after his name. The inscription was,

DR. RIPPON'S ALMSHOUSES,

Formerly in Carter Lane, Troley Street, Having Been Taken Down for the Approaches to New London Bridge, These Were Exected in Their Stead.

ANNO DOMINI MDCCCXXXII.

This institution seemed to have followed the church in all its removals, for not only were they removed in 1832 to New Park street with the church, but were finally removed into the neighborhood of the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

It was confidently hoped by Mr. Spurgeon and his people when the Metropolitan Tabernacle was erected that the meeting-house they left in New Park street could still be maintained and the preaching of the gospel be continued there until it should become the abode of another church. But the experiment failed and the property was finally sold.

The property consisted of the chapel, school and almshouses. The inmates greatly rejoiced when they learned that they were to be removed not only into a pleasant part of the city where they could breathe pure air, but into the vicinity of the Tabernacle.

The site is near the Elephant and Castle Railway Station, and the building can be seen from the train when it stops at the station. It seems strange to sojourners in some parts of London, in their inquiries for Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, to be told to take the cars for the Elephant and Castle.

The first stone in the new buildings was laid May 6, 1867, by Deacon Thomas Olney, whose biography Mr. Spurgeon gives us, and members of whose family are still prominent members in the church.

With ever enlarging views, it was resolved to raise \$5,000, in addition to the purchase money in hand, which was done. \$3,750 more was found necessary upon the completion of the plans, for extras, and one Sunday morning the pastor announced the fact, and also his determination that the institution should remain unoccupied till all was paid for. The amount was collected at once, and the new establishment was free of debt.

Mr. Spurgeon adds: "The cardinal rule of avoiding all *dcbt* has been the means of great strength to us. People do not want to pay for things, after they have them, with half the readiness with which they subscribe to purchase them. Besides, the scriptural rule is, 'Owe no man anything.'"

Included in the institution are seventeen almsrooms, two school-rooms, and a class-room, which are occupied by about 400 children on week days, and also a home for the school-master.

Women, above the age of 60, needing support,

and who are members of the church, are eligible to become occupants of the rooms. Generally they are chosen according to their number on the church book, and urgency of the case.

Mr. Spurgeon speaks, in 1876, of Miss Fanny Gay, aged 87 years, and for 69 years a member of the church, as "an eminently devout, prudent, godly woman," and as one who had "in past years rendered eminent service by her conversations with young women who needed instruction or comfort." "It is a joy," he said, "to provide a resting place for her and other aged sisters." Miss Gay is mentioned as being an inmate of the alms-houses before their removal from New Park street, as early as 1858, who then furnished many interesting particulars respecting the institution.

THE PASTORAL SILVER WEDDING.

N January, 1879, Mr. Spurgeon completed the twenty-fifth year of his pastorate, and the church decided to celebrate the anniversary, which was termed The Pastoral Silver Wedding, by presenting Mr. Spurgeon with a liberal testimonial. It was proposed to raise \$25,000. By means of a large bazaar and subscriptions the proceeds exceeded the sum originally proposed. Mr. Spurgeon declined receiving the money for his personal benefit, but suggested that the amount be used as an endowment for the almshouses, which afforded homes for nineteen poor aged women, and which required a more permanent support. The proceeds of the Pastoral Silver Wedding Fund were consequently devoted to this object and the future stability of the almshouses secured.

Mr. Spurgeon, in the History of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, says: "The original endowments, after payment of repairs, do not suffice wholly to provide for six inmates, and there are now seventeen; the support of the remaining eleven involves a heavy draught upon the com-

munion fund of our church, which is already fully weighted down with poor members. We greatly need at least \$25,000 to endow the almshouses, and place the institution upon a proper footing. Already C. H. Spurgeon, Thomas Olney and Thomas Greenwood have contributed \$1,000 each towards the fund, and we earnestly trust that either by donations or legacies, the rest of the \$25,000 will be forthcoming. This would only provide five shillings per week for each poor woman, which is little enough. If more could be raised it would be so much the better for the pensioners. The pastors are anxious to see this matter put into proper order; they confess that the responsibility of having increased the number of rooms and alms-women rests mainly on them, and therefore they feel that their work is not done till at least five shillings per week shall nave been provided for their own sisters; if it could be double that amount they would be glad. We wish to leave the Tabernacle in good working order when our work is done; but the present burden might prove far too heavy for our successors; indeed, they ought not to be saddled with it. In future years the church may find itself barely able to support its own expenses, and we do not think that we are justified in leaving it the legacy of so heavy a charge. Our present anxiety is to get the ship tight and trim, and this is one of the matters which is not in a satisfactory condition. Brethren, let us set it straight. Our aged sisters are worthy of all that we can do for them, and their grateful faces often made our hearts glad. We should like to see more alms-rooms, and we hope some one will build and endow a row for aged men. We have had a hint that this project is taking shape in the mind of a generous friend; we hope he will carry it out in his own lifetime, rather than wait and have it done by a legacy.

"The pastor generally has to pay for the gas, firing, &c., from his own pocket, as the endowments are so scanty. Part of the principal endowment was left for repairs. We hope that in later editions of this history to be able to cancel this page, and announce that the almshouses are amply provided for."

A STORY ABOUT DR. RIPPON.

THE following story is told by Mr. Spurgeon of Dr. Rippon and the origin of the almshouses: "Dr. Rippon once said he had some of the best people in His Majesty's dominion in his church, and he used to add with a nod, 'and some of the worst.' Some of the latter class seem to have got into office at one time, for they were evidently a hindrance rather than a help to the good man, though from his independent way of doing things the hindrance did not much effect him.

"As well as we can remember, the story of his founding the almshouses and schools in 1803, it runs as follows: The Doctor urged upon the deacons the necessity of such institutions; they do not see the urgency thereof; he pleads again, but like the deaf adder, they are not to be charmed, charm he never so wisely. 'The expense will be enormous, and the money cannot be raised,' this was the unnecessary croak of the prudent officers. At length the pastor says, 'The money can be raised, and shall be. Why, if I don't go out next Monday and collect \$2,500 before the evening

meeting, I'll drop the proposal; but while I am sure the people will take up the matter heartily, I will not be held back by you.' Disputes in this case were urged in very plain language, but with no degree of bitterness, for the parties knew each other, and had too much mutual respect to make their relationship in the church depend upon a point of difference. All were agreed to put the Doctor to the test, and challenged him to produce the \$2,500 next Monday, or cease to importune about almshouses. The worthy slow-coaches were up to time on the appointed evening, and the Doctor soon arrived. 'Well, brethren,' said he, I have succeeded in collecting \$1,500, that is most encouraging, is it not?' 'But,' said two or three of them at once, in a hurry, 'You said you would get \$2,500 next Monday, or drop the matter, and we mean for you to keep your word.' 'By all means,' said he, 'and I mean to keep my word, too, there is \$4,000 which the friends gave me almost without asking, and the rest is nearly all promised.' The prudent officials were taken aback, but recovering themselves, they expressed their great pleasure, and would be ready to meet the pastor at any time and arrange for the expending of the funds. 'No, no, my brethren,' said the Doctor, 'I shall not need your services. You have opposed me all along, and now I have done the work without you, you want to have your say in it to hinder me still, but neither you nor any other deacons shall plague a minister about this business. So, brethren, you can attend to something else.' Accordingly, the old trust deed of the almshouses had a clause to the effect that the pastor shall elect the pensioners, 'no deacon interfering.' The present pastor had great pleasure in inducing the Charity Commissioners to expunge this clause, and give the pastor and deacons, unitedly, the power to select the objects of charity."

THE PASTORS' COLLEGE.

THE first important institution commenced by Mr. Spurgeon was the college. remains as his first born and best beloved." The thought that inspired Mr. Spurgeon to undertake this work may be given in his own words: train ministers of the gospel is a most excellent work, and when the Holy Spirit blesses the effort, the result is of the utmost importance both to the church and to the world."

The Earl of Shaftesbury thus testifies to the question of the service rendered by the Pastors' College, and as to the character of the preachers sent forth from it to labor for Christ. He says: "It was an utter fallacy to suppose that the people of England would ever be brought to a sense of order and discipline by the repetition of miserable services, by bits of wax candle, by rags of Popery, and by gymnastics in the chancel: nothing was adapted to meet the wants of the people, but the gospel message brought home to their hearts, and he knew of none who had done better service in this evangelistic work than the pupils trained in



Mr. Spurgeon's college. They had a singular faculty for addressing the population and going to the very heart of the people."

At first the college occupied a prace in the Tabernacle, but the time came for it to have a building of its own. In May, 1873, a friend sent Mr. Spurgeon \$5,000 for this object. October 14, 1873, the foundation stone of the new building was laid, and the people gave \$5,000, the students gave \$1,500, and undertook to raise the amount to \$5,000. In 1874, Messrs. Cory & Sons, of Cardiff, sent \$5,000 worth of paid-up shares in their colliery company to Mr. Spurgeon for the college. At this time a legacy was left by Mr. Matthews of \$25,000 for the college building. \$15,000 was given as a memorial to a dear and lamented husband, and \$10,000 was a legacy to the college from a reader of the sermons. The ministers who had formerly been students helped "in a princely fashion." Large contributions were made by the Tabernacle congregation on occasions when they attended the college by invitation of the president. "In answer to prayer," he writes, "the gold and silver have been ready when needed. How our hearts exult and bless the name of the Lord."

The new buildings were "suitable and commo-

dious" and were set apart, free of debt, for the purpose for which they were erected at a cost of \$75,000.

"Our statistics, which are far from being completed, show that these brethren [students who have gone forth from the college to preach the gospel at home and abroad] baptised 20,676 persons in ten years (1865-1874) that the gross increase to their churches was 30,677 and the net increase 19,498."

Over £3,000, or \$15,000, was voluntarily contributed during the month from April 15th to May 14, 1888, for the support of the college, mostly in small amounts. "In the matter of funds, we have been safely carried through the year 1888," says Mr. Spurgeon, "and of students we have had no lack."

In his annual address at the close of the college year 1888, the president says: "During another year we have diligently labored on in the Pastors' College, and have found pleasure in the labor. The Lord has been mindful of us, and has accepted and prospered our work. It is more easy to think out and deliver twenty lectures than to write one report. The fact is, there is nothing to write about, so long as all goes smoothly; tutors are in health; students are in sound working order;

funds come in regularly, and openings are found for men when their term is over."

"From the commencement of the college we have gone upon the lines of definite doctrine, and we have left no question as to what the doctrine is. In the case of every man admitted to the college, a belief in sound doctrines has been a chief requisite. In other ways our witness is clear enough, and . leaves no excuse for men to creep in among us, and steal an education from those whose doctrines they detest. The Weekly Sermon has spoken more than two thousand times, and its voice has not been yea or nay, but one unvarying testimony to the great fundamentals of the old orthodox faith. So far as it has been in the power of mortal man, the doctrines of grace and the grand teaching of the cross have been inculcated by us incessantly, in the pulpit and by the press, in the church and the college. Our hope and belief was that the ministers who went forth from the Pastors' College would remain true to the faith once delivered to the saints. The torrents of error which are now rushing around the foundations of the church are so tremendous that we could not expect every man to stand. Among so many, there would unavoidably be a few who would be carried off their feet, and

here and there one would joyfully commit himself to the current, because he had always been wavering. The testing time came. We will not repea the details, so well known by our friends, but when the crisis was past we found ourselves rejoicing, that the vast majority of our brethren were not only firm, but enthusiastic in their attachment to the old truth. It was heart-breaking work to find a few, in heart and speech, bitterly opposed; but this we could bear more easily than to find good men and true siding with those whose errors they disavowed. They desire to be in fellowship with those whose wanderings they deplored. Of course, this meant that they would sooner part from the orthodox many than quit the heterodox few, though they could greatly have preferred that the alternative had never been proposed to them. These brethren we conceive to be following a very wrong course in this matter; but it is a great comfort to us to hope that they themselves are preaching the gospel, and earnest in their hope that others may be brought back to do the same. Still, our conference roll has been shortened, but we can hardly tell how much; for even up to the hour of writing, brethren are returning to us. In a little while the mist will roll away, we shall know each other better, and be knit together in a surer union than ever.

"To us it was imperative necessity that we should have no fellowship with Universalists and other parties of the new school of doctrine; and at a painful cost, deliverance has been wrought for those in our conference who cannot side with the false doctrine. The bolder utterances and firmer faith of those who remain true believers in the vicarious sacrifice, make up a grand set-off against the loss which we have sustained. Henceforth we have one faith as well as one Lord and one baptism. A sense of freedom from an alien element restores a confidence in each other which was beginning to depart from us. What we need is a new anointing from on high. Oh, that we may receive it during the conference gathering of this year! Come, Holy Spirit, and baptize us anew into thyself, and into fire!"

Mr. Spurgeon evidently refers to the Down Grade Controversy.

In the summary of results in the annual report of the college for 1890, we find the following:

"During the thirty-four years of our existence as a school of prophets, eight hundred and twentyeight men, exclusive of those at present studying with us, have been received into the college, 'of whom the greater part remain unto this present,

but some (seventy-two) are fallen asleep.' Making all deductions, there are now in the work of the Lord, in some department or other of useful service, about six hundred and seventy-three brethren. Of these, six hundred and seven are in our own denomination, as pastors, missionaries, and evangelists." The work of the college has for many years been adopted by the church at the Tabernacle as its own. The accounts are examined with the accounts of the church, by auditors chosen by the church, and are read and passed at the annual church meeting in the beginning of the year.

Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, the president, in his annual address for 1890, says: "Under certain aspects, the work of Aquila and Priscilla, in teaching young Apollos the way of God more perfectly, is of greater weight than the eloquent service of Apollos, which followed thereupon. To fashion the image is something; but to form the moulds, in which many images may be cast, is far more. He who converts a soul, draws water from the fountain; but he who trains a soul-winner digs a well, from which thousands may drink to life eternal. Hence we feel our work among our students to be the most responsible to which we

have put our hands. * * One touch of wrong doctrine, one smear of ill-example, one ill-judged finger-mark of unwise advice, and the vessel will be marred upon the wheel; and, what is worse, will, as the result, be injured in all its future uses

"Conscious of this, even to a painful degree, our appeal is to the people of God to pray for us, and all trainers of the rising ministry, that we may be taught of God, and instructed ourselves while instructing others. As pastors we hope to have the prayers of the flock, but as trainers of pastors how few pray for us! Much better work would have been done if there had been more prayer for tutors and students. In our own case, our many other labors prevent that concentration of every faculty upon the one wor'. which would be so great a help to success; hence, above all other presidents of colleges, our need is aggravated by a supremacy of necessity. If the Lord help us not, we are in a solemn case, and our responsibility will utterly sink us."

Rev. James A. Spurgeon, vice-president of the college, says in his report: "The moral tone of our college is good, and the spiritual life vigorous."

THE EVANGELISTS' ASSOCIATION is another of

the important institutions connected with the Metropolitan Tabernacle church, or rather with the pastors' college. It is but newly formed and is at work in halls, lodging houses, on street corners, the Tabernacle steps, etc.

Services are held in the form of evangelistic meetings in the Tabernacle almshouses, and in various chapels and in the Tabernacle itself. The society sends brethren to any church needing temporary assistance. The annual income is about \$5,000. The labors of the brethren in their meetings, which are not confined to London, have been very successful.

There are in connection with the pastors' college several organizations among the students for Christian work, for example: "The Pastors' College Missionary Association," which appears to be a foreign missionary society, maintaining its first missionary in Morocco among the Moors in connection with the North African Mission. Mr. Spurgeon remarks, "Our hope is that this sapling may grow into a great tree."

PASTORS' COLLEGE CONFERENCE.

ONCE a year the students and graduates of the college meet in conference at the Tabernacle, where they are generously entertained by their friends. The graduates come from their various fields of labor in every part of the world, and spend a week together "in holy fellowship, prayer, and intercourse." By this means great encouragement is given to them in their work.

We give some extracts from the address of Mr. Spurgeon, made at the Conference of the Pastors' College, in April, 1890.

It is entitled, "The Minister in these Times."
"Beloved brethren, I deeply feel the responsibility of addressing you on this occasion. * * *
My first duty is to salute each one in the name of our gracious Lord, who has spared us to meet again. * * Brothers, we long to hear you tell of what the Lord has done for you. I think of you as I knew you in your college days; but, lo! instead of raven hair, I see silver locks; and the beardless chin is adorned with a flowing glory of hair. It was most sweet, this morning, to hear a

young man pray, and then to remember, as he led us to the throne of grace, that his father, twenty years ago, stood among us in a like capacity.

"Coming to my address, I want to say something suitable for the times. I have never, according to the current phrase, spoken to the times; but yet,] would speak for the times, believing that a timely word may bless all times to come.

"First, let us reflect on Our Lord's Position TOWARDS US. Here we have many points which must be told by maintenance in our preaching. Be assured that we cannot be right in the rest, unless we think rightly of HIM. In forming your system of astronomy, where do you put the sun? If you are not clear on that cardinal matter, your scheme will be a failure. If you have not found out the true 'tabernacle for the sun,' I am not very particular as to where you put Mars or Jupiter. Where is Christ in your theological system?

"Many are the aspects under which we must regard our divine Lord, but I must always give the greatest prominence to his saving character as Christ, our Sacrifice and Sin-bearer. If ever there was a time when we should be clear, pronounced and vehement upon this point, it is now. * * To attempt to preach Christ without His cross is to

betray Him with a kiss. I observe that certain persons claim to believe in the atonement, but they will not say what they mean by it. May this not mean that really they have no clear knowledge of it, and possibly no real faith in it? * * Robertson, of Brington, was orthodox compared with many in this advanced age; but one said of him that he taught that our Lord did something or other, which in some way or other was more or less connected with our salvation. Flimsy as that was, it is better than the doctrine of this hour. Some now think it absurd to believe that what was done at Calvary nineteen centuries ago can have any relation to the sins of to-day. Others, who speak not quite so wildly, yet deny that our sins could be laid on the Lord Jesus, and that His righteousness could be imputed to us; this, they say, would be immoral. The ethical side of the atonement is frequently held, and beautifully and strictly shown to the people; but we are not satisfied with this one-sided view of the great subject. Whatever may be the shadow of the atonement by which we mean its ethical influence—we believe that there was a substance in the atonement, and if that substance be removed, the shadow is gone also. We have no home-made theory; but our

solemn witness is, that 'He His own self bore our sins in His own body on the tree.' Even if it be called immoral, as some have impudently asserted, we yet believe that 'He has made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.' 'The chastisement of our peace was upon Him;' for 'the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.'

"Those who set aside the atonement as a satisfaction for sin," continues Mr. Spurgeon, "also murder the doctrine of justification by faith. Modern thought is nothing more than an attempt to bring back the legal system of salvation by works. Our battle is the same as that which Luther fought at the reformation. If you go to the very ground and root of it, grace is taken away, and human merit is substituted. The gracious act of God in pardoning sin is excluded, and human effort is made all in all, both for past sin and future hope. Every man is now his own savior, and the atonement is shelved as a pious fraud. I will not foul my mouth with the unworthy phrases which have been used in reference to the substitutionary work of our Lord Jesus Christ, but it is a sore grief of heart to note how these evil things are tolerated by men whom we respect.

We should not cease, dear brethren, in our preaching, most definitely and decidedly to preach the atoning sacrifice; and I will tell you why I shall be sure to do so. I have not personally a shadow of a hope of salvation from any other quarter; I am lost if Jesus be not my substitute.

"In the next place, let us see to it that we set forth our Lord Jesus Christ as the infallible Teacher, through his inspired word I do not understand that loyalty to Christ which is accompanied by indifference to his words. * * * Some quit the teaching of Christ out of mere wantonness, and childish love of novelty. To younger brethren, false doctrine comes as an infantile disease—a sort of inevitable spiritual measels. I wish them well through with the disorder, and I trust it will leave nothing bad behind it. With deep anxiety, I have watched over minds inflected with this raging epidemic, and I have rejoiced as I have seen the rash of unbelief come out beautifully, and have heard the patient say, 'Thank God, I shall never go back to that any more 'Still, it is a pity that so many should find it needful to traverse the foul way which has bemired others.

"Some fall into doubt through an inward crookedness. Certain men start new doctrines because

there is 'something rotten in the State of Denmark,' and out of rottenness fungoid growths must come. You may have read Pliny's 'Natural History.' If you have not read it, you need not do so, for the history is not generally natural, but fabulous. Pliny tells us that when the elephant goes to a pond of water and sees himself in it, he is moved with such disgust of his own ugliness, that he straightway stirs the water and makes it muddy; that he may not see himself. Such an elephant never lived, but I have seen men who have been comparable to it. Holy Scripture has not agreed with them, so much the worse for Holy Scripture! Such and such doctrines do not suit their tastes, and so they must be misrepresented or denied. An unregenerate heart lies at the bottom of 'modern thought.' Men are down-grade in doctrine, because they were never put up-grade by the renewal of their minds.

"Some, I doubt not, have tinkered up Christ's teachings, and Christ's gospel, from a desire to do more good. * * If we think that we shall do more good by substituting another exhotration for the gospel command, we shall find ourselves landed in serious difficulties. If, for a moment, our improvements seem to produce a larger result

than the old gospel, it will be the growth of mush-rooms, it may even be the growth of toadstools; but is not the growth of trees of the Lord.

"Worse still will it be if we dare to make omissions in the known rules of Christ. * * * * There are disputes in the church as to baptism and the Lord's Supper. How, then, can these ordinances be set aside by those who admit that they are scriptural? I heard of one saying, 'If Jesus were here now he would see the evil that has come of these two institutions, and would set them aside.' We cannot endure such a sentence. Surely, we are not revisers of the teachings and the doings of our Lord. * * * We must protest against all tampering with the law of the great Head of the Church.

"Let us turn our earnest attention," Mr. Spurgeon goes on to say, "to the subject of Our Position Towards Our Lord. The position of the Christian minister towards Christ is a theme upon which one might speak in many ways, and for many a day, and yet barely do more than touch the fringe of it.

"As He stood in our stead, we also stand in his stead; and that will prevent partiality. * * *

If we be in Christ's stead, we shall not bully, but

"The greatest earthly blessing that God can give to any of us is health, with the exception of sickness. Sickness has frequently been of more use to the saints of God than health. If some men that I know of could only be favored with a month of rheumatism, it would mellow them marvelously, by God's grace.

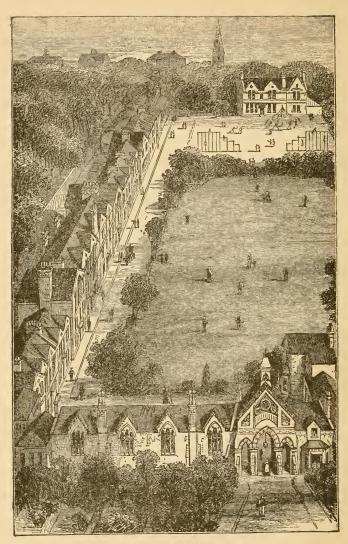
"He shall do well to stand towards Christ as those who are conscious of his favor and presence. * *
Some preachers evidently do not believe that the Lord is with their gospel, because, in order to

attract and save sinners, their gospel is insufficient, and they have to add to it inventions of men. Plain gospel preaching must be supplemented, so they think. * * A man said to me: 'You told a dead sinner to believe.' I pleaded guilty, but told him I would do it again. I do not trust in the dead sinner's power to live, but in the power of the gospel to make him live. Now if your gospel has not the power of the Holy Ghost in it, you cannot preach it with confidence, and you are tempted to have a performance in the school-room to allure the people whom Christ crucined does not draw. If you are depending on sing-song and fiddles and semi-theatricals, you are disgracing the religion which you pretend to honor."

In concluding this admirable address to the students, pastors and missionaries present, Mr. Spurgeon exhorted them lastly to be confident in spirit. He remarked: "We are not going to show the white feather, not even to tolerate a trembling thought. Years ago, they used to charge me with being too flippant and jocose; but of late the charge has shifted, and I am reviled as despondent, bilious and nervous. I conceive that my innocence is clear. Have you read 'The Salt-Cellars,' written by a morose person who never smiled, who is a

passionate alarmist dreaming of awful catastrophies which never occur? The description must have been originally meant for some one else. I protest that I am quite as merry as may be fit. * * * There is no room to fear; at least, I see none, while we hold fast to the truth. You never met an old salt, down by the sea, who was in trouble because the tide had been ebbing out for hours. No! He waits confidently for the turn of the tide, and it comes in due time. Yonder rock has been uncovered during the last half hour, and if the sea continues to ebb out for weeks there will be no water in the English channel, and the French will walk over from Cherbourg. Nobody talks in that childish way, for such an ebb will never come. Nor will we speak as though the gospel would be routed, and eternal truth driven out of the land. We serve an Almighty Master.'





THE STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE.

THE STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE.

In 1866 Mr. Spurgeon received a letter from Mrs. Hillyard, a lady then unknown to him, "a devoted sister in the Lord," suggesting an orphanage for fatherless boys, and saying she had put aside \$100,000 for this purpose. The scheme being thus providentially, as Mr. Spurgeon properly regarded it, thrust upon him, he had nothing to do but to make it a part of his work.

Two-and-a-half acres of ground were purchased in Stockwell, in Clapham Road, in January, 1867, and the design was to proceed to build at once, but a financial panic occurred which prevented. But the delay resulted in good, and though they could not even pay for the ground they had bought, the result was a larger endowment for the orphanage and a start upon a far better basis eventually.

"The scheme of the orphanage proposed, in the language of Mr. Spurgeon, "to do away with all voting and canvassing, with the wasteful expenditure necessitated thereby, and also to form the orphans into large families, instead of massing

them together upon the work-house system. This last idea was convenient for the raising of money, for it enabled us to propose that individual donors should each give the amount to build a house, and at the same time we appealed to the Christian public for the means to pay for the land and the buildings, which would be needed for the common use of all the orphans, such as dining-hall, schoolroom, etc. We carried this matter before the Lord in prayer and looked up, and we beg the reader to follow the entries in the Sword and Trowel, and mark the goodness of God.

"June, 1867.—The Lord is beginning to appear for us in the matter of the orphanage; but, as yet, He has not opened the windows of heaven as we desire and expect. We wait in prayer and faith. We need no less than \$50,000 to erect the buildings, and it will come; for the Lord will answer the prayer of faith. One esteemed friend, Mr. George Moore, of Bow Churchyard, has, with spontaneous generosity, sent \$1,250. Three friends have offered \$250 each, in the hope that seventeen others will give the same.

"July, 1867.—We have been waiting upon the Lord in faith and prayer concerning the orphanage, but he is pleased at present to try us. We have no object in view but the glory of God and the instruction of fatherless boys in the ways of the Lord.

"We have engaged a sister to receive the first four orphans into her own hired house until the orphanage is ready. One beloved friend, the original donor, has given her plate to be sold for this object.

"August, 1867.—Let the facts, which with gratitude we record this month, strengthen the faith of believers. In answer to many fervent prayers, the Lord has moved his people to send in during the last month, in different amounts, towards the general funds of the orphanage, the sum of \$5,000, for which we give thanks unto the name of the Lord.

"More especially do we see the gracious hand of God in the following incident: A lady, who has often aided in the way of the college, having been spared to see the twenty-fifth anniversary of her marriage-day, her beloved husband presented her with \$2,500 as a token of his ever growing love to her. Our sister has called upon us, and dedicated the \$2,500 to the building of one of the houses, to be called *The Silver Wedding House*.

"A brother, beloved, called upon us on a certain business, and when he retired left in a sealed

envelope the sum of \$3,000, to be expended in erecting another house. This donation was as little expected as the first, except that our faith expects that all our needs will be supplied in the Lord's own way. The next day, when preaching in the open air, an unknown sister put an envelope into my hand, enclosing \$100 for the college and another \$100 for the orphanage. 'What has God wrought?'"

The Sword and Trowel, for September, 1867, records the laying of the first stones of four orphan houses: The Silver Wedding House, by C. H. S.; The Merchants' House, by Mrs. Hillyard; Workman's House, by William Higgs; and Unity House, by Thomas Olney, senior deacon of the Tabernacle Church. At the close of the day, \$11,000 had been handed in; so that the land had been purchased, and the four houses provided for, without touching Mrs. Hillyard's gift.

"Thus far," writes Mr. Spurgeon, "was the faithfulness of God in answering prayer tried and proved. After the meeting a storm came on and carried away the wooden hall in which the meeting had been held, but the mercy was that this had not happened when we were all assembled in it. The damage was done when no one was

injured, and, through the sympathy which it evoked, it was a gain to the fund."

We return to the records in the Sword and Trowel.

"January, 1868, the noble sum of \$5,000 was brought us by an unknown gentleman towards the erection of two other houses.

"March, 1868.—Received \$10,000 from A. B., an unknown friend, \$5,000 of it for the college and \$5,000 for the orphanage. We call upon our friends to magnify the Lord for this amazing instance of this grace. How base a thing is unbelief, and how largely does the Lord honor his servants' faith? The note which attended this munificent gift, proves it to be from the same donor who gave the \$5,000 a few weeks ago. We have feared that the orphanage might impoverish the college; see, dear readers, how graciously the Lord rebukes this unbelieving fear!

"April, 1868.—We are proceeding at the Stockwell orphanage with the school-room, dining-room, master's house, four dwelling houses, and the shell of three other houses."

On the first of June, 1868, the Baptist churches in England presented to Mr. Spurgeon \$6,000 as a testimonial, which was afterwards increased to

\$8,800. Mr. Spurgeon declined to accept this money for himself, but thankfully received it for the orphanage, and two more houses called the Testimonial Houses were built with it.

On his birth-day, June 19, 1868, Mr. Spurgeon received "the tenderest tokens of the love of our [his] dear flock." Mr. Thomas Olney and the "huge Sunday-school, gathered around the first stone of the house they are to build, and the songs and shouts made us all cheerfully remember our youth." The past and present students also resolved to build a house as a token of love. Mrs. Spurgeon was requested by the ministers and students of the college to lay the first stone of the College House. Mrs. Spurgeon, though an invalid, was enabled to comply with the request.

After the stone-laying was over, twenty-six sweet little girls in white advanced, one by one, and presented Mrs. Spurgeon with purses, which their parents had subscribed as a token of their affectionate rejoicing at her restoration and her presence.

All the buildings were finished by the close of 1869, at a cost of \$51,000, and were entirely free of debt. An infirmary, bath and laundry were soon added, and some of the houses elevated another

story, for all of which the Lord graciously supplied the means.

Mr. Spurgeon writes in the Metropolitan Tabernacle History:

"With 240 children, we now need \$25,000 per annum; we have constantly received it, and we always shall. The endowments of the institution are now valued at \$150,000, and will, we hope, increase till all the expenditures will be supplied, and we shall be free to go on to a girl's orphanage, which we have long contemplated. This story flows on swimmingly, but there have been many trials of faith in the matter, and these continue, so far as the daily expenditure is concerned."

In the very midst of this great work, in December, 1869, when Mr. Spurgeon was "wanted in a thousand places," he was laid aside by a sudden attack of small pox. But he could pray, and he did, especially for the orphanage and the college. Within a few hours, a friend, knowing nothing of Mr. Spurgeon's affliction, left \$2,500 at his door, for the orphanage, and a few days later \$5,000 were sent by mail. Mr. Spurgeon remarks that then he left all with the Lord.

Mr. Spurgeon continues his memoranda, from which we give extracts:

"February, 1871.—Some little time ago, our friend, Mr. Bath, who often aids the orphanage, gave us six dozen bunches of turnips, and merrily added, 'I hope some one will send you the mutton.' About an hour after a farmer sent a whole sheep; so the mutton and turnips were both on the spot.

"A lady friend and the young ladies of her school had sent up to 1876 the large number of of 2,590 shirts for the boys.

"July, 1872.—We have again to sing of mercy. No sooner was the empty state of our orphanage exchequer made known to our faithful friends than the Lord inclined their hearts to send the necessary aid. This is a distinct answer to prayer, for other charities have been in the same condition and have made many urgent appeals without evoking the reply which they desired.

"So prompt and generous have been the responses of our loving helpers, that after paying \$1,500 for the demands of the month, we have still \$6,000 in hand—a marvellous change, indeed, from an actual deficit of \$450, and all within a few days.

"Dec., 1873.—All bills paid, but only \$15 left.

Prayer went to work at once, and results followed.

* * More than 200 boys to feed, and £3 in hand! 'The Lord will provide.' From the date

above mentioned we have lived on; * * * it is very sweet to see how the Lord provides. A friend in Sweden sends us help, and another from Belgium. A young man sends 6s. 6d., being three pence per week of his first wages. Another, with a large family, offers some potatoes and turnips, and remarks that since he has given to the orphanage he has been much the gainer by improved crops. A donor who is accustomed to store weekly for the Lord, speaks of the plan as greatly beneficial. One who sends a considerable donation, says: 'I never make a cheque for you without feeling very sorry that I cannot make it ten times as much.'

"June, 1874.—The funds for the orphanage ran completely dry on May 8, and drove us to plead with God for replenishments. The answer was immediate and sufficient. On the very day supplication was made, nearly \$2,000 was sent.

"March, 1875.—The funds of the orphanage are very low. When the tide has quite ebbed out the flood will return. Our 230 boys persist in eating, and wearing out their clothes, or we would not even mention the matter of failing funds; but appetites are stubborn things, and our boys have double-barrelled ones.

"September, 1875.—We have this month received the largest amount, save one, ever entrusted to us at one time, namely, \$50,000, half of it for the orphanage, and will be invested according to our general rule with legacies, unless our daily needs should compel us to draw upon it."

While Mr. Spurgeon is glad to receive donations for the orphanages, of food and clothing, yet he announces, very properly, that he wants the best, or none at all—that which is good in quality. He believes that what is given to the Lord should be the best.

Mr. Spurgeon describes the orphanage as at was in 1876:

"The orphanage is approached from the Clapham Road by a broad avenue. Plane trees, planted on either side, have attained a good growth, very greatly adding to the beauty of the entrance. Before you is the entrance arch, to the right is the master's house, and to the left are the dining hall and kitchen. Observe on the pillar on the right the sword and the trowel, the pastor's motto, and on the left the testimony to the great truth that faith will be honored and 'the Lord will provide.' On the inner sides of the two first piers are the texts 'My God shali supply all your need according

to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.' When standing under the noble archway, note again the text which strengthens our hearts in orphanage work, 'A Father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widow, is God in His holy habitation.' On the piers fronting the orphanage are the two following inscriptions, 'Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these,' and 'Your Heavenly Father feedeth them,' which again proclaims our hope and the ground of our confidence.

"On looking from under the arch the visitor is struck with the size and beauty of the buildings, and the delightfully airy and open character of the whole institution. It is a place of sweetness and light, where merry voices ring out, and happy children play. The stranger will be pleased with the dining hall, hung round with engravings; he will be shown in the board room, where the trustees transact the business; he will be especially pleased with the great play hall, in which our public meetings are held and the boys' sports are carried on. There is the swimming bath, which enables us to say that nearly every boy can swim. Up at the very top of the buildings, after ascending two flights of stairs, the visitor will find the school-rooms, which, from the very position, are airy and wholesome. The floors, scrubbed by the boys themselves, the beds made and the domestic arrangements all kept in order by their own labor, are usually spoken of with approbation. The matrons are glad to show friends over their houses; Mr. Charlesworth, the excellent master, is always pleased to arrange for friends to look over the buildings and the schools, and when there is no contagious disease abroad, he will conduct them to the *infirmary*, where the best nurses will be glad to show them their domain.

"The infirmary itself stands at the further end of the orphanage grounds, and is spacious enough to accommodate a large number of children should an epidemic break out in the institution. It was built after the other portions had been finished, and has proved a great blessing; for ever since its erection the speedy isolation of ailing boys has checked the spread of contagious diseases, and by God's blessing has preserved our average of health at a very high point indeed."

Mr. Spurgeon, continuing, speaks of the spiritual condition of the boys: "We have already seen many children converted, and these are formed into a Christian band. Several of the lads who have left have subscribed handsomely to the funds;

almost without exception all the boys in situations are doing well, and one is in college giving every token of becoming a good minister of Jesus Christ.

"The whole work is carried on in dependence on God, and His blessing is manifestly resting upon it. Having no list of subscribers, no payments for votes, and a continual need for nearly \$20,000 above the increase from property, we are nevertheless well supplied."

Since this was written, the girls' orphanage has been added, and many other improvements made in the institution. The expense has been increased, but the income has been enlarged in proportion.

As to the course of instruction, the boys are well taught elementary knowledge, such as reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, history, geography, vocal music, Latin, shorthand, science of common things, and scripture. A class in French is held for the older boys, and they are drilled daily in military tactics. Drawing is taught, and many of the boys excel in it. Music is also taught with success.

Children of from 6 to 10 years are admitted to remain till they are 14 years of age. The orphanage is not denominational; children of parents of all creeds and no creed, Protestant and Catholic, are received.

Speaking of the grounds of admission, Mr. Spurgeon says: "No widow ever goes away lamenting over time, labor and money spent in vain. The worst that can kappen is to be refused because there is no room, or because her case is not so bad as others."

Mr. Needham, in his unexcelled "Life of Mr. Spurgeon," says: "In the management of the orphanage will be found one of its chief attractions, and one which ought to commend its plans to other similar institutions. The author of a book called 'Contracts' cites the Stockwell School as a specimen of admirable administration, proving that large expenditure in some public institutions does not guarantee thorough satisfaction. In some orphan schools and pauper schools the rate of expense per head is from one hundred and fifteen to one hundred and forty-five dollars, whilst, at the Stockwell Orphanage, with complete organization, and highly satisfactory results in each department, the cost is only seventy-two dollars per head inclusive of everything. This is the highest testimonial which could be given of its efficiency."

THE GIRLS' ORPHANAGE.

N the year 1880, and on the birthday of Mr. Spurgeon, June 22, the foundation stones of the first four houses of the Girls' Orphanage were laid with appropriate ceremonies. Mrs. Spurgeon was able to be present, to the joy of all, and to lay the memorial stone of the Sermon House, the gift of Mr. C. H. Spurgeon and his publishers, Messrs. Passmore & Alabaster. The memorial stone of another house, the gift of Mr. W. R. Rickett, and called "The Limes," in memory of five beloved children, was laid by Mr. Spurgeon. Mrs. Samuel Barrow laid the memorial stone of the house called "The Olives," the amount for its erection having been given and collected by her husband. Mr. William Higgs, treasurer of the board, laid the memorial stone of another house, the gift of the trustees of the orphanage, and the inscription on the stone is: "Erected by the Trustees of the Orphanage to express their joy in this service of love."

In addition to these facts, we learn from the annual report for 1881, that the buildings of the

orphanage after the addition of these houses for the girls' formed a great square, enclosing a fine space for air and exercise. However, there were then still needed bath and washhouses and infirmary, not as a luxury, but as a necessity. buildings are not a workhouse or a country jail, but a pleasant residence for those children of whom God declares himself to be the Father. When the whole of the buildings are complete the institution will afford accommodation for five hundred children, and prove a memorial of Christian generosity and of the loving kindness of the Lord." Up to this time Mr. Spurgeon writes: "We have never been in debt yet, nor have we had a mortgage upon any of our buildings, nor have we ever borrowed money for a time, but we have always been able to pay as we have gone on."

In The Sword and the Trowel for August, 1889, Mr. Spurgeon writes:

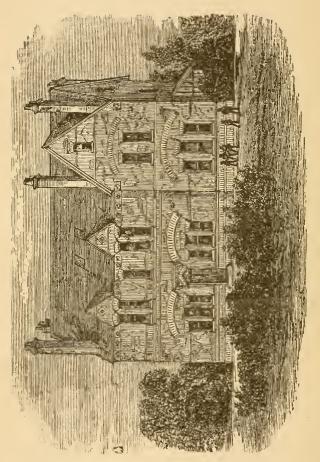
"Ours is a work for Jesus, carried on in the spirit of faith and love, and in it we have the hearty confidence and co-operation of Christians of all denominations. Upon the ground of our common faith and love, and our possession of the one life whose very breath is love, we unite in helping the widow and the orphan for Christ's own sake. His approval is our chief reward, but it is an additional joy to know that the orphanage is an eloquent answer to the sneers of infidels and scoffers of the modern school, who would fain make it out that our charity lies in bigoted zeal for doctrines, but does not produce practical results. Are any of the new theologians doing more than those of the old orthodox faith? Is not theirs the religion of 'talkee, talkee?' What does socialism amount to beyond words and theories? At any rate, we are both for the bodies and souls of the poor, and try to show our love of truth by truthful love.

"To secure the admission of a destitute fatherless child, no patronage is received, and no purchase of votes. The most helpless and deserving are selected by a committee, who give the first place to the greatest need. * * The amount expended, directly or indirectly, in gaining admission to institutions, is in some cases almost equal to the value of the benefit secured. As it is impossible for us to receive all who apply, there is this satisfaction: the candidates are only declined for want of room, and not because they have failed to buy sufficient votes. * * * The president wishes here to say, that to the trustees belongs the credit of managing all the interior arrangement of the

orphanage, while he is himself only the general manager, and the receiver of gifts, by which the institution is carried on. The trustees manage the steamship, and the president is the stoker of the fires. The children are not dressed in peculiar uniform, to mark them as charity children. We have no admiration for this bit of absurdity. Orphanage is a child's misfortune, and he should not be treated as though it were a fault. In a garb that marks him out as poor, it is not easy for a child to acquire self-respect. We wish some of the older institutions could break through the traditions which turn the objects of their charity into grotesque figures, to mark them out as charity boys. We mean to steer clear of that sort of display."

Mr. Spurgeon quaintly concludes: "The institution is neither hospital, reformatory, nor idiot asylum."





THE INFIRMARY.

JOHN B. GOUGH AT THE ORPHANAGE.

To show that Mr. Spurgeon gives his personal attention to these noble charities, and that he is as faithful as a pastor as he is great as a preacher, we relate the following anecdotes:

Mr. John B. Gough, the great temperance orator, who visited Stockwell orphanage with Mr. Spurgeon, says: "When we entered the grounds the boys set up a shout of joy at the sight of their benefactor. I asked, 'what are the requirements for admission?' He said, 'utter destitution; nothing denominational.' * * * After the boys had gone through their gymnastic exercises and military drill, I spoke a few words to them. Mr. Spurgeon was like a great boy among boys. He said, 'there are two hundred and forty boys; only think! How many pence are there in a shilling?' 'Twelve.' 'Right. How many shillings in a pound?' 'Twenty.' 'Right. Twelve times twenty; how many?' 'Two hundred and forty.' 'That's a penny a piece for each boy.' 'Here, Mr. Charlesworth,' handing him a sovereign, 'give these boys a penny a piece,' when a shrill, hearty

hurrah was given as Mr. Spurgeon turned away with a laugh of keen enjoyment."

"Will you go into the infirmary?' said Mr. Spurgeon to Mr. Gough. 'We have one poor boy very ill with consumption; he cannot live, and I wish to see him, for he would be disappointed if he knew I had been here and had not seen him.' We went into the cool and sweet chamber, and there lay the boy. He was very much excited when he saw Mr. Spurgeon. The great preacher sat by his side, and I cannot describe the scene. Holding the boy's hand in his, he said 'Well, my dear, you have some precious promises in sight all round the room. Now, dear, you are going to die, and you are very tired lying here, and soon will be free from all pain, and you will rest. Nurse, did he rest last night?' 'He coughed very much.' 'Ah, my dear boy, it seems hard for you to lie here all day in pain, and cough at night. Do you love Jesus?' 'Yes.' 'Jesus loves you. He bought you with his precious blood, and he knows what is best for you. It seems hard for you to lie here and listen to the shouts of the healthy boys outside at play. But soon Jesus will take you home, and then he will tell you the reason and you will be so glad.' Then, laying his hand

on the boy, without the formality of kneeling, he said: 'O, Jesus, Master, this dear child is reaching out his thin hand to find thine. Touch him, dear Saviour, with thy loving, warm clasp. Lift him as he passes the cold river, that his feet be not chilled by the water of death; take him home in thine own good time. Comfort and cherish him till that good time comes. Show him thyself as he lies here, and let him see thee and know thee more and more as his loving Saviour. After a few moments pause, he said, 'Now, my dear, is there anything you would like? Would you like a little canary in a cage, to hear him sing in the morning? Nurse, see that he has a canary tomorrow morning. Good-bye, my dear, you will see the Saviour perhaps before I shall."

"I have seen Mr. Spurgeon," continues Mr. Gough, "hold by his power sixty-five hundred persons in a breathless interest. I know him as a great man, universally esteemed and beloved; but, as he sat by the bedside of a dying pauper child, whom his beneficence had rescued, he was, to me, a greater and grander man than when swaying the multitude at his will."

D. L. MOODY AT THE ORPHANAGE.

WHEN Moody and Sankey were in London, they were encouraged in their evangelistic labors by Mr. Spurgeon, who preached for Mr. Moody, entertained him at his house, and had Mr. Sankey sing for the Tabernacle congregation.

Mr. D. L. Moody says: "While we were in London, Mr. Spurgeon took Mr. Sankey and myself to his orphan asylum, and he was telling about them—that some of them had aunts and some cousins, and that every boy had some friend that took an interest in him, and came to see him and gave him a little pocket money, and one day he said, while he stood there, a little boy came up to him and said, 'Mr. Spurgeon, let me speak to you;' and that boy sat down between Mr. Spurgeon and the elder who was with the clergyman, and said: 'Mr. Spurgeon, suppose your father and mother were dead, and you didn't have any cousins, or aunts, or uncles, or friends to come and give you pocket money and give you presents, don't you think you would feel bad? because that's me.' Said Mr. Spurgeon, 'The minute he asked me that, I put my right hand down into my pocket and took out the money."

CONVERSION OF CHILDREN.

MR. Spurgeon believes in the conversion of children. He was converted himself when a child. He has received many children into his church and baptized them upon the profession of their faith in Christ, and his testimony is that they have made the best members and have given him less trouble than those who have been converted later in life.

The following was clipped from the *Chronicle*, of August 29, 1890:

"A more than ordinary congregation attended the Thursday service at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington-butts, last evening. Mr. Spurgeon himself conducted the service, assisted by his brother and co-pastor, the Rev. James A. Spurgeon. The special service was one of immersion. Some 23 persons—12 males and 11 females—joined Mr. Spurgeon's church last night, bringing the church membership at the Tabernacle up to in round numbers, 5,600. Among the newly constituted members were eight children, to whom a special address was delivered by the Rev. J. A. Spurgeon."

We have given extracts from the various annual reports of the orphanage to show the progress of the work; and now we show its present condition from the annual report for 1889-90. It has accommodations for 500 orphans, and in all fourteen hundred and twenty have been received into the institution from its beginning to the end of March, 1890, of these, the religious profession of the parents was as follows: Church of England, 554; Baptist, 358, Congregational, 152; Wesleyan, 132; Presbyterian, 26; Roman Catholic, 3; Brethren, 7; Moravian, 2; Bible Christian, 2; Society of Friends, 2; Salvation Army, 1; not specified, 181.

Mr. Spurgeon believes that it is well to begin early to give, and to begin when one has but little to give; so the children of the orphanages, collected into a Sunday-school, give regularly. The contributions of these children for the year 1889-'90, for the Baptist Missionary Society, the North Africa Mission, the Continental Sunday-school, and the Temperance Hospital and Band of Hope Work amounted in all to about \$140.

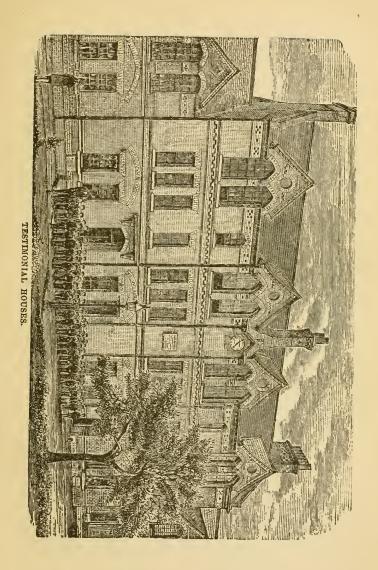
He raises money for the orphanage, which needs more than the endowment yields, by voluntary donations, from all its friends, by collections, by concerts given by a choir of orphan boys under Mr. Charlesworth, in various churches, by gift of useful articles, toys, food, clothing, &c., and by birthday and new year's offerings. The total income for the year 1889-'90 was over \$60,000.

Mr. Charlesworth, the head-master of the orphanage, has trained some of the boys to sing well in concert, and he has taken them throughout England to give public entertainments. They divide the proceeds between the church in which the concert is held and the orphanage, and these concerts have yielded to the orphanage in one year as much as \$10,000.

THE COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.

THE third great work, taken up by Mr. Spurgeon and connected with the Metropolitan Tabernacle Church, was the Colportage Association, the object of which, as the name implies, is to send the gospel message in the form of books and tracts from door to door. Mr. Spurgeon justly remarks that while this work was third in order of time taken up by his church, that it was by no means third-rate in importance. He believes it to be one of the most efficient and economical agencies in existence, and that as education increases it will be more and more so, and says: "The sale of vicious literature can only be met by the distribution of good books; these can only be scattered in rural districts by carrying the books to the doors, and even in towns the book-hawker's work greatly stimulates their sale. Scotland has long had a grand staff of colporteurs, it was time to make a beginning in England."

Just, as, in the providence of God, the institution of the orphanage and of the college was forced upon Mr. Spurgeon, and his church, so it was





with this colportage work, it was laid upon them and they could not refuse. It was through the earnestness of a generous friend at the Tabernacle, to whom they felt under obligation, that the enterprise was begun. A committee was appointed in September, 1866, and certain young brethren undertook the management of the work. During the first two years six men were employed, but the means for their support were not easily obtained. "This enterprise," remarks Mr. Spurgeon, "seemed to be one plant too many in one garden, and had it not been for the persevering entreaties of the principal promoter of this work, we should have allowed it to die out." In 1872, the work began to grow and there were thirteen men in the field. It became necessary to have a paid secretary, and Mr. W. C. Jones was appointed to the position, and filled it acceptably. In 1874, there were thirty-five men at work, and the income of the society from their sales of religious books, bibles and tracts was \$15,000. In 1876, there were forty-five men employed, the "trade stock" amounted to \$4,000.

The home, or headquarters of the society, is in the college building, and it is unsectarian in principle, after the manner of the London City Mission;

although most of its colporteurs are Baptists and the society has been mainly supported by that denomination. The cost of support for one colporteur is \$400 a year, and many churches have these men laboring in connection with them; the church for which one is working providing for one-half of his support.

"The colporteur, not only endeavors to sell books, but he visits from door to door, and in so doing converses with the people about their souls, prays with the sick, and leaves a tract at each cottage. He is frequently able to hold prayermeetings, open-air services, and Bible readings. He gets a room, if possible, and preaches; founds Bands of Hope, and makes himself generally useful in the cause of religion and temperance. He is, in fact, first a missionary, then a preacher, and by-and-by, in the truest sense, a pastor. We have some noble men in this work. All are not equally good; some have even proved slothful; but the system is one which soon discovers a man's negligence, since his sales fall off and the monthly report tells the tale.

"The book-hawker stands upon a vantage ground as a house to house missionary. His tract is a passport to every door; the attempt to sell is

an opportunity for declaring the gospel, and the book itself is a ready test. When we think of 300,000 visits paid in one year among a priest-ridden peasantry, we are encouraged, and give God the glory. But we cannot restrain the sigh, 'O that some rich stewards of the Lord would look on this work and help us to increase it.' London has only one of our colporteurs, and yet needs them badly. How is this?"

The two Bible-classes of Mr. Charlesworth, the superintendent of the orphanage, agreed to support a colporteur in the streets of London with a Bible carriage, which is pictured as a two-wheeled push-cart with a glass top, through which the books could be displayed.

The fourteenth annual report, for 1880, shows that there were seventy-nine men employed, and that during the year a total circulation of 396,291 books and periodicals, the gross value of which was \$37,000 and over; nearly 631,000 visits paid to families, and more than 6,000 religious services conducted by the colporteurs. The report in *The Sword and the Trowel*, for July, 1890, shows an income for the year 1889, of about \$30,000, from all sources, for carrying on the work. This seems to include the profit on sales. The average number of colporteurs employed during the year was

80, and the year closed with 84, as against 74 in 1888. In June, 1890, there were 87 at work. This marked increase was regarded as an instance of strongly expressed appreciation of the success and blessing that had already attended the work, and a desire to obtain for others the labors of the colporteur. The "value" of the sales made during 1889 was over \$48,000, being the largest amount yet reached. The total numbers sold were: Bibles, 8,782; books, 220,713; testaments, 11,379; magazines, 365,788; and these, with other literature, made a grand total of "books and packets" sold, 551,949, and magazines, 365,788. In addition to this, the 84 colporteurs have distributed upwards of 153,000 tracts, made 698,292 visits, and conducted 9,866 gospel services. The total "value" of sales from the commencement of the association, over \$650,000.

The president of the Colporteur Association, Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, at its annual meeting in 1890, remarked: "Colportage was a necessity of the Christian churches; they must meet bad literature with good. The colporteur did more than counteract the influence of bad literature with good; he was the agent of the church, and where he could not sell a book he left a tract, thus speaking a word for Christ and comforting and instructing the sick and dying."

THE TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.

A MONG the many organizations connected with Mr. Spurgeon's church is the Metropolitan Tabernacle Total Abstinence Society, an account of a meeting of which, in 1890, is furnished by a London paper:

"On Wednesday this society held their weekly meeting in the lecture hall, when the tabernacle temperance choir occupied the platform, under the conductorship of Mr. C. W. E. Bowker, and gave a very interesting musical evening. Several good anthems were well rendered. Miss True and Miss Love gave two recitations; and a dialogue, entitled 'Parental Influence,' was also furnished by the Misses Frith, Rouse and Bowker, Miss L. Heath sang 'Lead me gently home, Father,' with good expression and feeling. Mr. A. Bulloch sang 'Star of Bethlehem,' and was much appreciated by the audience. A clarionet solo was performed by Mr. Doughty and several other friends assisted, making a very pleasant and enjoyable evening. A gentleman from the State of Maine, U. S. A., gave a very interesting account of total abstinence in that State. The chair was occupied by the Rev. J. T. Dume, and Mr. E. A. Randall presided at the organ. The secretary announced that the Rev. E. T. Ince would be present next Wednesday to give a reading, entitled 'Temperance Sketches,' which would be illustrated by dissolving views. After a vote of thanks to the choir, the meeting closed with the doxology."

THE TABERNACLE PRAYER-MEETINGS.

"A" The prayer-meeting, in the Tabernacle, [June, 1890] special supplication was offered for a blessing upon the service to be held in Exeter Hall on the following afternoon. Mr. Chamberlain sang, with great pathos and power, the sweet hymn, commencing:

"It passeth knowledge, that dear love of thine." And the pastor delivered a short address upon the same subject. Mr. Charles Cook gave an account of his recent visits to prisons in Germany and Russia, and told thrilling stories of the power of the gospel upon the most hardened criminals. Mr. Harmer described several cases of usefulness through the reading of the pastor's sermons, and spoke of the words "blood" and "hell," giving instances of the usefulness of preaching what many now-a-days ignore and dispise. Mr. Bunning followed with a striking illustration of the blessings of the water of life founded upon his colonial experience, especially at Christ Church, New Zealand. The meeting was, on the whole, rather one of testimony than of prayer; but many

petitions were interwoven with the addresses, and a prayerful spirit pervaded the whole proceedings. On Monday evenings we try to have nothing stereotyped; no two meetings are alike, and the variety tends to maintain a continual interest in the gatherings. The word of prayer is called out by descriptions of the work of faith; and on the other hand, the work of faith needs the divine blessing which comes only to the word of prayer. Our meetings are practical and prayerful; they are real business meetings, in which service alone is presented in faith to the Lord, that he may accept it through the sacrifice of Christ."

"On Monday evening, July 14, 1890, the members, who have been recently admitted into the church, met for tea, with the pastor and officers. Two hundred and eighty-six were eligible, but rather more than two hundred attended, the early hour at which the meeting had to be held preventing the others from being present. The pastor presided, and, in the name of the church, welcomed the new members and counselled them with regard to the duties and privileges of their position. Addresses were also delivered by Rev. Charles Chambers and Deacons Hall, Thompson and W. Olney, and Mr. Chamberlain sang "Tell Jesus,"

which he was afterwards asked to repeat in the Tabernacle. Our deacons spoke so ably, and with such a holy anointing, that we could do no less than bless the Lord for such well-instructed brethren. May the new members prove themselves to be good and true, and may the church bring all the more glory to God as its numbers are increased!

Mr. Spurgeon believes in revival or evangelistic services, and in large in-gatherings. He likes to see old and young coming in crowds together to Christ. He often holds a month of continuous meetings for prayer and the salvation of souls, and at such seasons the church is often found in fasting as well as prayer. The meetings held in February, 1867, were so remarkable, and the services during one week, in which a whole day was devoted to fasting and prayer in the sanctuary, were so distinguished above the rest that it has been said that the account thereof "reads like a new chapter in the Acts of the Apostles," and often since then have the Tabernacle people enjoyed very precious seasons of refreshing from waiting upon the Lord.

In these continuous meetings at the Tabernacle, Mr. Spurgeon is helped at times by the members of the Evangelists' Association, connected with the Pastors' College.

THE BOOK FUND.

A MONG the good and useful enterprises connected with the Metropolitan Tabernacle Church, may be mentioned the Book Fund. This work was projected and carried on by Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon herself, the wife of the pastor. Mrs. Spurgeon is a suffering invalid, and has been for years. But her sufferings have been alleviated and her life prolonged by a painful surgical operation, which, together with the trouble that makes it necessary, might seem to be enough to exhaust the energies and strength of any one. But while there are many things that Mrs. Spurgeon cannot do, she has found time and strength to do the noble work of supplying needy ministers of the gospel with instruments for their work in the shape of hooks

"Mrs. Spurgeon," says Mr. Needham, "has been a constant sufferer, unable to participate in the great schemes of benevolence connected with her husband's labors, yet, from her quiet chamber she has personally procured and directed tens of thousands of books for needy pastors, whose

libraries were in great need of her generous donations. Besides, she superintends a private and humble mission, which sends clothing to their poorly-clad children and suffering wives. Dorcaslike, she labors for the poor, and her work is wisely planned, managed with economy and precious in its results. The life of this dear, afflicted lady is fragrant with benevolence; many homes are made glad as the results of her toil."

Mrs. Spurgeon says, in her report for 1879: "The Book Fund makes grants to poor pastors of every evangelical denomination who are in actual charge, wholly devoted to the ministry, and whose income from all sources does not exceed \$750 per annum.

"These grants consist of seven or eight volumes and usually comprise the 'Treasury of David.' or some of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons—not to the exclusion of other books, but chiefly because they are works most sought after by the applicants to the fund; and I am not afraid or ashamed to say it, because I know I could not, with the slender means at my command, give any more precious or more helpful. There are several special books for ministers which I would at once add to my list if friends, who wish for their circulation, would supply me with the means.

"Poor ministers are, as a rule, not the exception; they are not restricted to the Baptist denomination, or to our own land, but abound in every connection and in all climes; their needs are very urgent, their prospects seldom brighten, and their ranks never seem to thin. My work for them is as great a necessity now as it was at the commencement.

"It is the joy of my life thus to serve the servants of my master, and the daily blessings and tender providences which surround my work are more precious to me than words can express. Some of the subjects of my thankfulness may seem small, inconsiderable with others, but to me they are of constant interest and importance. My retired life shuts out the usual pleasures of social intercourse, but opens wide a world of glad delight in thus 'ministering to the necessities of the saints.' I have scores of friends with whose circumstances I am acquainted, yet whose faces I have never looked upon. I hope to know and greet them on the 'other shore;' and meanwhile their love and prayers are a sweet reward for such pleasant service as the Lord enables me to render to them.

"I have been very pleased during this year to see my work extend among the poorly paid curates of the church of England, and I trust a great blessing will follow the introduction into their libraries of such books as the 'Treasury,' the sermons, and the 'Lectures to my Students.' These gifts are sought with eager joy, and of all the pleasant letters which I have received, none are more courteous in spirit, or grateful in language, than those penned by clergymen of the established church.

"To-day \$1,000 is mine, from the great testimonial fund raised last Christmas; \$500 is allotted to the book fund, and \$500 to the Pastors' Aid Society. My dear husband's kindness secures this splendid help to my work, and I bless God both for him and his delightful gift. If John Ploughman's wife might say here what she thinks of John in this and all other matters, it would be an easy task to fill these pages with his praises; but since such a wifely eulogy might be deemed out of place, Mrs. J. P. may at least record in her little book her hearty and appreciative thanks to the hundreds of true friends who have lately done honor to the 'prince of her life,' and furnished him with the means of more abundantly blessing all the poor and needy ones who look to him as their best earthly friend and comforter."

Mrs. Spurgeon writes in her diary: "October 4. Truly this has been a red-letter day in

book-fund experience. 'My mouth has been filled with laughter, and my tongue with singing.' My heart praises and extols the goodness of the Lord, and my hand shall at once record the mercy which, like a blessed rain on a thirsty land, has so sweetly refreshed my spirit. This afternoon a constant, generous friend brought \$500 for the book fund. This was cause for devout thankfulness and great joy, for lately an unusually large number of books has been going out week by week, though funds have flowed in less freely. But it was not till a few hours after receiving this noble donation that I saw fully the Lord's tender care and pitying love in sending me this help just when He knew I should most sorely need it. By the late post that night came my quarterly account for books, and so heavy was it (\$1,700) that in fear and haste I turned to my ledger to see the available balance, and with emotion, I shall not easily forget, I found that but for the gift of \$500 a few hours previously I should have been \$300 in debt.

"Did not the Father's care thus keep the sparrow from falling to the ground? A sleepless night and much distress of spirit would have resulted from my discovery of so serious a deficit in my funds, but the Lord's watchful love prevented this."

Upon receiving the gift of \$125 for the Book Fund from Mr. J. B. Gough, as a part of the proceeds of one of his lectures, Mrs. Spurgeon writes: "Such a gift, from such a man, is precious and most worthy, but not unusual, as I believe it is a constant habit of Mr. Gough to bestow blessings as well as to recommend them. Long as his name has been honored in our household, and his special work admired and appreciated, it was not till his recent visit to England that we had the happiness of his personal acquaintance. Now he has been twice to see me (accompanied once by his excellent wife), and a friendship has sprung up between us which, though interrupted by each other on earth, will find its true fruition and best enjoyment in heaven. The hours we spent in his company have left fragrant memories, not only of pleasant mirth at the droll tales so inimitably told, but also of sacred joy in sweet and goodly words which 'ministered grace unto the heavens.' Cannot my friends imagine that it was a rare treat to listen to' the converse of John Plowman and John Gough?

"No 'pen of a ready writer' was there to record the good things they said, or to immortalize the brilliant 'table talk' which graced each repast; but the sweet communion which knit our hearts together will never be forgotten by us, and so deep a flood of enjoyment came in upon my usually quiet life that day, that it will forever pleasantly ripple upon the shores of memory. To our dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Gough, in their far-away home in the West, I send loving greetings, and for this \$125, which means so much joy and comfort for the Lord's poor servants, I give the warmest thanks of a grateful heart."

The "Ninth Annual Report of the Book Fund and its Work" (1884) is full of sunlight and cheer. The work, begun in feebleness, has been prospered; the Lord has raised up helpers; during the past year, there have been sent out 9,149 volumes, beside 21,221 single sermons; during the entire nine years, 71,270 volumes, beside we know not how many sermons, tracts, pamphlets, etc. The contributions during the past year were £1,461 (about \$7,000).

Many of the letters received in acknowledgment of the books and sermons are very touching and deeply interesting. Missionary laborers in Bengal, Hayti, Norway, Palestine, express the profound gratitude with which, in their loneliness, they receive the cheering and inspiring words which breathe in the sermons of the Tabernacle pastor.

One of the letters is from a member of our own Ramapatam Seminary, under the care of Dr. Williams. The letter is translated thus:

"May God's help be your blessing!

"To the presence of my dear mother, Mrs.

Spurgeon:

"Valpaila Yohan, a teacher in the Theological Seminary, Ramapatam, writes with much gratitude as follows:

"Dear Madam:-I am one engaged in God's work in this seminary, and render help to its principal, Dr. Williams: that is to say, I am teaching the Word of God to my fellow-countrymen. I am confident you will pray for God's blessing to rest upon my labors. Now I wish particularly to tell you of the gratitude I feel towards you. Dear mother, you gave a few volumes of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons to our missionary, and told him to give them gratuitously to those among the Teloogoo preachers who could read a little English. In this way, I have received through your favor the sixth volume of these sermons. I give you many salaams for this gift. I am confident that although my land is thousands of miles distant from yours, you possess great love to poor Christians of this country like myself. May I tell you something of my own history? I was led to believe in the year 1868, and was baptized in the same year. After a few months, I was received into the mission-school, and acquired knowledge for four years. Then, in 1872, I was sent to the Brownson Theological Seminary to study the Word of God. After six years, God elected and appointed me a teacher in this same seminary; my wife also teaches the wives

of the students. I have a family of six children; I would entreat you to pray that God would bless me even more, and enable me to do my work faithfully. I tender my salaams to you and to Mr. Spurgeon; also to your sons. My wife and children also send salaams.

VALPULLA YOHAN.

Many of the letters are from ministers of the established church; for the benefits of the fund are not limited by any church or creed lines. Of the 1,011 ministers who received books from the Book Fund last year, but 243 are Baptists.

Often the letters are from ministers in very small villages, with very scanty salaries. In this country there is usually the hope that the small town will in time grow, and the church with it; but in England it often happens that the village is dwindling from year to year by emigration; and the minister, while holding the post where God has placed him, has not the inspiration of a hope of better days. These self-denying brethren are working (we can hardly say living) on £50 a year. Of course, books are an impossible luxury. The arrival of a package from Mrs. Spurgeon, with food for heart and head, is greeted with tears of gratitude. One writes:

Asking.

My people give me all they can as yet afford, 27s. per week. Thank God we can manage to

live on that, my wife and I, and two children; but there is no margin for books. I have been able only to buy a shilling volume during the last twelve months, and no one has given me any, so you can understand the urgency of my appeal to you.

Receiving.

My dear wife stood by as I unpacked the books, with such a glad smile on her face, and as one after another the beautiful volumes were unwrapped, we both felt our hearts too full for words, until we had knelt and thanked our Heavenly Father for such a manifest token of his favor. Ah! if those who have the means to help only knew the great need of poor preachers, they would surely make your heart glad by sending £100 where they now give £5.

Of the broad spirit of the work, Mrs. Spurgeon says:

There has been this year a curious indication of the non-sectarian character of Book Fund work. I have received and granted applications from a Quaker, a Waldensian, an Irvingite, three Moravians, and a Unitarian! This latter says, "Shall I be taking the bread from the children, if I ask for a grant?" I thought not; indeed, I felt drawn to give him a good portion of savory meat, fearing that his soul must be well-nigh famished upon "strange doctrine," and praying that beyond his own desire and intent the living water might filter into his soul. He sends me a declaration of the principles of Unitarians, a document which causes me much distress, because it shows that some people manage to leave out of religion that

which seems to me to be the very life and joy of it, but as he is also so candid as to say that he reads Mr. Spurgeon's sermons with pleasure, I cannot but hope that my husband's declaration may help to amend the present sentiments of this friendly correspondent. God grant it may be so!

We do not know a more truly sweet, lovely Christian work than Mrs. Spurgeon is doing.

Mrs. Spurgeon has written and has had published an account of her work in book form, which covers the period of the first ten years. It has reached a circulation of 13,000, sells freely, and the profits from sale go to the book fund. The book is entitled, "Ten Years of My Life in the Service of the Book Fund: Being a Grateful Record of My Experience of the Lord's Ways, and Work and Wages."

It was with sorrow that the many friends of Mrs. Spurgeon read this record in The Sword and the Trowel from the pen of the editor under date July, 1888:

"Mrs. Spurgeon requests us to say that she hopes application for books will not yet be sent in. She is no more able to attend to business than she was a month ago. Often has she tried to answer some of the letters which are in waiting; but we have grieved to see her make the attempt since she has had to give it up as hopeless. It is a great sorrow to see her so bereft of all strength. If she could but master enough physical force to attend to her beloved life-work, we should then have hope of her speedy recovery; but till she can set parcels of books in motion towards poor ministers' homes, we shall know that she is living only to suffer. Suffering, however, is not a new thing to her, nor is she lacking in the patience which is needed for this part of the Lord's service."

It gives us pleasure to record that Mrs. Spurgeon's health has been so much improved as to enable her to go on with her work on the Book Fund.

THE PASTOR'S AID FUND.

In addition to the Book Fund, Mrs. Spurgeon is at the head of the Pastor's Aid Fund, the object of which society is to provide necessary clothing for poor ministers and their families, throughout England, irrespective of denominational belief or connection. Thus it is that her name as the president of the society and of the Book Fund, has become a household word wherever her wide-spread benefactions have gone.

"Any one who goes to the ladies' room at the Tabernacle on the Wednesday following the third and fourth Sundays in each month can see how heartily our energetic sisters devote their time and energies to the holy enterprise of the Lord's poor servants. We have already stated that their main object is to help the families of needy ministers in England by sending them suitable parcels of clothing, but their annual report informs us that they have also assisted a few of the agents of the Tabernacle Colportage Association who had been ill."

On Monday afternoon, June 2, 1890, at the

annual meeting of the Poor Ministers' Clothing Society, held in the lecture hall of the tabernacle, after tea and prayer, it was reported that 49 parcels, of the value of about \$1,400, had been sent out during the year, and most grateful acknowledgments of the same had been received. Many of the letters told of the greatest need supplied. Large numbers of articles of clothing had been supplied last year, and Mr. Spurgeon said that another opportunity would be given to all who wanted to help in a similar fashion: "Will all who come to the Tabernacle on July 28, bring a garment suitable for a poor minister, or his wife or child? And will friends who cannot be present send in their contributions on or before that evening?"

If the response was made in a "similar fashion," as the year before, then it was remarkable, for we find the following record made under date July 29, 1889, in the *Sword and Trowel:*

"Very singular was the scene at the Tabernacle prayer meeting this evening. The pastor had requested each friend to bring some article of clothing for the Poor Ministers' Society, and the friends did so with happy alacrity. The great table was piled so high that the pastor said he could not see over it, and felt like being buried

alive, so other tables were filled, and the staircases on each side of the pulpit were covered deep from top to bottom. There were coats and capes, trousers and hats, pinafores and petticoats, and all sorts of garments for men, women and children, to the number of more than six hundred in all. It was a very gracious blending of raiments and reverence that meeting for prayer."

That the response was made in a "similar fashion," we learn from the following:

"Monday, July 28, 1890, was the evening appointed for the bringing in of the garments for poor ministers, and long before the prayer-meeting commenced our good people were busy unpacking the parcels which had been sent from the country, arranging the articles, and making as complete a record as they could of what had been received. Unfortunately, their work was made more difficult through the visit of thieves to the Tabernacle on the previous Sunday night. They opened parcels and threw the contents into hopeless confusion. In consequence of this, it is probable that some kind presents have not been acknowledged; but wherever we had the donor's name, a letter of thanks has been sent, and to all helpers we now express our hearty gratitude for their generous

gifts to the Lord's poor servants. We have reason to believe that none of the garments were stolen; the thieves were in search for more precious spoil, but were not much rewarded for their trouble."

The pastor, with friendly helpers, was on the platform at six, and received parcels of clothing as fast as possible. The givers came in a continuous stream, each one saying a kind word to him, and receiving his hearty thanks.

"It was a festival of love. The platform and pulpit stairs were covered again and again, and the ladies worked very hard at clearing away and counting the goods. Up to the time of writing, they have reported the receipt of 1,362 articles and about £29 in cash; and a large box, without donor's address, has since come from Ipswich. Some of the garments were allotted to the society for clothing the colporteurs; and some, hardly suitable for ministers, were assigned to a mother's meeting; and thus many will be benefited through the liberality of our friends. We must make an annual feast of St. Dorcas sacred to garment giving, for this is a pleasant way of doing a necessary work. Many gave a piece of work who could not have given money. Here we had all the good of a bazaar with none of its evils."

THE INVALID.

M. NEEDHAM gives the following touching incident from Mrs. Spurgeon's own pen:

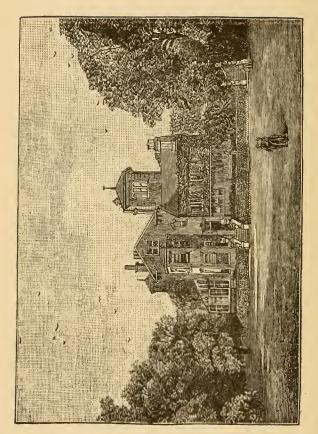
"A curious little incident happened lately during a time of prolonged sickness. At the close of a very dark and gloomy day, I lay resting on my couch as the deeper night drew on, and though all was bright within my cosy little room, some of the external darkness seemed to have entered into my soul and obscured its spiritual vision. Vainly l tried to see the Hand which I knew held mine, and guided my fog-enveloped feet along a steep and slippery path of suffering. In sorrow of heart I asked: 'Why does my Lord thus deal with His child? Why does He so often send sharp and bitter pain to visit me? Why does He permit lingering weakness to hinder the sweet service I long to render to His poor servants?' These fretful questions were soon answered in a strange language; no interpreter was needed save the conscious whisper of my own heart.

"For awhile silence reigned in the little room, broken only by the crackling of the oak-log burning on the hearth. Suddenly I heard a sweet, soft sound, a little clear, musical note, like the tender trill of a robin beneath my window. 'What can it be?' I said to my companion, who was dozing in the fire-light. 'Surely no bird can be singing out there at this time of the year and night.'

"We listened and again heard the faint, plaintive notes, so sweet, so melodious, yet mysteriousenough to provoke for a moment our undisguised wonder. Presently my friend exclaimed, 'It comes from the log on the fire!' and we soon ascertained that her surprised assertion was correct. The fire was letting loose the emprisoned music from the old oak's inmost heart! Perchance he had garnered up this song in the days when all went well with him, when birds twittered merrily on his branches, and the soft sunlight flecked his tender leaves with gold. But he had grown old since then, and hardened; ring after ring of knotty growth had sealed up the long-forgotten melody, until the fierce tongues of the flames came to consume his callousness, and the vehement heat of the fire wrung from him at once a song and a sacrifice. Ah, thought I, when the fire of affliction draws songs of praise from us, then, indeed, are we purified, and our God is glorified! Perhaps some of

us are like this old oak log, cold, hard, and insensible; we should give forth no melodious sounds were it not for the fire which kindles round us, releases tender notes of trust in Him, and cheerful compliance with his will. 'As I mused, the fire burned,' and my soul found sweet comfort in the parable so strangely set forth before me. Singing in the fire. Yes, God helping us, if that is the only way to get harmony out of these hard, apathetic hearts, let the furnace be heated seven times hotter than before."





PRESENT HOME OF PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

MR. SPURGEON AT HOME.

R. H. L. WAYLAND writes: "This delightful drive through Surrey brought us to Westwood, in the street called "Beulah Hill." Mrs. Spurgeon gave us a most hearty and charming welcome. It is a matter of great gratification to know that she is much improved in health, though still very frail and unable to brave exposure or extra fatigue. She does not get to the Tabernacle to hear her husband oftener than, perhaps, once a year. She had hoped to gain some relief from the labor in connection with the Book Fund; but the appeals keep coming in, and it seems that no one else can take up the work. So she goes on supplying each year a thousand or fifteen hundred ministers each with a package of books, which are an invaluable aid of the very best kind, quickening heart and brain, and enabling the minister to find the people, who, in turn, will find him.

"I know that many disciples all over America are praying for Mr. Spurgeon; one dear Christian lady told me at Northfield that he is one of her daily subjects of prayer. And I beg all who read these lines to make it an especial matter of prayer that this dear, benevolent, Christian woman, Mrs. Spurgeon, may have health granted her. I am sure there is no request in which Mr. Spurgeon would more heartily unite.

"Mr. Spurgeon showed his fernery, in which he takes much delight, his garden and farm, his cows and other stock. There are ten cows; this department is under the care of Mrs. Spurgeon, who, from the profit of the cows, supports a corporteur in the neighborhood.

"The kindness of the Lord to his servant is quite noticeable in the matter of this house. Early in his ministry, one of the deacons, seeing that Mr. Spurgeon was giving away all his income, and laying up nothing, persuaded him to try and buy a house in Nightingale Lane. This he gradually paid for; in time, the city grew up about what had been an open space, and, as it became absolutely needful for his health that he should have the quiet of the country, the place had increased in value enough to buy this large and beautiful place, then, of course, less costly than now. He takes infinite delight in the air, the views, the cows, the dogs, the rabbits, the hens and the horses. He has here and

there cut away the trees so as to get views of the country; on a very clear day he can see Windsor Castle, thirty-five miles away.

"Mr. Spurgeon attributes his improved health largely to the fact that for the past two years he has abstained from the use of meat; he has lived on vegetables, with fish, eggs, etc.

"It will interest and gratify all my readers to know that Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon are total abstainers. Rev. W. J. Mayers, of Bristol, one of Mr. Spurgeon's students, tells me that, two years ago, he put the blue ribbon on both Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon.

"And so we walked, or sat on a rural bench, and talked. It was indescribably delightful to hear from him and Mrs. Spurgeon some of the reminiscences of their early days. You know he was settled as pastor at a very small rural village, when he was sixteen years old. The church could only pay him £50 a year. He paid twelve shillings a week for his room; but his people were very kind, bringing him vegetables and supplies of all kinds, so that he was able to live. But once he was greatly in want of a hat. 'So,' he said, 'I prayed to the Lord: O Lord, I need a hat; I must look decently.' Now there was a

man in the village who was a proverb of miserliness. He was so miserly that when he was at the point of death, thirty years later, he came down stairs to die, so that it should not be needful to pay somebody a shilling for carrying his body down stairs; and he ordered that he should be buried in the garden, so as to avoid paying the vicar anything. Just after I had prayed for a hat, on Sunday morning, this man called me out after meeting in the morning to go to one side with him, behind the chapel. Then he said: 'The Lord has told me to give you this (7s. 6d), and I want you to pray for me, that I may be saved from covetousness.' So I bought a hat. The next Sunday the man again called me aside; I could not think what he wanted, unless it was to ask me to give him the 7s. 6d. back again. He said: 'Oh, dear, I want you to pray that I may be saved. The Lord told me to give you ten shillings, and I kept two shillings and six pence out of it, and I have not slept a night since.'

"At the age of nineteen, in 1853, he was invited to go up and preach at New Park Lane Chapel, which was an old church very much run down. On Sunday morning there were perhaps 80 persons present. The deacons had made a great effort to

get people out, so as to swell the audience. One of the deacons went to a young lady and said: 'Do come on Sunday; there will be a young man from the country, and we do want to make as much of a show as we can.' The young lady went and saw the young man from the country, and heard him preach. She told me this herself; she has seen him a good many times since; and, in fact, a couple of years later, she took him for good and all; and what a blessing she has been to him and to the world only eternity can tell.

"In the evening there were 300 or 400 at chapel. I presume the young lady made one. The next evening, at the prayer-meeting, there were more than on Sunday; this greatly encouraged the young man, who believed in the prayer-meeting. Within a few weeks the house was crowded.

"I had not thought of staying beyond the afternoon; but Mr. Spurgeon said: "You are not here
very often; now, stay to tea." I was willingly persuaded; we had pears, peaches, plums and honey,
all from his own garden. After tea, the family,
with the two servants, were called together for
family prayers. I was so glad I had stayed. I
would not have missed this for anything. He read
the part of Luke xxiii, which tells of the young

ruler who came to the Lord. As he read, he commented with his wonted freshness, and now and then quaintness. On verse 25, he said: 'It is hard for any animal to go through the eye of a needle; but especially hard for a camel because he has his hump; it is hard for any man to be saved; but especially hard for a rich man, because he has his riches.' This was, throughout, a sweet, lovely service.

"Then we had further talk. He showed me a little volume, 'Norcott on Baptism,' to which he wrote an introduction; it has been translated into Turkish and Amenian and Bulgarian; and as a result Baptists are springing up in those regions.

"Mrs. Spurgeon also kindly allowed me to see her workshop, where she does all the correspondence about the Book Fund, and also the little store room, where the books are kept and where the parcels are done up. This sweet and wise charity is broad and all comprehending in its spirit. Many of the appeals for books, especially for the books and sermons of Mr. Spurgeon, come from clergymen of the Church of England. And here, I may add, that Mr. Spurgeon speaks very heartily and generously of the amount of true piety and sound doctrine now existing in the Anglican Church.

"As I was coming away, Mr. Spurgeon directed my attention to a few of the pictures in the hall, representing scenes in the Reformation. He has 400 or 500 of them. He delights in all that illustrates and honors those heroes—Calvin, Beza, Luther, and the rest of the Lord's chosen menat-arms. He sometimes lends the collection to churches to use as an aid in raising money.

"Well, everything must have an end. The 'Spurgeon Day' was at its close. I shall not see many such days on earth. I left the land of Beulah, and returned to the great city, wondering why such kindness is shown me, and thanking God for the blessing granted to the world through these his servants, and asking for them every blessing, earthly and heavenly.

Earl of Shaftesbury says, in his diary:

"July 10, 1881, drove to Norwood to see any friend Spurgeon. He is well, thank God, and admirably lodged. His place is lovely. His wife's health, too, is improved by change of residence. Pleasant and encouraging to visit such men, and find them still full of perseverance, faith, and joy in the service of our blessed Lord."

THE TWIN SONS.

ON the 20th of September, 1856, there were born to Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon twin sons, to whom the names of Charles and Thomas were given. They were born in Nightingale Lane, Balham, near London. They were educated at Camden House School, Brighton; which they quitted in 1874. They both acquitted themselves honorably at school, and have since devoted themselves, like their father, grandfather and great-grandfather, to the gospel ministry.

Charles entered, at first, the office of a London shipping firm, intending to devote himself to secular business, but his conversion to Christ led him to change his profession in life. His conversion was on this wise. He was out riding horse-back with a pious friend, who engaged him in religious conversation. Rain came on when they, dismounting sought the shelter of a tree. Here they both knelt down upon the grass, and while the friend prayed, young Spurgeon gave his heart to Christ. September, 21, 1874, Mr. Spurgeon received both of his sons into the fellowship of the church at the Tabernacle by public baptism.

He began his work with his brother Thomas, in the public service of his Lord, in a little mission in the densely populated neighborhood of Chatham Road, in the cottage of a gardener. The brothers labored together, speaking to the people who attended the meeting, with so much acceptance and success, that it was soon found necessary to erect a chapel. The health of Thomas broke down, and he was compelled to sail for Australia, but the work was continued by Charles, who was then in business. He held two or three week-night services there, besides the Sunday services. Through his labors the chapel was erected and dedicated, his father preaching the sermon.

Charles entered the Pastors' College in 1872, where his superior education enabled him to take high rank. To his Greek and Latin he now added the Hebrew and general theological studies.

He was called, in 1879, to the pastorate of the South-street Church, Greenwich, where he entered upon his duties, at the age of 23, and where he preached to a congregation filling the commodious structure with a thousand hearers. His work there was blessed to the spiritual up-building of the church, and a debt of \$5,000 on the chapel was paid off.

Charles Spurgeon was married April 11, 1881, to Miss S. A. Jacob, by his father.

Thomas Spurgeon, after leaving school in 1874, entered the shop of an engraver to learn the trade, where he served some time. He decided finally to preach the gospel. On account of the delicate state of his health he was compelled to leave his native land, and he sailed, at an early age, for Australia, where he spent a year in evangelistic labors. He returned home only to discover the necessity of a prolonged absence from England, so he went abroad again, preaching in New Zealand for awhile, and finally settling as pastor of a Baptist church at Auckland. He has written many articles for The Sword and the Trowel, and calls himself "Tom, the Plough-boy, son of John Ploughman." He writes:

"Many a good laugh I've had over some of your quaint sayings and odd rhymes. They seem made to make one smile, and are more powerful than laughing-gas. This is the beauty of the book, to my mind. I like a mixture of pleasure and profit, and of wit with wisdom. Just a drop or two of sauce with the cold mutton is a grand improvement. The meat is good enough by itself, you know, but it slips down sweeter some how with a dash of 'relish.'"

He says: "My Dear Father:—I am so glad you have had your likeness taken with your smock on and the big whip in your hand. There are ever so many portraits of you in your Sunday-go-to-meeting suit, but this suits you best of all. I wish you could have got Dapper and Violet into the picture. All your friends in this part of the world are glad enough to hear the smack of your whip again. It cracks as many jokes as ever. We rejoice, too, that the sharp share is driven through the monster evil, drink, and its attendant vices. 'God speed the plough,' we pray, when it roots up such ill weeds."

We give an extract from one of his pulpit articles entitled, "He Told Us Nothing New."

"Many a critic praises when he intends to censure. The man who uttered this complaint had not got what he expected, but the fault was with himself, in that he did not look for what it was the preacher's duty to supply. Blame from certain quarters is the highest commendation. The fly blamed the spider for spreading a web right in its way, and thus paid an unintentional compliment to the skilful fly-catcher. The nail chided the hammer for hitting it right on the head, and indirectly praised the stroke. The fish complained that the

bait completely hid the hook, and this was one to the fisherman. Now, if the fly and the nail and the fish had been able to congratulate one another on escape from web and stroke and hook, spider and carpenter and fisherman would not have shared the joy, but would have needed to look to their laurels and try again. This case is somewhat similar. From the son of a great preacher, this fault-finder expected to receive something not only startling in delivery, but novel as to matter.

"A fellow-townsman said to him, the morning after the evangelistic service, 'Were you hearing young Spurgeon last night, and what did you think of him?' 'Little enough,' he answered. 'It was the same old stuff. He told us nothing new.' The reader must imagine the shrugged shoulder, and the disappointed look, which accompanied this lamentation. Sorry as I may be for the poor man's disappointment, I cannot bring myself to murmur at his criticism. I gladly own the judgment just. There could be no credit to the preacher of the gospel if men, who were by no means strangers to the truth, exclaimed in rapturous delight, 'It was all new to us; we never heard such things before!" Is it ours to be ever 'telling some new thing,' tickling the ears of Athenians, and finding food for

speculation and superstition? I thought 'the old, old story' was our theme, and none of your new-fangled notions and startling novelties.

"What this malcontent expected, I am at a loss to know. The avowed object of the preacher was to proclaim the gospel, and the promise was fulfilled. He certainly had a gospel text. 'Th s is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners;' and if I remember rightly the sermon stuck to the text, the tune was in the same key as the first note."

Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, after doing a good work in Auckland, New Zealand, was compelled to resign on account of ill health, and from last accounts there he remained, for his health would not permit him to return home.

THE CO-PASTOR OF THE TABERNACLE.

JAMES ARCHER SPURGEON, a younger brother of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, when only seventeen years of age, and while still at the Baptist College, Regent's Park, as a student, commenced his pulpit ministrations in London as a preacher. He often had to supply the pulpit of his brother, at the Park-street Church, and preached there and elsewhere with acceptance.

Owing to the absence of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon from his pulpit at intervals during many years on account of severe illness, brought on, as his physicians said, by overwork, the deacons and elders, after consulting together, recommended to the church the appointment of Rev. James A. Spurgeon as associate pastor of the church worshipping in the Metropolitan Tabernacle. He entered upon his duties January 9, 1868.

This appointment was very agreeable to Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, who appreciated the valuable service his brother was able to render him in his great work. Besides proving himself an able co-pastor and preacher, as he is still, Rev. James

Spurgeon has helped his brother in all his various enterprises, and is vice-president of the Pastors' College, and of the Colporteurs' Association, and vice-president and acting treasurer of the Orphanage. He is also pastor of the West Croydon Church, his services being needed at the Tabernacle mostly during the week.

Mr. James Spurgeon visited America, where he was well received and made a very favorable impression. He was accompanied by his wife, who has since died. She was a daughter of the late Field-Marshall, Sir John Burgoyne, Governor of the Tower of London, and granddaughter of General John Burgoyne, who commanded the British forces that surrendered at Saratoga in 1777. Her brother, Captain Burgoyne, of the Royal Navy, was lost in the iron-clad *Captain*, in the Bay of Biscay. Rev. C. H. Spurgeon spoke very feelingly at her funeral, at the West Croydon Church, of Mrs. Spurgeon's baptism by himself, and of the loss of social privileges and advantages she sustained when she joined the Baptist Church, and paid a high tribute to her Christian character.

The following is from the pen of Rev. James A. Spurgeon, and relates to the Tabernacle Church, of which he is the co-pastor:

"In conclusion, we feel bound to acknowledge that our dependence for prosperity and peace is solely upon the God who commands the dew of His grace to descend upon His church. All our springs are in Him; no under-shepherd's care, not the best built and guarded fold, can ever keep out the wolf in sheep's clothing, nor the enemy, so watchful and relentless, who goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. Our help cometh from the Lord who made heaven and earth. The discipline of the closet and the prayermeeting, of close fellowship with God in secret, will bring the reward openly. Nothing in the shape of rules or customs, no, not even the devoted services of apostles themselves, can compensate for low-toned piety on the part of the members. Whence come wars and fightings? Is it not because many professors are still carnal, and walk not after the Spirit? Drawing nearer and nearer to the centre and source of all grace, and blessing will inevitably result in our being 'one,' to the glory of God the Father. We must raise our standard of individual and personal piety, and to that extent we shall destroy elements of evil. If thorns can spring up and choke the good seed, the same law may, if rightly turned upon the foe, destroy roots

of bitterness, which, springing up, would trouble us, by occupying the ground with the 'fruits of the Spirit, which are love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance—against such there is no law.'

"Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, to the only Wise God, Our Savior, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now, and forever. Amen."

THE SPURGEON FAMILY.

M. NEEDHAM says: "On March 1st [1875] a very lively, loving and enthusiastic meeting of the collectors was held at the orphanage, when one thousand dollars was paid in, and the orphans sang like cherubs and looked as bright and cheerful as the morning. The meeting was interesting in other respects, as will be seen of the following extract: 'The Rev. John Spurgeon, Charles Spurgeon, and Thomas Spurgeon—grandfather, father and son—addressed the meeting. The grand-sire spoke of twenty years ago, when C. H. Spurgeon preached at his grandfather's-James Spurgeon's jubilee, and three generations of their family were present on that occasion. He blessed God that as the older generations had gone, new ones had arisen. We all joined in his gratitude, and the more so when his grandson proved by his cool, clear delivery and lively warm-hearted manner, that he would worthily sustain the family name.

Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, in speaking of the golden wedding day of his father and mother, which was celebrated at his home, at Westwood, says that there were thirty-two persons present in all—children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and that seven of this household were preachers of the gospel; and adds: "Our own dear departed grandfather, so long an honored winner of souls, used to rejoice in five of us as ministers of Christ; but now 'we are seven,' and there are others among us who occasionally bear witness for the truth in public."

"There was a still more interesting gathering at the orphanage on June 20th [1875], when a fete was held to commemorate the anniversary of the pastor's birthday. The crowds which attended were beyond precedent, and at the evening meeting, presided over by Sir Henry Havelock, five Spurgeons delivered addresses, namely, the Rev. John Spurgeon, the grandfather; his two sons, Charles and James Spurgeon, and Thomas and Charles, the twin sons of Pastor Spurgeon."

REST AND RECREATION.

M. SPURGEON is naturally a robust man, but his incesssant labors and cares have from the earliest period of his ministry borne heavily upon him, and have repeatedly compelled him to leave his pulpit and his work and seek rest and recuperation abroad. A favorite place of resort with him has been Mentone, "where a genial sun shines all the year," and where he often goes when November fogs and January cold make London an undesirable place of residence for him. In some numbers of the Sword and Trowel, are articles he has written during his stay at Mentone.

At one time, when he was forced to leave home, he thus facetiously wrote:

"Just preparing for a journey to Mentone, when gout and rheumatism came on with such rapidity and severity that removal was impossible, feet and legs became useless, except for suffering. We had much to do, but were not permitted even to think of the many plans of usefulness open. Dr. Palfrey attended and intimated that the disease springs from mental causes, and can be as fairly reckoned upon when an extra pressure of care or labor occurs as the tides may be calculated by the moon."

"We have received many prescriptions for the gout, and should have been dead long ago if we had tried half of them. We are grateful, but cannot utilize them. The best remedy is to prevent our having any anxiety about the college, orphanage, or the colportage. If the funds keep up and the works are carried on, and the Lord's blessing rests upon the enterprises, they will be better to us than all the lotions, liniments, specifics and elixirs put together, with twenty sorts of magnetisms thrown in."

In these journeys for health, Mr. Spurgeon did not confine himself to one place, but tried to be useful when abroad as well as at home. One time he is at Paris, bringing the Baptists there from a back street to a new chapel in a good locality; and at another he is at Hamburg, Germany, preaching for Oncken at the dedication of the Baptist chapel. But, wherever he went, the people flocked to hear him, and his labors were greatly blessed.

PLEASANTRIES AND OPINIONS.

MR. SPURGEON is no trifler, but an earnest and true man, yet he is full of humor, and at times displays the keenest wit.

During Dr. Wayland's visit to the orphanage in 1886, Mr. Spurgeon, who was "happy and full of sportiveness," asked this question of a girls' class in arithmetic: "Now, suppose I should cut Dr. Wayland in two, right down lengthwise, what would that be like in arithmetic?" You know that Dr. Wayland is very tall. And as there was no reply, Mr. Spurgeon answered his own question: "Why, long division; and suppose I should cut him all up into little bits, what would that be? Would it not be fractions?"

An American firm offered him one thousand dollars for each of twenty-five lectures, to be delivered in this country, with the prospect of one hundred lectures at the same price. The offer was declined. It is said that the showman, P. T. Barnum, made him a similar offer, and that for answer he referred him to Acts 13:10, Paul's denunciation of Elymas the sorcerer: "O full of

all subtilty and all mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right way of the Lord?"

Mr. Spurgeon believes in the circulation of the Word of God, and at the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, held in Exeter Hall, Mr. Spurgeon said that "the distribution of the Bible was the best remedy against infidelity, ritualism, and all other evils; and the study of its pages tended to bring all Christians nearer to each other." He related the following anecdote in the course of his address: "I have very seldom found it to be a lost thing to give a present of a Testament. I was greatly astonished about a month ago. A cabman drove me home, and when I paid him his fare he said: 'A long time since I drove you last, sir.' 'But,' said I, 'I do not recollect you.' 'Well,' he said, 'I think it is fourteen years ago, but,' he said, 'perhaps you will know this Testament,' pulling one out of his pocket. 'What,' I said, 'did I give you that?' 'Oh, yes,' he said, 'and you spoke to me about my soul, and nobody had done that before, and I have never forgotten it.' 'What,' said I, 'have you not worn it out.' 'No,' he said, 'I would not wear it out, I have had it bound,' and he had kept it very carefully indeed."

Efforts have been made by some, who hold to the errors of annihilation and soul-sleeping, to show that Mr. Spurgeou held these views. If there have been any doubts as to this, they were dispelled by Mr. Spurgeon himself, and he is able to speak for himself so plainly as not to be misunderstood. In a letter written by invitation of the editor of a paper in advocacy of the false doctrine of annihilation, "Mr. Spurgeon wrote the editor, telling him that the words of our Lord, 'These shall go away into

everlasting punishment,' finally settled the point; and held that the publication of views which are opposed to that declaration, and the views them-

selves, were equally dangerous."

"The tithe-collecting difficulty perplexes Parliament, and no one can tell how to dispose of it. Suppose there were no tithes to collect; would not religion be relieved of a scandal, national peace be promoted, and churchmen be benefited by having the privilege of supporting their own ministers? No evil-disposed person could invent another cause of dissension and strife so productive of ill will among Christian people as is the compulsory support of a church by people who differ from it. All lovers of true religion should unite in seeking a

speedy end of the present grevious state of things.

The land will not pay the tithe now that its produce fetches so little money; and, therefore, apart from the question of right or wrong, something will have to be done."

At one time when the public mind in England was much agitated upon the subject of religious instruction in the public schools, Mr. Spurgeon's attitude had much to do with the proper decision of the question. Action had already been taken by the school board. Some wanted to exclude the reading of the Bible from the schools, "and so deprive the upgrowing population of the use of the best book in the language." In July, 1870, a large meeting was held in Exeter Hall, in defence of the Bible being daily read in elementary schools. Mr. Spurgeon presided. "The result of the meeting was, the Bible retains its place as a daily school book."

"The wisdom of the decision then made has been abundantly manifested since, and especially so by the great gathering of board school children in the Crystal Palace in July, 1877, when some thousands of prizes were publicly given to the pupils for proficiency in knowledge of the Bible, and when it was most convincingly shown that parents in London (excepting only a few Jews) do

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not object to their children being taught daily from the word of God."

"The Illustrated London News," Mr. Spurgeon writes, "has an amusing bit from the pen of Mr. James Payn: 'The clock let into Mr. Spurgeon's pulpit, presumably with the object of timing his discourses, has been stolen by a humorous burglar, upon the plea that the reverend gentleman was less concerned with Time than with Eternity. A deacon,' I read, 'now hands the great preacher his watch, which is deposited upon his hymnbook.' If the burglar is a constant attendant at the Tabernacle, and recognizes the merit of its sermons, there is some excuse for his conduct; but in a general way it would be very hard upon a congregation to take an extempore preacher's clock away. 'As I turned my text over last night,' said Mr. Spurgeon to his flock the other day, 'it appeared to resemble a gun that loaded itself, and kept on firing as long as you liked.' No doubt they liked it, but the misfortune is that, in the case of other divines, the text goes on firing, whether the flock likes it or not.

"The burglar put in no such plea; but he stole two clocks, one used in the pulpit, and the other at prayer-meetings. Did the abstraction of the last give a license for long prayer? We hope not. If Mr. Payn's informant had watched carefully, he would have seen another clock on the table; but then it was new to its work, and speedily stopped altogether—no hint, we hope, to the preacher to go out for a long sea-voyage, as the newspaper suggests. Any pawnbroker who has taken in one of Benson's chronometer clocks, in a round brass case, may now guess where it came from. Thieves are hard pressed when they enter places of worship and plunder them of articles so likely to cause their detention. Two generous friends have already supplied our wants as to time-keepers."

It is doubtless generally known by intelligent Christians, that the division of the books of the Bible into chapters and verses is comparatively a modern work, and that it was done rather for convenience than to help the sense. Hence the thought is often interrupted and the connection broken to make the chapters and the verses of reasonable length. Mr. Spurgeon accounts for the divisions in the following way: He thinks that he who divided the Bible into chapters and verses must have been crossing the English channel at the time, and being in a chop-sea, chopped off a verse in the middle, without regard to sense,

and when a great lurch of the vessel occurred, cut off a chapter.

One of the keenest replies from any source was that of Mr. Spurgeon to Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Mr. Beecher saw fit to attack Calvinistic doctrine, affirming that it was as useless as the ugly hump on the camel's back. The great London preacher, who is a staunch defender of Calvinistic views, replied that the hump on the camel's back, so far from being useless, is absolutely necessary, because it furnishes its owner, as from a storehouse, with nourishment and strength in its long journeys through the desert; so that the comparison of the Brooklyn divine is truer than he thought, because Calvinistic doctrines are the strength and vigor of the Christian life and character.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

N the 18th of June, 1884, Mr. Spurgeon celebrated the 50th anniversary of his birthday, in the Halborn Tabernacle, London. It was an occasion of great joy, and it was deemed of sufficient interest to the new world by the secular press to have a full report of the proceedings cabled across and under the Atlantic to the American newspapers, in which it appeared the next day. There were over 5,000 persons assembled in honor of the occasion, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. Congratulations came from every quarter of the globe. Mr. Spurgeon and his family were grouped upon the platform. Mr. Moody was present and addressed the meeting, saying he had crossed the Atlantic twice to sit at Mr. Spurgeon's feet just to learn from him how to preach. Mr. Spurgeon spoke at some length and with great feeling, moving the audience to tears. He thanked his hearers, in glowing terms, for their cordial recognition. He said, "Our American friends are generally cute judges. I read often their opinions of me. They have repeatedly asserted 'Spurgeon

is no orator. We have scores of better preachers in America, but it is evident that Spurgeon preaches the gospel, and the majority of our very celebrated men don't.'" And he continued to urge ministers to preach more simply and plainly the pure gospel of the grace of God. And right here, Mr. Spurgeon's own words, as quoted by Dr. Magoon, are in point:

"A preacher is not divinely called and elevated to be a facile weathercock, turned by the wind; but, like a tower of strength, in scenes of danger not less luminous than resolute, he is to turn the winds. It is fortunate for the interests of commerce that the pharas-keeper is usually compelled, by the circumstances of his position, to trim his light alone, and pour its effulgence in its own undictated style. If all interested parties, on sea and shore, could but have their individual say as to the best mode of doing the business, a great crowd of impertinent advisers would soon extinguish both the light-master and his lamps."

The Earl of Shaftsbury, in his diary, writes: "June 20th, 1884.—Yesterday to Metropolitan Tabernacle, to preside over grand meeting in honor of Spurgeon's fiftieth birthday. A wonderful sight. Nearly, if not quite, seven thousand adult, enthusiastic souls, crammed even to suffocation by way of audience. Felt at first quite appalled. Had to make opening speech. Here again, a 'non nobis' must be said or sung. By the blessing of our Lord, I was, as everyone said, equal to the occasion. Canon Wilberforce observed, 'you ought to bless God for having enabled you to make such a speech,' and so I did, and so I do, and so I will."

THE DOWN-GRADE CONTROVERSY.

N 1877, Mr. Spurgeon withdrew from the Baptist Union. The following, relating to the matter, was cabled by the New York *Herald*, under date of London, October 30, 1887:

"Never before could the Spurgeon Tabernacle have been so crowded as I found it this morning. Doubtless all American tourists are acquainted with the immense structure on the Surrey side of London. The vast amphitheatre exhibited 'parterres' of brilliant toilets and black coats. The large side platform was also crowded, and Mr. Spurgeon officiated from another smaller platform. He grows stouter every year, and seemed in excellent health and spirits. There is a fine organ, but no choir; the congregation singing like an immense but untrained chorus.

"Mr. Spurgeon spoke as usual, without notes, sometimes resting his left back on a chair, but often stepping forward, grasping the rail, and leaning over as in familiar converse. The texts were 3 Zephaniah, 16, 17 and 18:

"16. In that day it shall be said to Jerusalem,

Fear thou not; and to Zion, let not thine hands be slack.

"17. The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty. He will save. He will rejoice over thee with joy. He will rest in His love. He will joy over thee with singing.

"18. I will gather them that are sorrowful for the solemn assembly, who are of thee, to whom the reproach of it was a burden.

SPURGEON'S WITHDRAWAL.

"The great concourse expected personal reference to his recent manifesto, but was greviously disappointed, as he proceeded without a single reference to himself, except to say that on next Thursday he would leave for some time on a holiday, as his health was somewhat broken. His son was to take his place. He declined to say where he was going, as he wished to secure perfect rest. The sermon was not remarkable, but was mainly based upon the thesis of the great comfort and joy in practical religion. After the sermon certainly fifty hearers visited the pastor in his room, and nearly all gave short messages of comfort and expressed satisfaction with his recent course.

"Mr. Spurgeon's withdrawal from the Baptist Union caused as much sensation in Non-conformist circles as Lord Salisbury's withdrawal from the

cabinet would in political circles. One of the organs of the Established Church says:

"It is a fine example always when a good man opposes himself against the spirit of the age and does battle temperately without angry words. Whether his cause be right or wrong is of small importance when the instincts of the hero are good. The essential point is that he delivers his protest and holds the field with dignity. Mr. Spurgeon's declaration of faith is a model. He does not blame the Union for harboring errors, because, so far as he can see, it is powerless to help itself. The preacher's common sense is shown most conspicuously in his refusal to start a new denomina-He declined to be made a prophet to the rest.

A TALK WITH THE PREACHER.

"Presently accepting the correspondent's card, he said, laughingly: 'No, my holiday will not be in America, where I never have been and never expect to go, because I am too busy here, but where I have beloved friends and correspondents, whose approval of my recent course I shall be glad to hear.'

"Mingling with the congregation while going out, I heard nothing but expressions of confidence in the pastor's course, which was really taken with the prior approval of the officers of the congregation.

"Dr. John Clifford, vice-president of the Baptist Union, well known in America, was interviewed to-day on the subject. He said: 'It is clear that, like Luther, Mr. Spurgeon feels that he can do naught else than withdraw. Conscience bids him and he obeys. All our traditional Baptist principles constrain us to honor Mr. Spurgeon for his unswerving fidelity to his conviction of duty, and to believe that, though the act be for the moment unspeakably hurtful, yet if the truth gain all will gain, the Baptist Union included.

MR. SPURGEON'S POSITION.

"Mr. Spurgeon accompanies his retirement with the following six allegations: 'That some persons are allowed to remain in the Union who make light of the Atonement, deny the personality of the Holy Ghost, call the Fall a fable, speak of Justification by Faith as immoral, refuse credence to the dogma of the Plenary Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, and hold that there is another probation after death, with possibilities of a future restitution of the lost. Mr. Spurgeon says all unions begin to look like confederacies of evil. This is a grave charge, indeed."

The "controversy" upon the "Down Grade"

began in an article from the pen of Mr. Spurgeon, published in *The Sword and the Trowel*, for August 1887. This article created a great and wide-spread sensation, and was opposed by some, and affirmed by many. The first article was followed by others written by Mr. Spurgeon, which appeared in the September, October, and November numbers of the same magazine. The "Down Grade Controversy," as far as it is contained in the articles mentioned, we give at the close of this biography.

It seems that Mr. Spurgeon charged that some of the ministers of the British Baptist Union were not evangelical in doctrine, and urged that the "Union" should separate from those who denied the divinity and atonement of our Lord, and the truth and inspirition of the scriptures, and who held also to other views regarded as heterodox by evangelical Christians.

The Baptist Union is composed not only of Baptists, but of Baptists and Congregationalists. Mr. Spurgeon asserted that these heresies were held mostly by ministers of the Congregational denomination, but that even some of his Baptist brethren had fallen into these errors. Mr. Spurgeon did not accuse all of the members of the "Union," but contended that the orthodox majority should

withdraw from the heterodox minority; if they did not, then he must.

It was not long before the *London Baptist* Association became involved in the controversy, and Mr. Spurgeon, under the head of "Attempts at the *Impossible*," wrote as follows:

"Friends will have noticed with interest the repeated debates in the London Baptist Association, as to whether there should be 'a credal basis,' and what that basis should be if it were decided to have one. There seems to be a current opinion that I have been at the bottom of all this controversy, and if I have not appeared in it, I have at least pulled the wires. But this is not true. I have taken a deep interest in the struggles of the orthodox brethren, but I have never advised those struggles, nor entertained the slightest hope of their success. My course has been of another kind. As soon as I saw, or thought I saw, that error had become firmly established, I did not deliberate, but quitted the body at once. Since then my counsel has been, 'Come ye out from among them.'

"I never offered the Union, or the Association, the arrogant bribe of personal return if a creed should be adopted; but, on the contrary, I told the deputation from the Union that I should not return until I had seen how matters went, and I declined to mix up my own personal action with the consideration of a question of vital importance to the community. I never sought from the Association the consideration of 'a credal basis,' but, on the contrary, when offered that my resignation might stand over till such a consideration had taken place, I assured the brethren that what I had done was final, and did not depend upon their action in the matter of a creed.

"There are now two parties in the religious The party everywhere apparent has a faith fashioned for the present century—perhaps we ought rather to say, for the present month. The sixteenth century gospel it derides, and that, indeed, of every period, except the present most enlightened era. It will have no creed, because it can have none; it is continually on the move; it is not what it was yesterday, and it will not be tomorrow what it is to-day. Its shout is for 'liberty,' its delight is invention, its element is change. On the other hand, there still survive, amid the blaze of nineteenth century light, a few whom these superior persons call 'fossils;' that is to say, there are believers in the Lord Jesus Christ who consider that the true gospel is no new gospel, but is the

same yesterday, to-day, and forever. These do not believe in 'advanced views,' but judge that the view of truth which saved a soul in the second century will save a soul now, and that a form of teaching which was unknown till the last few years is of very dubious value, and is, in all probability, 'another gospel' which is not another.

"It is extremely difficult for these two parties to abide in union. The old fable of the collier who went home to dwell with the fuller is nothing to it.

* * How can his friend deal with him since he changes with the moon? If, after long balancing of words, the two parties could construct a basis of agreement, it would, in the nature of things, last only for a season, since the position of the advancing party would put the whole settlement out of order in a few weeks. One could hardly invent a sliding scale in theology, as Sir Robert Peel did in corn duties.

"Nor is it merely doctrinal belief—there is an essential difference in spirit between the old believer and the man of new and advancing views. This is painfully perceived by the Christian man before very long. Even if he be fortunate enough to escape the sneers of the cultured, and the jests of the philosophical, he will find his deepest convictions

questioned, and his brightest beliefs misrepresented by those who dub themselves 'thoughtful men.' When a text from the Word has been particularly precious to his heart, he will hear its authenticity impugned, the translation disputed, or its gospel reference denied. He will not travel far on the dark continent of modern thought before he will find the efficacy of prayer debated, the operation of Divine Providence questioned, and the special love of God denied. He will find himself a stranger in a strange land when he begins to speak of his experience, and of the ways of God to man. all probability if he be faithful to the old faith, he will be an alien to his mother's children, and find that his soul is among lions. To what end, therefore, are these strainings after a hollow unity, when the spirit of fellowship is altogether gone?

"At any rate, cost what it may, to separate ourselves from those who separate themselves from the truth of God, is not alone our liberty, but our duty.

"Let the Union tell the world what it believes," demanded Mr. Spurgeon. "Is this Union to have an evangelical basis or not?"

The following is the reply of the committee of the Union to Mr. Spurgeon's charges:

"We have tearned with extreme regret that our dear friend and fellow-laborer, Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, has withdrawn from membership in the Baptist Union.

"We heartily agree with Mr. Spurgeon in regarding disloyalty to Christ and His Gospel as inconsistent with membership in the Baptist Union. From the beginning, the Union has been an association of evangelical churches for evangelical purposes, and this is as true now as in any period of its history. In baptism, we make profession of our faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and take our place among His disciples; we are baptized 'into the name of the Father, the Son, and Holy Spirit;' and we avow our readiness to learn and observe 'all things whatsoever Christ has commanded.' In the Lord's Supper, we show forth His death and gratefully receive His word: 'This is My body, this is My blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins.' If any one renounces the profession made in baptism and the Lord's Supper, he has no longer a legitimate place in the Union.

"According to the rules of the Union, 'the constituencies and list of members may be revised by the council, and their decision shall be duly notified to the persons concerned, who shall have the right of appeal to the assembly.' The Union has exercised this power in past days.

"This power of revision must be exercised in conformity with the fundamental principle of the Union, 'that every separate church has liberty to interpret and administer the laws of Christ, and that the immersion of believers is the only Christian baptism.' We feel that the imposition of theological tests or a human creed would contravene this fundamental principal and defeat the objects of the Union, which are declared to be, 'To cultivate among its own members respect and love for one another, and to spread the Gospel of Christ in Great Britain and Ireland.'

"While we differ from Mr. Spurgeon in the step he has taken, we are at one with him in loyalty to Christ, in love for the gospel, and in earnest longing of heart that it may be preached in simplicity, uncorruptness, fullness and power, in all the pulpits of the land, with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven; and we rejoice that, though he has withdrawn from the Union, we shall continue to enjoy fellowship and engage in service with him as members of the same denomination.

"John Aldis,
"Joseph Angus,
"Alexander Maclaren."

To the action of the Union, Mr. Spurgeon replied in The Sword and the Trowel for June, 1888: was no small comfort to see the Baptist Union anxious to clear itself, and to make peace. I hoped that in this happy frame of mind it would do something which would mend matters, and therefore, in all haste, I retracted my prophesy that it would do nothing at all. But what has it done? The resolution, with its foot note, with the interpretation of its moves, and the re-election of the old council, fairly represent the utmost that would be done when everybody was in his best humor. Is it satisfactory? Does anybody understand it in the same sense as anybody else? Does not the whole virtue of the thing lie in its pleasing both sides a little? And is not this the vice and condemnation of it?

"I am not, however, careful to criticise the action of a body from which I am now finally divided. My course has been made clear of what has been done. I was afraid from the beginning that the reform of the Baptist Union was hopeless, and, therefore, I resigned. I am far more sure of it now, and should never, under any probable circumstances, dream of returning. Those who think it right to remain in such a fellowship

will do so, but there are a few others who will judge differently, and will act upon their convictions. At any rate, whether any others do so or not, I have felt the power of the text, 'Come out from among them, and be ye separate,' and have quitted both union and association once for all. The next step may not be quite so clear; but this is forced upon me, not only by my convictions, but also by the experience of the utter uselessness of attempting to deal with the evil except by personally coming out from it.

"The instinct of the gracious life is to seek congenial communion, and hence the necessity of some form of fellowship for ourselves, and our churches will suggest itself to those who sorrowfully come forth from the old camp."

Mr. Spurgeon's course in withdrawing, with his church, from the union and the association, was by some severely criticized, but others sent words of sympathy and encouragement. These came from those at home and abroad, from persons and from religious bodies.

In June, 1888, the Nova Scotia Western Baptist Association passed, unanimously, a resolution of approval, and the General Association of Kentucky, U.S., did the same; both resolutions being sent to Mr. Spurgeon.

The most remarkable words of commendation were doubtless those of Henry Varley, in a personal letter to the editor of "Word and Work."

Henry Varley says: "The discussion which has taken place during my absence from England, is, in my judgment, of the very first importance, and I regret exceedingly that I was not here to express my hearty sympathy with Mr. Spurgeon, and those who have taken part in the defence of the gospel of Christ.

"There is great danger lest the important issues which have been raised by the 'down-grade' controversy should, in the interests of peace and union, be diminished and made light of. The mental activities of the present time are not favorable to holding firmly the Word of God. Revelation, which is unchanging, is not fast enough for an age of which it has been said, 'change is its fashion.' All the more necessary, therefore, does it become to 'hold fast the form of sound words,' and contend earnestly, not for what some have called a mechanical system of interpretation, but 'for the faith once for all delivered to the saints.'

"We ought not to forget, face to face as we are with thousands of volumes filled with corrupt and false thought on almost every subject, that the

prolific chamber for the conception and birth of false thought is the human mind, whenever it refuses the limit, discipline and guidance of the fundamental principles of the Word of God.

"It is the faith of Christ which is persistently attacked, and which we intend persistently to defend

"Take a case in a Northern town: A Congregational minister, conversing with one of his brethren, said, in reference to his approaching Sunday-school anniversary, 'I select the hymns; I do not leave it to my superintendent or teachers.' 'Why not?' was the enquiry. 'Well,' was this false teacher's reply, 'very likely they would select hymns that I object to have sung in my church.' 'Why, what hymns do you refer to?' enquired the brother minister. 'Well,' was the Congregational minister's reply, 'such hymns as "Rock of Ages cleft for me," or "Jesus, Lover of my soul," or "There is a fountain filled with blood;" I am not going to have such hymns sung in my church.'

"Now, sir, I fear the Congregational Union is powerless to deal with this deceiver. There cannot be room to doubt that, if this man had told the church of which he is the pastor that he would not have these hymns sung, he would never have

been elected as minister. The unfailing Word describes this dishonest deceiver to the life: 'But there were false prophets also among the people, as among you also there shall be false teachers, who shall PRIVILY bring in damnable heresies, denying even the Master that bought them, bringing upon themselves swift destruction.' (2 Peter, 2:1.)

"Separation, in my judgment, in Mr. Spurgeon's case, was wise and right." "Mr. Spurgeon's protest has been most timely." "Should any suppose that Mr. Spurgeon has been worsted in this conflict, let him think this again, that it is easy to be deceived by appearances."

In The Sword and the Trowel, for January, 1888, Mr. Spurgeon gives some statistics which show the strength of his position, as far as work for man and Christ is concerned: The 370 pastors of the college had, during the year, baptised 4,770 persons, and the clear increase in their church membership had been 3,856; while the Baptist Union, with 1,860 pastors and 2,764 churches, reports an increase of 1,770 members for the year, or much less than half the increase recorded by the brethren of the college alone. "Leaving them out of the calculation, the rest of the denomination has decreased more than 2,000 during the past twelve months."

But the question has been asked, repeatedly, "What this withdrawal means?" and, "Does it mean separation from the Baptist denomination?" and, "Will he and his church unite with some other Christian denomination?" and "Will he start a new denomination?" These, and many such questions, have been asked and answered. And Mr. Spurgeon answers all these questions by the actions of himself and his church.

In The Sword and the Trowel for December, 1888, Mr. Spurgeon writes: "That the Editor has just become a personal member of the Surrey and Middlesex Baptist Association does not seem to us such a very marvelous event; but those who want something to write about, and especially something to magnify and cavil over, have opened their eyes to this incident. If we can aid the faithful brethren of this association in spreading the gospel of the Lord Jesus, it will afford us pleasure. Living in one of the two counties from which the association is named, and agreeing in heart and soul with the members of it, it seems but natural to unite with them. We hope this means good to some; we don't see how it can bring harm to any. One would fancy that we had always a dark conspiracy on hand. Courage, friends! We have no policy, no secret agency, no ability to devise far-reaching schemes! You see all, and what you see is not much.

"There can be no doubt that a considerable number of brethren will leave the London Baptist Association, but what they will next do we will not reveal to our readers, because we do not know. Perhaps they will form themselves into a body, which will become the center and rallying point of all those in London who are determined to hold fast the form of sound words, and maintain the faith once for all delivered to the saints. The Lord be pleased to guide His servants at this critical moment."

In the step he took in leaving the Baptist Union and the London Association, and uniting with the Surrey and Middlesex Baptist Association, the pastor of Metropolitan Tabernacle was followed by his church. At the close of the prayer meeting, Monday, May 5, 1890, a large number of the members of the Tabernacle Church met in the lecture-room, where a special church meeting was held for the purpose of deciding whether the church should apply for admission to The Surrey and Middlesex Baptist Association. After a brief explanation by the pastor, the necessary

resolution was unanimously and enthusiastically passed, and the delegates were elected for the forthcoming meeting at Guildford. The editor of *The Sword and the Trowel* adds: "The church is glad to hold itself in communion with other churches of like faith and order, without committing itself to an indiscriminate confederacy of the sort typified in the Baptist Union. Our object is not opposition, but testimony."

The delegates appointed went to the meeting of the association at Guildford, May 20, and were received into the association. Rev. J. A. Spurgeon was elected moderator of the association, and Rev. C. H. Spurgeon preached the sermon "to a packed mass of humanity, in the county hall."

Mr. Spurgeon sees in this movement a new opportunity for good and a new field of usefulness for his own and other strong London churches. He writes: "The churches of this association are united in the truth, and are knit together in love; but most of the churches are needy, either through having newly built a chapel, or having soon to do so, or through the smallness of the church itself. This is of small consequence, for the Lord can work by our need as well as by our wealth; but friends who have substance, and take an interest in

Surrey, Middlesex, and the suburban counties, would do well to send aid to the struggling communities, which find it hard to do their work. Other churches in London will, we trust, unite with this faithful association, and strengthen its hands in the Lord's work. But this is a matter which each one must weigh for himself."

It has often been said that trouble never comes alone. This old adage was strikingly exemplified in the case of Mr. Spurgeon at this time. This controversy gave him no small trouble. From the first he shrank from it and its consequences. He wrote to a friend: "I am anxious to have nothing said which can trouble our friends or cause discord. A few heedless persons would be glad to see strife; but I can differ and not quarrel."

But while in the very height of this "controversy," more trouble was in store for him. He writes, June, 1888: "Mrs. John Spurgeon, our mother, fell asleep in the morning of May 23, at Hastings. She rests from pain and weakness of many years, at the age of 73. May her beloved husband be sustained under this heavy trial! Pray for him."

In addition to this affliction, which was very great to her son, Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, his own

beloved wife became ill again, so that even letter reading connected with the noble work of the Book Fund, became a burden and an impossibility.

And Mr. Spurgeon's own health gave way so that he was ordered to suspend all labors and go from home for rest.

Mr. Spurgeon refers to his troubles rather cheerfully in The Sword and the Trowel for December, 1888: "We have had a stormy voyage of late, both for our own barque and for our consort. However, we are not wrecked, but have seen the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep. Long has our motto been: 'I have chosen Thee in the furnace of affliction,' and it proves itself to be true. In the present instance it must be well, but the furnace has been fiercely hot; and besides the dross which we hope we have parted with, we have certainly lost a great deal of strength, which it will take us long to recover. We cannot get better until we are in another climate, and we cannot reach that other climate till we get better. There will be a way round this corner. Our grief is, that we have been out of our pulpit and away from our pastoral work, during the three weeks we hoped would have made the home vessel trim and tight, and prepared the crew to bear the captain's absence."

The London *Graphic* for November 15, 1890, publishes a portrait of Mr. Spurgeon in his pulpit, occupying a full page of the paper, and says of his work: "Everything is sustained by voluntary efforts, and under God, are all the outcome of the ministry, the genius, the irrepressible earnestness of one man. During all these years, Mr. Spurgeon has never changed his views, though his method of setting them forth may have been modified. Amid frequent attacks of illness, of agonizing pain, and under the pressure of many trials, he has held on his way, spending and being spent to advance the Master's kingdom.

"The attitude of the general public towards him has greatly changed since the first. Whether men agree with his Calvinistic doctrines or not, all admire, most esteem, and people of all denominations love him. Perhaps there is no man or woman living whose death would be a greater loss to the church and to the world."

Not a year has elapsed since these words were published, and, while we write, Mr. Spurgeon is experiencing the most critical illness of his life. By means of telegram and cablegram the Christian world is at his bed-side daily, and the prayers of God's people everywhere are unceasingly offered

for his recovery and the prolongation of his valuable life. He is now in his prime, and the hope is, life may long be spared. The following cablegram appears in the secular papers, dated London, July 19, 1891:

"Mr. Gladstone, in a letter to Mrs. Spurgeon, says: 'In my own home, darkened at the present time, I read with sad interest the accounts of Mr. Spurgeon's illness. I cannot help conveying to you an earnest assurance of my sympathy and of my cordial admiration not only for his splendid powers, but still more for his devoted and unfailing character.'"

Mr. Spurgeon's Four Articles on The Down-Grade.

Reprinted from "The Sword and the Trowel," August, September, October and November, 1887.

ALSO HIS ARTICLE ON THE "DOWN-GRADE" AND THE UP-GRADE, FROM THE SAME MAGAZINE.

THE DOWN-GRADE.

No lover of the gospel can conceal from himself the fact that the days are evil. We are willing to make a large discount from our apprehensions on the score of natural timidity, the caution of age, and the weakness produced by pain; but yet our solemn conviction is that things are much worse in many churches than they seem to be, and are rapidly tending downward. Read those newspapers which represent the Broad School of Dissent, and ask yourself. How much further could they go? What doctrine remains to be abandoned? What other truth to be the object of contempt? A new religion has been initiated, which is no more Christianity than chalk is cheese; and this religion, being destitute of moral honesty, palms itself off as the old faith with slight improvements, and on this plea usurps pulpits which were erected for gospel preaching. The Atonement is scouted, the inspiration of Scripture is derided, the Holy Ghost is degraded into an influence, the punishment of sin is turned into fiction, and the Resurrection into a myth, and yet these enemies of our faith expect us to call them brethren, and maintain a confederacy with them!

At the back of doctrinal falsehood comes a natural decline

of spiritual life, evidenced by a taste for questionable amusements, and a weariness of devotional meetings. At a certain meeting of ministers and church-officers, one after another doubted the value of prayer-meetings; all confessed that they had a very small attendance, and several acknowledged without the slightest compunction that they had quite given them up. What means this? Are churches in a right condition when they have only one meeting for prayer in a week, and that a mere skeleton? Churches which have prayer-meetings several times on the Lord's day, and very frequently during the week, yet feel their need of more prayer; but what can be said of those who very seldom practice united supplication? Are there few conversions? Do the congregations dwindle? Who wonders that this is the case when the spirit of prayer has departed?

As for questionable amusements, time was when a Nonconformist minister who was known to attend the play-house would soon have found himself without a church. And justly so; for no man can long possess the confidence, even of the most worldly, who is known to be a haunter of theatres. Yet, at the present time, it is a matter of notoriety that preachers of no mean repute defend the play-house, and do so because they have been seen there. Is it any wonder that church members forget their vows of consecration, and run with the unholy in the ways of frivolity, when they hear that persons are tolerated in the pastorate who do the same? We doubt not that, for writing these lines, we shall incur the charge of prudery and bigotry, and this will but prove how low are the tone and spirit of the churches in many places. The fact is, that many would like to unite church and stage. cards and prayer, dancing and sacraments. If we are powerless to stem this torrent, we can at least warn men of its existence, and entreat them to keep out of it. When the old faith is gone, and enthusiasm for the gospel is extinct, it is no wonder that people seek something else in the way of delight. Lacking bread, they feed on ashes; rejecting the way of the Lord, they run greedily in the path of folly.

An eminent minister, who is well versed in the records of Nonconformity, remarked to us the other day that he feared

history was about to repeat itself among Dissenters. In days gone by, they aimed at being thought respectable, judicious, moderate, and learned, and, in consequence, they abandoned the Puritanic teaching with which they started, and toned down their doctrines. The spiritual life which had been the impelling cause of their dissent declined almost to death's door, and the very existence of evangelical Nonconformity was threatened. Then came the outburst of living godliness under Whitefield and Wesley, and with it new life for Dissent, and increased influence in every direction.

Alas! many are returning to the poisoned cups which drugged that declining generation, when it surrendered itself to Unitarian lethargy. Too many ministers are toying with the deadly cobra of "another gospel," in the form of "modern thought." As a consequence, their congregations are thinning: the more spiritual of their members join the "Brethren," or some other company of "believers unattached;" while the more wealthy, and show-loving, with some of the unquestionable devoutness, go off to the Church of England.

Let us not hide from ourselves the fact that the Episcopal Church is awake, and is full of zeal and force. Dissenting as we do most intensely from her ritualism, and especially abhorring her establishment by the State, we cannot but perceive that she grows, and grows, among other reasons, because spiritual life is waning among certain dissenters. Where the gospel is fully and powerfully preached, with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, our churches not only hold their own, but win converts; but when that which constitutes their strength is gone—we mean when the gospel is concealed, and the life of prayer is slighted-the whole thing becomes a mere form and fiction. For this thing our heart is sore grieved. Dissent for mere dissent's sake would be the bitter fruit of a wilful mind. Dissent as mere political partisanship is a degradation and travesty of religion. Dissent for truth's sake, carried out by force of the life within, is noble, praiseworthy, and fraught with the highest benefits to the race. Are we to have the genuine living thing, or are we to have that corruption of the best, from

which the worst is produced? Conformity, or nonconformity, per se, is nothing; but a new creature is everything, and the truth upon which alone that new creature can live is worth dying a thousand deaths to conserve. It is not the shell that is so precious, but the kernel which it contains; when the kernel is gone, what is there left that is worth a thought? Our nonconformity is beyond measure precious as a vital spiritual force, but only while it remains such will it justify its own existence.

The case is mournful. Certain ministers are making infidels. Avowed atheists are not a tenth as dangerous as those preachers who scatter doubt and stab at faith. A plain man told us the other day that two ministers had derided him because he thought we should pray for rain. A gracious woman bemoaned in my presence that a precious promise in Isaiah, which had comforted her, had been declared by her minister to be uninspired. It is a common thing to hear working-men excuse their wickedness by the statement that there is no hell, "the parson says so." But we need not prolong our mention of painful facts. Germany was made unbelieving by her preachers, and England is following in her track. Attendance at places of worship is declining, and reverence for holy things is vanishing; and we solemnly believe this to be largely attributable to the scepticism which has flashed from the pulpit and spread among the people. Possibly the men who uttered the doubt never intended it to go so far; but none the less they have done the ill, and cannot undo it. Their own observation ought to teach them better. Have these advanced thinkers filled their own chapels? Have they, after all, prospered through discarding the old methods? Possibly, in a few cases genius and tact have carried these gentry over the destructive results of their ministry; but in many cases their pretty new theology has scattered their congregations. In meeting-houses holding a thousand, or twelve hundred, or fifteen hundred, places once packed to the ceiling with ardent hearers, how small are the numbers now! We could mention instances, but we forbear. The places which the gospel filled the new nonsense has emptied, and will keep empty.

This fact will have little influence with "the cultured;" for, as a rule, they have cultivated a fine development of conceit. "Yes," said one, whose pews held only here and there a worshipper, "it will always be found that in proportion as the preacher's mind enlarges, his congregation diminishes." These destroyers of our churches appear to be as content with their work as monkeys with their mischief. That which their fathers would have lamented they rejoice in; the alienation of the poor and simple-minded from their ministry they accept as a compliment, and the grief of the spir tually-minded they regard as an evidence of their power. Truly, unless the Lord had kept His own, we should long before this have seen our Zion ploughed as a field.

The other day we were asked to mention the name of some person who might be a suitable pastor for a vacant church, and the deacon who wrote said: "Let him be a converted man, and let him be one who believes what he preaches; for there are those around us who give us the idea that they have neither part nor lot in the matter." This remark is more commonly made than we like to remember, and there is, alas! too much need for it. A student from a certain college preached to a congregation we sometimes visit such a sermon that the deacon said to him in the vestry: "Sir, do you believe in the Holy Ghost?" The youth replied: "I suppose I do." To which the deacon answered: "I suppose you do not, or you would not have insulted us with such false doctrine. A little plain speaking would do a world of good just now. These gentlemen desire to be let alone. They want no noise raised. Of course thieves hate watchdogs, and love darkness. It is time that somebody should spring his rattle, and call attention to the way in which God is being robbed of his glory, and man of his hope.

It now becomes a serious question how far those who abide by the faith once delivered to the saints should fraternize with those who have turned aside to another gospel. Christian love has its claims, and divisions are to be shunned as grievous evils; but how far are we justified in being in confederacy with those who are departing from the truth? It is a difficult question to answer so as to keep the balance of the duties. For the present it behoves believers to be cautious, lest they lend their support and countenance to the betrayers of the Lord. It is one thing to overleap all boundaries of denominational restriction for the truth's sake; this we hope all godly men will do and more. It is quite another policy which would urge us to subordinate the maintenance of truth to denominational prosperity and unity. Numbers of easy-minded people wink at error so long as it is committed by a clever man and a good-natured brother, who has so many fine points about him. Let each believer judge for himself; but, for our part, we have put on a few fresh bolts to our door, and we have given orders to keep the chain up; for, under colour of begging the friendship of the servant, there are those about who aim at robbing THE MASTER.

We fear it is hopeless ever to form a society which can keep out men base enough to profess one thing and believe another; but it might be possible to make an informal alliance among all who hold the Christianity of their fathers. Little as they might be able to do, they could at least protest, and as far as possible free themselves of that complicity which will be involved in a conspiracy of silence. If for a while the evangelicals are doomed to go down, let them die fighting, and in the full assurance that their gospel will have a resurrection when the inventions of "modern thought" shall be burned up with fire unquenchable.

OUR REPLY TO SUNDRY CRITICS AND ENQUIRERS.

According to the best of our ability, we sounded an alarm in Zion concerning the growing evils of the times, and we have received abundant proof that it was none too soon. Letters from all quarters declare that the case of the church at this present is even worse than we thought it to be. It seems that, instead of being guilty of exaggeration, we should have been justified in the production of a far more terrible picture. This fact causes us real sorrow. Had we been convicted of mis-statement we would have recanted with sincerely penitent confessions, and we should have

been glad to have had our fears removed. It is no joy to us to bring accusations; it is no pleasure to our heart to seem to be in antagonism with so many. We are never better pleased than when in fellowship with our brethren we can rejoice in the progress of the gospel.

But no one has set himself to disprove our allegations. One gentleman, of neutral tint, has dared to speak of them as vague, when he knows that nothing could be more definite. But no one has shown that prayer-meetings are valued, and are largely attended; no one has denied that certain ministers frequent theatres; no one has claimed that the Broad School newspapers have respected a single truth of revelation; and no one has borne witness to the sound doctrine of our entire ministry. Now we submit that these are the main points at issue; at least, these are the only things we contend about. Differences of judgment upon minor matters, and varieties of mode in action, are not now under question; but matters vital to religion. Others may trifle about such things; we cannot, and dare not.

Instead of dealing with these weighty things, our opponents have set to work to make sneering allusions to our sickness. All the solemn things we have written are the suggestions of our pain, and we are advised to take a long rest. With pretended compassion, but with real insolence. they would detract from the truth by pointing to the lameness of its witness. Upon this trifling we have this much to say: In the first place, our article was written when we were in vigorous health, and it was in print before any sign of an approaching attack was discoverable. In the second place, if we were in a debate with Christians we should feel sure that, however short they might run of arguments, they would not resort to personalities; least of all, to those personalities which make a painful malady their target. Incidentally, this breach of Christian courtesy goes to show that the new theology is introducing, not only a new code of morals, but a new tone and spirit. It would seem to be taken for granted, that if men are such fools as to adhere to to an old-fashioned faith, of course they must be idiots, and they deserve to be treated with that contemptuous pity which

is the quintessence of hate. If you can find out that they are sufferers, impute their faith to their disease, and pretend that their earnestness is nothing but petulance arising from their pain. But enough of this; we are so little embittered in spirit by our pangs that we can laugh at the arrows aimed at our weaker member. Do our critics think that, like Archilles, our vulnerable point lies, not in our head, but in our heel?

We are grateful to the editor of Word and Work for speak-

ing out so plainly. He says:

"In The Sword and the Trowel for the present month, Mr. Spurgeon gives no uncertain sound concerning departures from the faith. His exposure of the dishonesty which, under the cover of orthodoxy, assails the very foundations of faith is opportune in the interests of truth. No doubt, like a faithful prophet in like evil times, he will be called a 'troubler of Israel,' and already we have noticed he has been spoken of as a pessimist; but any such attempts to lessen the weight of his testimony are only certain to make it more effective. When a strong sense of duty prompts

public speech it will be no easy task to silence it.

"The preachers of false doctrine dislike nothing more than the premature detection of their doings. Only give them time enough to prepare men's minds for the reception of their 'new views,' and they are confident of success. They have had too much time already, and any who refuse to speak out now must be held to be 'partakers of their evil deeds.' As Mr. Spurgeon says, 'A little plain-speaking would do a world of good just now. These gentlemen desire to be let alone. They want no noise raised. Of course thieves hate watch-dogs, and love darkness. It is time that somebody should spring his rattle, and call attention to the way in which God is being robbed of his glory and man of his hope.'

"Only those who have given some attention to the progress of error during recent years can form any just idea of the rapid strides with which it is now advancing. Under the plea of liberalism, unscriptural doctrines are allowed to pass current in sermons and periodicals, which, only a few years ago, would have been faithfully resisted unto the death. When anyone even mildly protests, preachers and journalists are almost unanimous in drowning the feeble testimony either by sneers or shouts. Throughout the wide realm of literature there seems to be a conspiracy to hate and hunt down every Scriptural truth. Let any man, especially if he belongs to an evangelical church, denounce or deny any part of the creed he has solemnly vowed to defend, and at once his fortune is made. The press makes the world ring with his fame, and even defends the dishonesty which clings to a stipend forfeited by the violation of his vow. It is far otherwise with the defender of the faith. He is mocked, insulted, and laughed to scorn. The spirit of the age is against him. So in greater or lesser measure it has always been. But when he remembers who is the prince of this world and the ruler of the age, he may be well content to possess his soul in patience."

This witness is true.

Let no man dream that a sudden crotchet has entered our head, and that we have written in hot haste; we have waited long, perhaps too long, and have been slow to speak. Neither let any one suppose that we build up our statements upon a few isolated facts, and bring to the front certain regretable incidents which might as well have been forgotten. He who knows all things can alone reveal the wretched facts which have come under our notice. Their memory will, we trust, die and be buried with the man who has borne their burden, and held his peace because he had no wish to create disunion. Resolved to respect the claims both of truth and love, we have pursued an anxious pathway. To protest when nothing could come of it but anger, has seemed senseless; to assail evil and crush a vast amount of good in the process, has appeared to be injurious. If all knew all, our reticence would be wondered at and we are not sure that it would be approved. Whether approved or not, we have had no motive but the general progress of the cause of truth. and the glory of God.

Had there been a right spirit in those who resent our warning, they would either have disproved our charge, or else

they would have lamented its truthfulness, and have set to work to correct the evil which we lamented. Alas, the levity which plays ducks and drakes with doctrines, makes game of all earnestness, and finds sport in Christian decision! Yet, surely there is a remnant of faithful ones, and these will be stirred to action, and will cry mightily unto God that the plague may be stayed. The gospel is too precious for us to be indifferent to its adulteration. By the love we bear to the Lord Jesus we are bound to defend the treasure with which he has put us in trust.

That ugly word "pessimist" has been hurled at our devoted head. We are denounced as "gloomy." Well, well! The day was when we were censured for being wickedly humorous, and many were the floggings we received for our unseemly jests. Now we are morose and bitter. So the world's opinion changes. A half-a-farthing would be an extravagant price to pay for the verdict one way or another. In truth, we are quite able to take an optimistic view of things. (Is that the correct word, Sir Critic?) We are glad to admit that there is much of Christian zeal, selfsacrifice, and holy perseverance in the world. Possibly there is more than ever. Did we ever say otherwise? We rejoice in the thousands of gracious, holy, large-hearted men around us. Who dares to say that we do not? We see much that is hopeful and delightful in many quarters. Is this at all to the point? May there not be much that is beautiful and healthful in a countenance where yet there may be the symptoms of a foul disease? The church is large, and while one end of her field may rejoice us with golden grain, another part of it may be full of thorns and briers. It often happens that causes of sorrow may be increased at the very same moment when occasions of joy are most numerous. We judge that it is so just now. The cause of God goes on in spite of foes, and his truth is sure to conquer in the long run, however influential its opposers. No, no, we are by no means despondent for the Lord's kingdom. That would be a dishonor to his eternal power and Godhead. Our amiable critics may possibly be pleased to know that they will not find us bathing in vinegar, nor covering our swollen foot with wormwood, nor even drinking quinine with our vegetables; but they will find us rejoicing in the Lord, and buckling on our harness for the war with as firm a confidence as if all men were on our side. Bad as things are from one point of view, there is a bright side to affairs: the Lord has yet his men in reserve who have not bowed the knee to Baal.

We have said, with deep grief that we should have had to say it, that many ministers have departed from the faith; and this was no unkind suspicion on our part, but a matter of fact, ascertained in many ways, and made most sadly sure. We trust that the Baptists are by no means so far gone as the Independents; indeed, we feel sure that they are not. Still, we do not say this in order to throw stones at others. A well-known Congregational minister, who is preparing a book upon this painful subject, writes us—"I have not a large acquaintance with the state of opinion in your denomination. I groan over my own. There are many faithful to Christ, and to the souls of men; but, alas! it seems to me that many have no kind of gospel to preach, and the people are willing that it should be so. Some of our colleges are poisoning the churches at the fountains. I very much fear that an unconverted ministry is multiplying." To the same import is a letter from another brother of the same denomination, who says-"I cannot agree with The British Weekly, that you take an 'extremely pessimistic' view of the evil. On the contrary, I am disposed to think that your conviction is faint compared with what the reality would warrant. - College, for example, continues to pour forth men to take charge of our churches who do not believe, in any proper sense, in the inspiration of the Scriptures, who deny the vicarious sacrifice on the cross, and hold that, if sinners are not saved on this side of the grave, they may, can or must be on the other. And the worst of it is, the people love it." We could multiply this painful evidence, but there is no need, since the charge is not denied. It is ridiculed; it is treated as a matter of no consequence, but it is not seriously met. Is this what we have come to? Is there no doctrine left which is to be maintained? Is there

no revelation? Or is that revelation a nose of wax to be shaped by the finger of fashion? Are the sceptics so much to the fore that no man will open his mouth against them? Are all the orthodox afraid of the ridicule of the "cultured?" We cannot believe it. The private knowledge which we possess will not allow of so unhappy a conclusion; yet Christian people are now so tame that they shrink from expressing themselves. The house is being robbed, its very walls are being digged down, but the good people who are in bed are too fond of the warmth, and too much afraid of getting broken heads, to go downstairs and meet the burglars; they are even half vexed that a certain noisy fellow will

spring his rattle, or cry, "Thieves!"

That the evil leaven is working in the churches as well as among the ministers, is also sadly certain. A heterodox party exists in many congregations, and those who compose it are causing trouble to the faithful, and sadly influence the more timid towards a vacillating policy. An earnest preacher, who is only one of a class, says: "The old truths are unpopular here. I am told that I have preached the doctrines of grace to my cost—that is, in a pecuniary aspect -and I know that it is so. I cannot find anything to rest upon in the modern theories, but this places me in antagonism to the supporters of the chapel. They find fault, not with the style of my preaching, but with the subjects of it." In another place the witness is,—"Our minister is an able and gracious man, but there are those in the church who are determined that no one shall remain here unless he is in favor of advanced opinions." Yes, the divergence is daily becoming more manifest. A chasm is opening between the men who believe their Bibles and the men who are prepared for an advance upon Scripture. Inspiration and speculation cannot long abide in peace. Compromise there can be none. We cannot hold the inspiration of the Word, and yet reject it; we cannot believe in the atonement and deny it; we cannot hold the doctrine of the fall, and yet talk of the evolution of spiritual life from human nature; we cannot recognize the punishment of the impenitent and yet indulge the "larger hope." One way or the other we must go. Decision is the virtue of the hour.

Neither when we have chosen our way can we keep company with those who go the other way. There must come with decision for truth a corresponding protest against error. Let those who will keep the narrow way keep it, and suffer for their choice; but to hope to follow the broad road at the same time is absurdity. What communion hath Christ with Belial?

Thus far we come, and pause. Let us, as many as are of one mind, wait upon the Lord to know what Israel ought to do. With steadfast faith let us take our places; not in anger, not in the spirit of suspicion or division, but in watchfulness and resolve. Let us not pretend to a fellowship which we do not feel, nor hide convictions which are burning in our hearts. The times are perilous, and the responsibility of every individual believer is a burden which he must bear, or prove a traitor. What each man's place and course should be the Lord will make clear unto him.

THE CASE PROVED.

The controversy which has arisen out of our previous articles is very wide in its range. Different minds will have their own opinions as to the manner in which the combatants have behaved themselves; for our own part we are content to let a thousand personal matters pass by unheeded. What does it matter what sarcasms or pleasantries may have been uttered at our expense? The dust of battle will blow away in due time; for the present the chief concern is to keep the standard in its place, and bear up against the rush of the foe.

Our warning was intended to call attention to an evil which we thought was apparent to all: we never dreamed that "the previous question" would be raised, and that a company of esteemed friends would rush in between the combatants and declare that there was no cause for war, but that our motto might continue to be "Peace, peace!" Yet such has been the case, and in many quarters the main question has been, not "How can we remove the evil?" but, "Is there any evil to remove?" No end of letters have been written with this as their theme—"Are the charges made by Mr. Spurgeon at all true?" Setting aside the question of your own veracity,

we could have no objection to the most searching discussion of the matter. By all means let the truth be known.

The Baptist and The British Weekly, in the most friendly spirit, have opened their columns, and invited correspondence upon the point in hand. The result has been that varied opinions have been expressed; but among the letters there has been a considerable number which may be roughly summarized as declaring that it would be best to let well alone, and that the writers see little or nothing of departure from the faith among Baptist and Congregational ministers. This is reassuring as far as it goes, but how far does it go? It goes no farther than this-it proves that these worthy men view matters from a standpoint which makes them regard as mere changes of expression novelties which we judge to be fatal errors from the truth; or else they move in a peculiarly favored circle; or else they are so supremely amiable that they see all things through spectacles of tinted glass. We cannot help it, but in reading these carefullyprepared epistles, there has passed before our mind the vision of the heroic Nelson, with the telescope at his blind eve, and we have heard him say again and again, "I cannot see it." With a brave blindness he refused to see that which may have silenced his guns. Brethren who have been officials of a denomination have a paternal partiality about them which is so natural, and so sacred, that we have not the heart to censure it. Above all things, these prudent brethren feel bound to preserve the prestige of "the body," and the peace of the committee. Our Unions, Boards and Associations are so justly dear to the fathers, that quite unconsciously and innocently, they grow obvious of evils which, to the unofficial mind, are as manifest as the sun in the heavens. This could not induce our honored brethren to be untruthful; but it does influence them in their judgment, and still more in the expression of that judgment. With one or two exceptions in the letters now before us, there are evidences of a careful balancing of sentences, and a guardedness of statement, which enables us to read a deal between the lines.

If we were not extremely anxious to avoid personalities

we could point to other utterances of some of these esteemed writers, which, if they did not contradict what they have now written, would be such a supplement to it that their entire mind would be better known. To break the seal of confidential correspondence, or to reveal private conversations, would not occur to us; but we feel compelled to say that, in one or two cases, the writers have not put in print what we have personally gathered from them on other occasions. Their evident desire to allay the apprehensions of others may have helped them to forget their own fears. We say no more.

Had there been no other letters but those of this class, we should have hoped that perhaps the men of the new theology were few and feeble. Let it be noted that we have never made an estimate of their number or strength; we have said "many," and after reading the consoling letters of our optimistic brethren we try to hope that possibly they may not be so many as we feared. We should be rejoiced to believe that there were none at all, but our wish cannot create a fact. There is little in the letters which can affect our declarations, even if we read them in their most unqualified sense. and accept them as true. If twenty persons did not see a certain fact, their not seeing cannot alter the conviction of a man in his senses who has seen it, has seen it for years, and is seeing it now. The witness rubs his eyes to see whether he is awake; and then, bewildered as he may be for a moment that so many good people are contradicting him, he still believes the evidence of his own senses in the teeth of them all. I believe in the conscientiousness of the divines and doctors of divinity who tell us that all is well, and I cannot but congratulate them upon their ability to be so serenely thankful for small mercies.

But over against the bearers of cheering news we have to set the far more numerous testimonies of those to whom things wear no such roseate hue. What we have said already is true, but it is a meagre and feeble statement of the actual case, if we judge by the reports of our correspondents. We have been likened, by one of our opponents, to the boy in the fable who cried, "Wolf!" The parallel fails in the all-

important point that he cried, "Wolf!" when there was none, and we are crying "Wolf!" when packs of them are howling so loudly that it would be superfluous for us to shout at all if a wretched indifferentism had not brought a deep slumber upon those who ought to guard the flocks. The evidence is, to our mind, so overwhelming that we thought that our statements only gave voice to a matter of common notoriety. Either we are dreaming, or our brethren are; let the godly judge who it is that is asleep. We consider that what we have written in former papers is quite sufficient to justify our earnest endeavor to arouse the churches; but as more proof is demanded we will give it. Our difficulty is to make a selection out of the mass of material before us, and we will not burden our readers with more than may suffice.

In the month of July last, the secretaries of the Evangelical Alliance issued a circular, from which we quote a para-

graph:

"It is only too evident to all who are jealous for God and His truth, that on one side there is a perilous growth of superstition and sacerdotalism, and on the other, of unbelief and indifference to vital religion. The substitutionary sacrifice of our blessed Lord and Saviour is lightly esteemed, and even repudiated, by some prominent teachers; the future destiny of the sinner has become, in consequence, a vain speculation in the thoughts of many. The plenary inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, the personality of the Holy Ghost, and his presence and power in the church of God, with other verities of the faith of Christ, are qualified or explained away in many instances. The results of this erroneous teaching and perversion of the gospel are painfully apparent; worldliness, sensuality, and luxury, with the desecration of the Lord's day, abound, and Christian liberty has become license in the walk and conversation of many professed disciples of Christ."

This circular we had not seen or heard of when our first "Down-grade" article appeared in August. We had had no communication, directly or indirectly, with the Alliance. This association has a Council, by no means fanatical or precipitate, and we are prepared to say, with no disrespect to the happy brethren who judge everything to be so eminently satisfactory, that we think as much of the judgment of this Council as we do of theirs. Possibly we now think far more of that opinion, since we have seen extracts from letters of brethren of all denominations, sent to the Alliance, in which they cry "Wolf!" in tones as earnest as our own.

There is no use in mincing matters; there are thousands of us in all denominations who believe that many ministers have seriously departed from the truths of the gospel, and that a sad decline of spiritual life is manifest in many churches. Many a time have others said the same things which we have now said, and small notice has been taken of their protests. Only this day we have received by post the report of the Gloucestershire and Herefordshire Association of Baptist Churches, issued in June last. It contains an admirable paper by its president, of which the keynote will be found in the following sentences:

"We live in perilous times; we are passing through a most eventful period; the Christian era is convulsed; there is a mighty upheaval of the old foundations of faith; a great overhauling of old teaching. The Bible is made to speak to-day in a language which to our fathers would be an unknown tongue. Gospel teachings, the proclamation of which made men fear to sin, and dread the thought of eternity, are being shelved. Calvary is being robbed of its glory, sin of horror, and we are said to be evolving into a reign of vigorous and blessed sentimentality, in which heaven and earth. God and man are to become a heap of sensational emotions; but in the process of evolution is not the power of the gospel weakened? Are not our chapels emptying? Is there not growing up among men a greater indifference to the claims of Christ? Are not the theories of evolution retrogressive in their effect upon the age? Where is the fiery zeal for the salvation of men which marked the Nonconformity of the past? Where is the noble enthusiasm that made heroes and martyrs for the truth? Where is the force which carried Nonconformity forward like a mighty avalanche? Alas! where?"

Dr. David Brown, Principal of the Free Church College,

Aberdeen, in a valuable paper upon Scepticism in Ministers, which will be found in *The Christian Age* of Sept. 14th, says:

"This is a very covert form of scepticism, which is more to be feared than all other forms combined; I mean the scepticism of ministers of the gospel—of those who profess to hold, and are expected to preach, the faith of all orthodox Christendom, and, as the basis of this faith, the authority of Scripture; yet neither hold nor teach that faith, but do their best to undermine the sacred records of it. Now, what is the root of this kind of scepticism? I answer, just the same as of the more sweeping and naked forms of it, the desire to naturalize, as far as possible, everything in religion."

"The one thing common to them all is the studious avoidance of all those sharp features of the gospel which are repulsive to the natural man—which 'are hid from the wise and prudent, and are revealed only to babes.' The divinity of Christ is recognized indeed; but it is the loftiness of his human character, the sublimity of his teaching, and the unparalleled example of self-sacrifice which his death exhibited that they dwell on. The Atonement is not in so many words denied; but his sufferings are not held forth in their vicarious and expiatory character. Christ, according to their teaching, was in no sense our Substitute, and in justification the righteousness of the glorious Surety is not imputed to the guilty believer. It is not often that this is nakedly expressed. But some are becoming bold enough to speak it out."

"I should not have said so much in this strain were it not that all our churches are honeycombed with this mischievous tendency to minimize all those features of the gospel which the natural man cannot receive. And no wonder, for their object seems to be to attract the natural mind. Wherever this is the case, the spirituality of the pulpit is done away, and the Spirit himself is not there. Conversion of souls is rarely heard of there, if even it is expected, and those who come for the children's bread get only a stone—beautiful it may be, and sparkling; but stones cannot be digested."

We have occupied no time in selecting these three testimonies, neither are they more remarkable than a host of others; but they suffice to show that it is not a solitary dyspeptic who alone judges that there is much evil occurrent.

The most conclusive evidence that we are correct in our statement, that "the new theology" is rampant among us, is supplied by *The Christian World*. To this paper is largely due the prevalence of this mischief; and it by no means hides its hand. Whoever else may hesitate, we have in this paper plain and bold avowals of its faith, or want of faith. Its articles and the letters which it has inserted prove our position up to the hilt; nay, more, they lead us into inner "chambers of imagery" into which little light has as yet been admitted. What is meant by the illusion to the doctrine of the Trinity in the extract which is now before us? We forbear further comment, the paragraph speaks very plainly for itself:

"We are now at the parting of the ways, and the younger ministers especially must decide whether or not they will embrace and undisguisedly proclaim that 'modern thought' which in Mr. Spurgeon's eyes is a 'deadly cobra,' while in ours it is the glory of the century. It discards many of the doctrines dear to Mr. Spurgeon and his school, not only as untrue and unscriptural, but as in the strictest sense immoral; for it cannot recognize the moral possibility of imputing either guilt or goodness, or the justice of inflicting everlasting punishment for temporary sin. It is not so irrational as to pin its faith to verbal inspiration, or so idolatrous as to make its acceptance of a true Trinity of divine manifestation cover polytheism."

Nothing can be required more definite than this; and if there had been any such need, the letters which have been inserted in the same paper would have superabundantly supplied it. As several of these are from Baptist ministers, and are an ingenuous avowal of the most thorough-going advance from the things which have been assuredly believed among us, we are led to ask the practical question: Are brethren who remain orthodox prepared to endorse such sentiments by remaining in union with those who hold and teach them? These gentlemen have full liberty to think as they like; but, on the other hand, those who love the old gospel

have equally the liberty to dissociate themselves from them, and that liberty also involves a responsibility from which there is no escaping. If we do not believe in Universalism, or in Purgatory, and if we do believe in the inspiration of Scripture, the Fall, and the great sacrifice of Christ for sin, it behoves us to see that we do not become accomplices with those who teach another gospel, and as it would seem from one writer, have avowedly another God."

A friendly critic advised us at the first to mention the names of those who had quitted the old faith; but, if we had done so, he would have been among the first to lament the introduction of personalities. At the same time, there can be no objection to the gentleman's coming forward, and glorying in his "modern thought:" it spares others the trouble of judging his position, and it is an exhibition of manliness which others might copy to advantage. Those who have read the statements of the advanced school, and still think that from the orthodox point of view there is no cause for alarm, must surely be of a very sanguine temperament, or resolutely blind.

Our lament was not, however, confined to vital doctrines; we mentioned a decline of spiritual life, and the growth of worldliness, and gave as two outward signs thereof the falling-off in prayer-meetings, and ministers attending the theatre. The first has been pool-pooled as a mere trifle. Nonconformist, which is a fit companion for The Christian World, dismisses the subject in the following sentence: "If the conventional prayer-meetings are not largely attended, why should the Christian community be judged by its greater or less use of one particular religious expedient?" What would James and Jay have said of this dismissal of "conventional prayer-meetings," whatever that may mean? At any rate, we are not yet alone in the opinion that our meetings for prayer are very excellent thermometers of the spiritual condition of our people. God save us from the spirit which regards gathering together for prayer as "a religious expedient!" This one paragraph is sorrowfully sufficient to justify much more than we have written.

The same newspaper thus deals with our mention of the-

atre-going preachers. Let the reader note what a fine mouthful of words it is, and how unwittingly it admits, with a guarded commendation, that which we remarked upon with censure:

"As for theatres, while we should be much surprised to learn that many ministers of the gospel take a view of life which would permit them to spend much time there, yet, remembering that men of unquestionable piety do find recreation for themselves and their families in the drama, we are not content to see a great branch of art placed under a ban, as if it were no more than an agency of evil."

Let it never be forgotten that even irreligious men, who themselves enjoy the amusements of the theatre, lose all respect for ministers when they see them in the play-house. Their common sense tells them that men of such an order are unfit to be their guides in spiritual things. But we will not debate the point: the fact that it is debated is to us sufficient evidence that spiritual religion is at a low ebb in such quarters.

Very unwillingly have we fulfilled our unhappy task of justifying a warning which we felt bound to utter; we deplore the necessity of doing so; but if we have not in this paper given overwhelming evidence, it is from want of space, and want of will, and not from want of power. Those who have made up their minds to ignore the gravity of the crisis, would not be aroused from their composure though we told our tale in miles of mournful detail.

It only remains to remark that brethren who are afraid that great discouragement will arise out of our statements, have our hearty sympathy so far as there is cause for such discouragement. Our heart would rejoice indeed if we could describe our nonconformity in a very different manner, and assure our friends that we were never in a sounder or more hopeful condition. But encouragement founded upon fiction would lead to false hopes, and to ultimate dismay. Confidence in our principles is what is most to be relied on, next to confidence in God. Brave men will hold to a right cause none the less tenaciously because for a season it is under a cloud. Increased difficulty only brings out increased faith.

more fervent prayer, and greater zeal. The weakest of minds are those which go forward because they are borne along by the throng; the truly strong are accustomed to stand alone, and are not cast down if they find themselves in a minority. Let no man's heart fail him because of the Philistine. This new enemy is doomed to die like those who have gone before him, only let him not be mistaken for a friend.

Deeply do we agree with the call of the more devout among the letter-writers, for a more determined effort to spread the gospel. Wherever more can be done, let it be done at once, in dependence upon the Spirit of God. But it is idle to go down to the battle with enemies in the camp. With what weapons are we to go forth? If those which we have proved "mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds" are taken from us, what are we to do? How can those evangelize who have no evangel? What fruit but evil can come of "the new theology"? Let us know where we are. In the meantime, those of us who raise these questions are not among the idlers, nor are we a whit behind the very chief of those who seek to win souls.

Some words have been used which call the writer a Pope, and speak of this enquiry as an Inquisition. Nothing can be more silly. Is it come to this, that if we use our freedom to speak our mind we must needs be charged with arrogance? Is decision the same thing as popery? It is playing with edged tools when the advanced men introduce that word, for we would remind them that there is another phase of popery of which a portion of them have furnished us grevious examples. To hide your beliefs, to bring out your opinions cautiously, to use expressions in other senses than those in which they are usually understood, to "show," as The Christian World so honestly puts it, "a good deal of triniming, and a balancing of opposite opinions in a way that is confusing and unsatisfactory to the hearer," is a meaner sort of popery than even the arrogance which is so gratuitously imputed to us. It is, however, very suggestive that the letting in of light upon men should be to them a torment equal to an inquisition, and that open discussion should so

spoil their schemes that they regard it as a torture comparable to the rack and the stake. What other harm have we done them? We would not touch a hair of their heads, or deprive them of an inch of liberty. Let them speak, that we may know them; but let them not deny us the same freedom; neither let them denounce us for defending what they are so eager to assail.

What action is to be taken we leave to those who can see more plainly than we do what Israel ought to do. One thing is clear to us: we cannot be expected to meet in any union which comprehends those whose teaching is upon fundamental points exactly the reverse of that which we hold dear. Those who can do so will, no doubt, have weighty reasons with which to justify their action, and we will not sit in judgment upon those reasons; they may judge that a minority should not drive them out. To us it appears that there are many things upon which compromise is possible, but there are others in which it would be an act of treason to pretend to fellowship. With deep regret we abstain from assembling with those whom we dearly love and heartily respect, since it would involve us in a confederacy with those with whom we can have no communion in the Lord. Garibaldi complained that, by the cession of Nice to France, he had been a foreigner in his native land; and our heart is burdened with a like sorrow; but those who banish us may vet be of another mind, and enable us to return.

A FRAGMENT UPON THE DOWN-GRADE CONTROVERSY.

By this time many of our readers will be weary of the Down-Grade controversy; they cannot be one-tenth so much tired of it, or tried by it, as we are. When the first article appeared, a friend wrote to warn us that he who touched this theme would gain no honor thereby, but would bring a host of enemies around him. We believed his prophecy, and with this as part of the reckoning we went on, for a solemn sense of duty impelled us. The result is not other than we looked for; the treatment our protest has received

is neither better nor worse than we expected; possibly we have personally received more respect than we reckoned on.

Hitherto (and this matter is now merely in its beginning), the chief answer has come from the public teachers, and as far as their public answer is concerned, it amounts, at its best interpretation, to the admission that there may be a little amiss, but not enough to speak about. They are sorry that a few brethren go rather too far, but they are dear brethren still. Many good men lament the fact that liberty is, in certain instances, degenerating into license, but they solace themselves with the belief that on the whole it is a sign of health and vigor; the bough is so fruitful that it runs over the wall. At any rate, denominational peace must be kept up, and there must be no discordant charge of defection to break the chorus of mutual congratulation.

The intense desire for union has its commendable side, and we are far from undervaluing it. Precious also is the protest for liberty, which certain valorous souls have lifted up. We rejoice that our brethren will not submit their consciences to any man; but the mercy is that we do not know of any man who desires that they should. Specially is the object of their brave opposition as free from a desire to rule over them as from the wish to be ruled by them. It is a pity that such loyalty to liberty could not be associated with an equally warm expression of resolve to be loyal to Christ and His gospel. It would be a grievous fault if the sons of the Puritans did not maintain the freedom of their consciences; but it will be no less a crime if they withdraw those consciences from under the yoke of Christ.

To pursue union at the expense of truth is treason to the Lord Jesus. If we are prepared to enter into solemn league and covenant for the defence of the crown-rights of King Jesus, we cannot give up the crown-jewels of his gospel for the sake of a larger charity. He is our Master and Lord, and we will keep His words: to tamper with His doctrine would be to be traitors to Himself. Yet, almost unconsciously, good men and true may drift into compromises which they would not at first propose, but which they seem forced to justify. Yielding to be the creatures of circum-

stances, they allow another to gird them, and lead them whither they would not; and when they wake up, and find themselves in an undesirable condition, they have not always the resolution to break away from it. Especially in the company of their equally erring brethren, they are not inclined to consider their ways, and are not anxious to have them remarked upon; and, therefore, in this brief paper we venture to make an earnest appeal from brethren assembled, to brethren at home in their studies quietly turning over the matter.

As much as possible we beg them to forget the obnoxious reprover, and to look the state of affairs carefully in the face, and see if it strikes them as it does us. We will put it plainly, not to provoke, but to be understood.

As a matter of fact, believers in Christ's atonement are now in declared religious union with those who make light of it; believers in Holy Scripture are in confederacy with those who deny plenary inspiration; those who hold evangelical doctrine are in open alliance with those who call the fall a fable, who deny the personality of the Holy Ghost, who call justification by faith immoral, and hold that there is another probation after death, and a future restitution for the lost. Yes, we have before us the wretched spectacle of professedly orthodox Christians publicly avowing their union with those who deny the faith, and scarcely concealing their contempt for those who cannot be guilty of such gross disloyalty to Christ. To be very plain, we are unable to call these things Christian unions; they begin to look like confederacies in evil. Before the face of God we fear that they wear no other aspect. To our inmost heart this is a sad truth from which we cannot break away.

It is lawful to unite with all sorts of men for good and benevolent and necessary purposes, even as at a fire, Pagan and Papist and Protestant may each one hand on the buckets, and in a sinking ship, heathen and Christian alike are bound to take turns at the pumps. For useful, philanthropical and political purposes, united action is allowable among men of the most diverse views in religion. But the case before us is that of a distinctly religious communion, a professed fellow-

ship in Christ. Is this to be made so wide that those who contradict each other on vital points may yet pretend to be at one?

Furthermore, we should greatly object to the sniffing about for heresy which some speak of; but in this case the heresy is avowed, and is thrust forward in no diffident style. No words could be more explicit had they been selected as a challenge. We have not to deal with those tares which were like the wheat, but with thorns and thistles which declare themselves openly. Whether the Down-Grade evil has operated on few or many is a question which may be waived; it has operated manifestly enough upon some, and they glory in it. Yet professedly sound believers are in full accord with these outspokenly heterodox men, and are linked with them in set and formal union. Is this according to the mind of the God of truth?

The largest charity towards those who are loyal to the Lord Jesus, and yet do not see with us on secondary matters, is the duty of all true Christians. But how are we to act towards those who deny his vicarious sacrifice, and ridicule the great truth of justification by his righteousness? These are not mistaken friends, but enemies of the Cross of Christ. There is no use in employing circumlocutions and polite terms of expression—where Christ is not received as to the cleansing power of his blood and the justifying merit of his righteousness, he is not received at all.

It used to be generally accepted in the Christian Church that the line of Christian communion was drawn hard and fast at the Deity of our Lord; but even this would appear to be altered now. In various ways the chasm has been bridged, and during the past few years several ministers have crossed into Unitarianism, and have declared that they perceived little or no difference in the two sides of the gulf. In all probability there was no difference to perceive in the regions where they abode. It is our solemn conviction that where there can be no real spiritual communion there should be no pretence of fellowship. Fellowship with known and vital error is participation in sin. Those who know and love the truth of God cannot have fellowship with that

which is diametrically opposed thereto, and there can be no reason why they should pretend that they have such fellowship.

We cheerfully admit that among men who possess the divine life, and a consequent discernment of truth, there will be differences of attainment and perception; and that these differences are no barriers to love and union. But it is another matter when we come to receiving or rejecting the vicarious secrifice and the justifying righteousness of our Lord. We who believe Holy Scripture to be the inspired truth of God cannot have fellowship with those who deny the authority from which we derive all our teaching. We go to our pulpits to save a fallen race, and believe that they must be saved in this life, or perish forever: how can we profess brotherhood with those who deny the fall of man, and hold out to him the hope of another probation after death? They have all the liberty in the world, and we would be the last to abridge it: but that liberty cannot demand our co-operation. If these men believe such things, let them teach them, and construct churches, unions, and brotherhoods for themselves! Why must they come among us? When they enter among us at unawares, and are resolved to stay, what can we do? The question is not soon answered; but, surely, in no case will we give them fellowship, or profess to do so.

During the past month many have put to us the anxious question, "What shall we do? To these we have had no answer to give except that each one must act for himself after seeking direction of the Lord. In our own case we intimated our course of action in last month's paper. We retire at once and distinctly from the Baptist Union. The Baptist churches are each one of them self-contained and independent. The Baptist Union is only a voluntary association of such churches, and it is a simple matter for a church or an individual to withdraw from it. The union, as at present constituted, has no disciplinary power, for it has no doctrinal basis whatever, and we see no reason why every form of belief and misbelief should not be comprehended in it so long as immersion only is acknowledged as baptism. There is no use in blaming the union for harbouring errors

of the extremest kind, for, so far as we can see, it is powerless to help itself, if it even wished to do so. Those who originally founded it made it "without form and void," and so it must remain. At least, we do not see any likelihood of a change. A large number have this state of things in admiration, and will go on with it; we have no such admiration, and, therefore, have ceased from it. But we want outsiders to know that we are in nowise altered in our faith, or in our denominational position. As a baptized believer, our place is where it has ever been.

Why not start a new Denomination? This is not a question for which we have any liking. There are denominations enough. If there were a new denomination formed the thieves and robbers who have entered other "gardens walled round" would climb into this also, and so nothing would be gained. Besides, the expedient is not needed among churches which are each one self-governing and self-determining: such churches can find their own affinities without difficulty, and can keep their own coasts clear of invaders. Since each vessel is seaworthy in herself, let the hampering ropes be cut clean away, and no more lines of communication be thrown out until we know that we are alongside a friend who sails under the same glorious flag. In the isolation of independency, tempered by the love of the Spirit which binds us to all the faithful in Christ Jesus, we think the lovers of the gospel will for the present find their immediate safety. Oh, that the day would come when, in a larger communion than any sect can offer, all those who are one in Christ may be able to blend in manifest unity! This can only come by the way of growing spiritual life, clearer light upon the one eternal truth, and a closer cleaving in all things to him who is the Head, even Christ Jesus.

[From The Sword and the Trowel of August, 1888.]

The "Down-Grade" and the Up-Grade;

OR, THE POWER OF TRUTH.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

The decay of true piety, or godliness of life, has commonly been associated with a defection of doctrinal belief; or, in other words, a departure from the faith of the gospel of Jesus Christ. On the other hand, a revival of true religion has commonly been attended with or followed by a renewed attachment to evangelical truth. This may be very much like saying over again the memorable words of Luther, that the holding or not holding the doctrine of justification by faith is the test of a standing or a falling church. Of course, he meant, and we mean, not the holding of evangelical doctrine in a theological or philosophical sense only, but the holding the truth in its living power, and gracious, holy influence. The history of Christianity and of Christian churches in England, Wales, Scotland, France, Germany, and other parts of Europe amply corroborates this statement. But nowhere do we see it more plainly than in the history of the Christian church in Geneva, the city of John Calvin.

The common course in the Down-Grade movement has been, first of all, while still professedly holding the truth, to hold it less and less in its living, experimental power, until it has become little more than a theory or a form. Next, it has been common to gradually drop the form of sound words, and to make the opinions square with the life, instead of permitting living principles to inspire and regulate the conduct. Finally, it has sometimes happened, according to

the temper of the man and his associations, to deny, slander, and denounce the very truths he once professed to hold and teach. The surroundings of iniquity, especially iniquity in a dress of religion, will soon cool down the fervor of inward piety if the repellant power of faith and prayer and communion with Christ be wanting; and when love to Christ has been cooled down to the point of tolerating error and sin, and living in conformity to the world, the full result of spiritual deadness and disloyalty to Christ and his truth is soon reached.

In reference to Geneva, and the lamentable departures of its ministers and people from the true faith, which reached its maximum in the early part of the present century, there was not only a departure from sound doctrine as taught by the greatest of the Reformers, but from all evangelical truth. until the ministers and professors, and most of the students, were either Arians or Socinians. We cannot go into details, but we will give a brief summary of the state of things. When we see plants and shrubs, plucked up by the roots and trodden under foot, we know that the hand of the spoiler has been there, turning the blossoming garden into a ruinous waste. Something like this had taken place in the city of Geneva. It had passed through great political conflicts in connection with the first French Revolution and the wars of Napoleon I; but these tribulations did not work either patience or humility. Trial should have led the Protestants to a deeper, truer, and stronger faith in Him, who comforteth his own in all their tribulations; but instead thereof, it made them haughty, and hard, and daringly impious. As to their faith, they were altogether on the down-line; and they not only had no brake to check their descent, but they desired none. Professing themselves to be wise, they had become fools.

James Alexander Haldane, Esq., in writing the memoirs of his uncle and father, Robert and James A. Haldane, describes Geneva as it was in its former glory, and as it was in its shame and disgrace:

"Geneva is one of those names which symbolizes something far more glorious than the little town, whose ancient battlements were at once the monuments of the defensive skill of Vauban, and the persecuting tyranny of the house of Savoy. Geneva has been for ages a term antagonistic to Rome. Placed at the extremity of its own placid and beautiful lake, where the blue waters of the arrowy Rhone rush onwards to the ocean, this free city, as if designed by God to be a witness against Popery, whether Ultramontane or Gallican, stood between the Jura and the Alps, themselves the types of beauty and sublimity. Within its hospitable gates were received several of the Italian families proscribed for favoring the Reformation. It was the city where Knox, with other exiles from Scotland, found an asylum, and whence he imported into his own favored land that form of church government to which Scotland has so fondly and firmly adhered. At a later period it welcomed many of the French who fled from the persecution which followed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Geneva was, indeed, the glory of the Reformation, the battle-field of light and darkness, the Thermopylæ of Protestantism, from whose Alpine heights the light of gospel truth once streamed forth with brilliant lustre athwart the blackness of papal superstition. But Geneva fell from its ancestral faith, and proved how vain are historic names, orthodox creeds, and religious formularies, where the Spirit ceases to animate the lifeless frame,"

As far back as 1757 a celebrated French infidel complimented (?) the pastors of the city in an article in the French Encyclopædia, after his own fashion: "To say all in one word, many of the pastors of Geneva have no other religion but a perfect Socinianism, rejecting all that they call mysteries."

Be it remembered, that they did not call themselves Socinians. No, their apostasy was less open than real. The same infidel writer, with a befitting sarcasm, adds, "I should be extremely concerned to be suspected of having betrayed their secret."

One fluitful source of false doctrine, and a frequent means of the subtle dissemination of error, was the plan practised by the Professor Vinet of that day (1779) of allowing students to maintain before him Arian theses. This was the mistake

at Northampton and Daventry, which was so fatal to many students, of which Dr. Priestly was one. Is the same mistake repeated as to other errors in any of the Nonconformist colleges of to-day? If so, it behoves all who are concerned to see to it. I suppose few persons, if any, are so absurd as to place upon their table wholesome bread, and bread with an admixture of poisonous ingredients, that their children and friends may taste and see, and take that which they prefer.

At the early part of this century, Jean Jacques Rousseau lived near Geneva. In one of his letters he writes his

opinion of the Genevan ministers of his day:

"It is asked of the ministers of the Church of Geneva, if Jesus Christ be God? They dare not answer. It is asked, if he were a mere man? They are embarrassed, and will not say they think so. A philosopher, with a glance of the eye, penetrates their character. He sees them to be Arians, Socinians, Deists; he proclaims it, and thinks he does them honor. They are alarmed, terrified; they come together, they discuss, they are in agitation, they know not to which of the saints they should turn; and, after earnest consultations, deliberations, conferences, all vanishes in amphigouri; and they neither say 'Yes,' nor 'No.' O Genevans, these gentlemen, your ministers, in truth are very singular people! They do not know what they believe, or what they do not believe. They do not even know what they would wish to appear to believe. Their only manner of establishing their faith is to attack the faith of others."

French intercourse, specially during the First Empire, led to the introduction of French manners. The Sunday evenings saw the theatres open; and it was by no means an unusual thing for the pastors to dismiss their congregations earlier on the occasion of solemn festivals, that they might themselves join in the festivities of the Lord's-day, which were closed with-fireworks on the lake.

We, in England, may seem to be a very long way from this state of things, but we must not be the victims of a false security. It is well known that, in the ritualistic section of the Church of England, people are found at the theatre at

night, and at the communion the next morning; and that after an "early celebration" on Lord's-days, the evening may be devoted to the claims of a dinner-party, or to lawn-tennis. In many Nonconformist circles it is the custom to attend chapel in the morning only, and spend the rest of the day at home-doing what? We do not say. It may be in reading good books, catechizing the children and servants, or, after the manner of our fathers, going over the morning sermon with them. But we suspect many people would laugh at us if we even suggested such a thing. One instance is well known to us in which a rather loud professor has a "musical evening" on the Sabbath, with a considerable medley of invited guests, for whom are provided the choicest refreshments. The Christian World has done much harm in the direction of secularizing the Sabbath, and other publications have followed in its wake. The first part of its title has been supposed to sanctify all its contents; or, at least, people have acted as if they thought so, and so the tinge of "Christian" has been the sugar-coat for the great bolus of the "World," and all has been swallowed together.

But God has never left himself without a witness, neither did he in Geneva. There were a few young men, thoughtful and religiously disposed, who saw through the shams of the pastors, or at least had a yearning for something different from the chaff of human opinions which was dealt out at the churches from Sunday to Sunday. These young men formed a society, which lived a little beyond its first annual report. They were only half enlightened, but they were the possessors of a love to Christ which panted for a fuller revelation of him. After a time the society was broken up, some being removed, and others having found a Moravian congregation to unite with. One of these earnest seekers was induced to enter the household of Madame Krudener, as her chaplain. Her views of divine truth were far from distinct, and light was lacking.

In 1816, a Welshman, or possibly an Englishman, of the artisan class, of the Calvinistic Methodist persuasion, settled at Geneva, on the ground of the ancient convent, where, nearly three hundred years before, the Reformation was first

proclaimed by William Farel. The name of this good man was Richard Wilcox. He took his religion with him when he left his native land for a foreign country, for it evidently had its seat in his heart. He met a few of the members of the disbanded religious society which we have just mentioned, and he gave the enquirers the benefit of his knowledge and experience. He was so far a true Calvinist as to dwell much on the eternal love of God the Father, and on the certainty of the salvation of all his chosen people; but he lacked one important feature of Calvinistic doctrine, the inviting of all who hear the gospel to come to Christ and believe on him unto eternal life. In this he fell short, but nevertheless he strengthened those who came into close fellowship with him in the true faith of Christ.

It is a very common thing with preachers who dislike Calvinistic doctrine, especially those who have never given themselves the trouble to study it carefully and closely, to draw carricatures of Calvinism, or, as a distinguished preacher has lately remarked, to set up Calvinism as a kind of target against which to discharge their arrows; in doing so they not only misrepresent some of the most earnest and successful preachers of God's Word, but they mislead their hearers. In certain cases which have come to the knowledge of the writer, young men of small experience, with a daring which wiser men would never have displayed, have held up to ridicule the thing they called Calvinism, which was not Calvinism at all, but some scarecrow of their own dressing up, like unto nothing in either heaven or earth. At the same time, these gentlemen left their hearers to guess what doctrines they would have them receive in the place of those they would have them renounce. There is an old proverb about children playing with edge-tools, which we will not repeat, for we intend not to be unkind, but would rather "rebuke them sharply that they may be sound in the faith." There is a temptation in this age of change to make truth subservient to charity, and everything to popularity. But this is folly. Whatever new kinds of diet may be invented, bread will always be in request; and when all the changing notions of theological speculators,

and all the quiddities of those who are wise in their own eyes have had their little day, and lie like drifted wood on the shores of time, the *eternities of Jehovah* will remain the joy and song of the redeemed. Eternal love, eternal life, eternal redemption; everlasting righteousness; everlasting salvation, according to an everlasting covenant, will be the everlasting portion and the eternal joy of all the called, and chosen, and faithful.

Would that we could speak a word kindly, and in a brotherly or fatherly, or, at least a Christian spirit, to some of those men, young men mostly, whom Satan is trying to get into his sieve, and bewich with a love for novelties and the things that "go" with the unthinking multitude; we would not tell them to wait until they are *sure* they have a *God-given message* to the people, and a "Thus saith the Lord" for what they deliver in his name, but we would ask them humbly and patiently to wait upon God, and lay aside every consideration of success, advancement, and widening influence; and, like young Samuel, cry, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

Coming back to Geneva, we find that towards the close of 1816, Richard Wilcox was about to leave Geneva, and that M. Empeytaz, one of the leaders of the little band of enquirers, was also quitting the field of conflict, where the ministers, with their lay-assistants and the government officers, called the *Consistory*, were determined to crush him. His friend and colleague, M. Bost, was also leaving for the Canton of Berne. The outlook was dark for the praying few, who were like those "feeble Jews," in the days of Nehemiah, who sought to rebuild the ruined temple of the Lord on the original foundations. But help was at hand. When was the time that there was not "redemption in Israel?" And whoever looked for "redemption in Israel?" in vain?

It was in the autumn of this year, that Mr. Robert Haldane, in a remarkable way, had his steps directed of God to return to Geneva, after having, as he supposed, finally left it. He was well adapted for the work, as all God's instruments are. He was not a minister, as that term is usually understood, but a gentleman having means at command.

He was one well instructed in the things of the kingdom of God; an all round Calvinist, sober minded and spiritually minded, with a maturity of understanding, an experience of divine truth, and a ripeness of Christian character rarely combined. He had also a zeal well balanced by prudence, a devotion to God and His cause, and a courage which had been proved in the service of his king and country.

The time, too, was opportune. There had been some little stir made by a pamphlet, entitled "Considerations on the Divinity of Jesus Christ." Henri Empeytaz, its author, we have already mentioned. Though to an ordinary body of evangelical ministers or students it would appear nothing special, this book created a good deal of excitement among the rationalistic students at Geneva. They assembled in the great hall of the Consistory, and having elected one of their number chairman, passed an address to the "venerable company" of pastors, in which they solemnly protested against the "odious aggression" of the "calumnious" pamphlet. Two only of the students-M. Henri Pyt and M. Guers-refused to sign it. The president was M. Merle D'Aubigne, who soon appeared with new surroundings.

Mr. Haldane commenced reading the scriptures in one of the rooms of his hotel. As he could not speak French with sufficient accuracy for his purpose, he employed one of the students as an interpreter. The first was M. Rieu, then M. Frederic Monod, then M. James. His expositions were clear, forcible, and both earnest and striking. The first student brought others, and at length he met a number of them twice a week, to whom he expounded the Epistle to the Romans. As those expositions were afterwards published, and the work is still procurable, they need not be further described than that they were thoroughly Pauline in their character, Calvinistic in doctrine, and evangelical in spirit. These readings and expositions were carried on to the end of the session in the summer, and wonderful was the result. Among the converts were men to whom the church and the world are under everlasting obligations. If we mention the names of some of the better known, that must be sufficient: Dr. Merle D'Aubigne, Frederic Monod, Gaussen, Henri Pyt, M. Guers, M. James, Charles Rieu, M. Gonthier, and last, but not least, Dr. Cæsar Malan. This last, as we are told by her sister, was the means of leading Charlotte Elliott into the light and liberty of the gospel—that gospel she so well understood, Calvinist as she was, and has so forcibly and beautifully expressed in her world-known hymn,

"Just as I am, without one plea," &c.

In Geneva, and France, and Switzerland, and elsewhere, the Word of the Lord ran and was glorified through the ministry and writings of those men who were either first awakened or led into the liberty of the gospel by the clear and lucid expositions of Mr. Haldane. A foundation was also laid for evangelistic efforts both at home and abroad in the future.

Felix Neff, "The Pastor of the Alps," was not immediately one of the fruits of Mr. Haldane's labors, but he was indirectly such, through the instructions of Gonthier and François Olivier.

The conversion of D'Aubigne was very remarkable. It is the fashion nowadays in many nonconformist pulpits to ignore the doctrine of the fall of man, and the total alienation and corruption of the human heart. There are ministers, not a few, who would be offended and indignant if one were to ascribe to them such sentiments concerning the depravity of man as were held and taught by Mr. Haldane, yet—hear it! all ye who only preach the doctrine in an undertone—God blessed the preaching of this doctrine in a remarkable way.

Young D'Aubigne heard of Mr. Haldane as the English or Scotch gentleman who spoke so much about the Bible, a book with which he had only a slight acquaintance. One day he met Mr. Haldane at a private house with some friends, and heard him read from an English Bible, and expound a chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, concerning the natural corruption of man, a doctrine of which he had no knowledge. The truth was astounding to him, but he was clearly convinced of it by the passage read, and he said to Mr. Haldane: "Now I do indeed see this doctrine in the Bible." "Yes," replied the venerable man, "but do you see

it in your heart?" That simple question was carried home to his heart. It was the sword of the Spirit. He was thoroughly convinced of the corruption of his own nature, and he gladly embraced the truth of salvation by grace alone. Thus did God prepare him to be the historian of the Reformation.

After Mr. Haldane left Geneva, in the summer of 1817, he spent two years at Montauban, where were 6,000 or 7,000 Protestants, and where was a Protestant college, established by Napoleon I, having then some sixty students. Here he labored with fidelity and blessed success.

Now we want to make one or two observations on the foregoing.

First, we see the sad results of declension from the truth. and yielding to the specious pleas of rationalism concerning inspiration, the Divinity of Christ, his death as an atonement for sin, justification by faith, the work of the Holy Spirit in conversion, and such like. These truths are like so many links in a chain: give up one, and, in effect, you give up all, and you have nothing left but a cold, dreary, hopeless scepticism. Therefore, we must neither give them up ourselves, nor connive at or shelter those that do. Truth first, and friendship and charity afterwards.

A course which has been often recommended by good men, and which may be right in some cases—that of avoiding controverted subjects, and simply dwelling on truths commonly received among professing Christians-was not that followed by Mr. Haldane. It could not well be; in him vagueness would have been ill-timed and criminal. The pastors and professors in the faculty heard of the doctrines he was teaching, and they preached openly against what he taught; while he, on the other hand, collected their arguments and labored to destroy their heresies. They taught that men are born pure, and spoke of the Savior as the first of created beings; and he boldly opposed and refuted these errors. They taught that the gospel was useful, but not necessary to salvation; but he declared, with all boldness. that there is "None other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." It was not, therefore, by

avoiding controversy and controverted doctrines, that he labored to raise up the fallen standard of the gospel at Geneva, but by declaring the whole counsel of God, "dwelling," as he says in his letter to Rev. E. Bickersteth, "on every doctrine of the Bible, whether it was controverted or not, or however repulsive to the carnal mind; and confronting and bringing to the test of Scripture every argument leveled at my instructions, both by pastors and professors."

This full, unhesitating, all-round exposition and declaration of the gospel is wanted *now*. Let the truth be proclaimed from the house-top, with no rounding off of angles, and no apologizing for its sternness. Let us declare "all the counsel of God," and leave our own comfort to him whose honor should be more to us than life itself.

It is clear that there is a mighty power in those truths which are denominated evangelical. Mr. Haldane's methods was far enough removed from professional revivalism and every kind of sensationalism. It was by the plain, humbling, unwelcome truths about sin and salvation, plainly spoken, but earnestly and affectionately pressed, that God wrought so marvelously. The Lord used those very truths which are so little preached, and so little understood, in these days. Many are trying to work men up to Christ's character and excellence, without first of all bringing them into contact with Christ as the source of all grace, righteousness, salvation, holiness, and spiritual power. It was the "virtue"—the healing power—that went out of Christ, responsive to the act of faith in the diseased woman, that effected her cure; and it must be so in salvation; for Jesus is all-in-all, that God may have the glory of all. Christ will never be truly understood as Exemplar till he is received as a Sacrifice; and certainly he will never be followed in his life till the disciple has been quickened through faith in his death. You must take the Lord Jesus as a whole, and then there flows from him a wondrous power for moral cleansing, then, we say, and not till then. Christ crucified, and all the great doctrines which surround him and his cross, are the great restoratives of our fallen humanity.

Now, if these truths are the channels of such mighty power, and if God has, in numberless instances, so wonderfully blessed them, those men run a fearful risk who ignore. deny, underrate, or throw them aside. There may yet be new modes of traveling, and new methods of doing many things, but there is not, there never will be, any new method of saving souls. While sin is what it is, and the human heart is what it is; while the prince of darkness holds the disobedient in the chains of enmity to God, while the natural man understandeth not the things of the Spirit of God, the grace of God will be absolutely necessary; for only the grace of God can accomplish the wonderful work of saving the lost, raising the dead, justifying the ungodly, and making condemned sinners children of God. Therefore, O ve servants of God, hold fast that ye have received, and never think of casting away the weapons of your spiritual warfare. The Lord bless us all with more and more of his Spirit, his light, his love, his power, that by the faithful preaching of the "everlasting gospel," we may batter down the walls of superstition, error, infidelity and sin.

The writer of this article especially commends to all the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel*, ministerial and otherwise, a very excellent work,* by his old friend, Rev. D Pledge, of Ramsgate. It is gold from the mine of truth, and "the gold is good." The work is specially opportune.

^{*&}quot;Scripture Verities." Elliott Stock; and of the Author.

SELECTIONS

FROM THE WORKS

of

REV. C. H. SPURGEON.



SELECTIONS.

- I. JOHN PLOUGHMAN'S PICTURES
- 2. John Ploughman's Talk.
- 3. ILLUSTRATIONS AND MEDITATIONS.
- 4. THE CLEW OF THE MAZE.
- 5. SERMON EXTRACTS.
- 6 CHEQUE BOOK.
- 7. SALTCELLARS.



IF THE CAP FITS, WEAR IT.

FRIENDLY READERS: Last time I made a book I trod on some people's corns and bunions, and they wrote me angry letters, asking, "Did you mean me!" This time, to save them the expense of a halfpenny card, I will begin my book by saying,



Whether I please or whether I tease, I'll give you my honest mind; If the cap should fit, pray wear it a bit; If not you can leave it behind.

No offence is meant; but if anything in these

pages should come home to a man, let him not send it next door, but get a coop for his own chickens. What is the use of reading or hearing for other people? We do not eat and drink for them; why should we lend them our ears and not our mouths? Please then, good friend, if you find a hoe on these premises, weed your own garden with it.

I was speaking with Will Shepherd the other day about our master's old donkey, and I said, "He is so old and stubborn, he really is not worth his keep." "No," said Will, "and worse still, he is so vicious, that I feel sure he'll do somebody a mischief one of these days." You know they say that walls have ears; we were talking rather loud, but we did not know that there were ears to haystacks. We stared, I tell you, when we saw Joe Scroggs come from behind the stack, looking red as a turkey-cock, and raving like mad. He burst out swearing at Will and me, like a cat spitting at a dog. His monkey was up and no mistake. He'd let us know that he was as good a man as either of us, or the two put together, for the matter of that. Talk about him in that way; he'd do-I don't know what. I told old Joe we never thought of him, nor said a word about him, and he might just as well save his breath to cool his porridge, for nobody meant him any harm. This only made him call me a liar, and roar the louder. My friend, Will, was walking away, holding his sides, but when he saw that Scroggs was still in a fume, he laughed outright, and turned round on him and said, "Why, Joe, we were talking about master's old donkey, and not about you; but, upon my word, I shall never see that donkey again without thinking of Joe Scroggs." Joe puffed and blowed, but perhaps he thought it an awkward job, for he backed out of it, and Will and I went off to our work in rather a merry cue, for old Joe had blundered on the truth about himself for once in his life.

The aforesaid Will Shepherd has sometimes come down rather heavy upon me in his remarks, but it has done me good. It is partly through his home thrusts that I have come to write this new book, for he thought I was idle; perhaps I am, and perhaps I am not. Will forgets that I have other fish to fry and tails to butter; and he does not recollect that a ploughman's mind wants to lie fallow a little, and can't give a crop every year. It is hard to make rope when your hemp is all used up, or pancakes without batter, or rook pie without the birds; and so I found it hard to write more when I had said just about all I knew.

BURN A CANDLE AT BOTH ENDS, AND IT WILL SOON BE GONE.

HE came in to old Alderman Greedy's money for he was his nephew; but, as the old saying is, the fork followed the rake, the spender was heir to the



hoarder. God has been very merciful to some of us in never letting money come rolling in upon us, for most men are carried off their legs if they meet with a great wave of fortune. Many of us would have been bigger sinners if we had been trusted

with larger purses. Poor Jack had plenty of pence, but little sense. Money is easier made than made use of. What is hard to gather is easy to scatter. The old gentleman had lined his nest well, but Jack made the feathers fly like flakes of snow in winter time. He got rid of his money by shovelfuls and then by cartloads. After spending the interest he began swallowing the capital, and so killed the goose that laid the golden eggs. He squandered his silver and gold in ways which must never be told. It would not go fast enough, and so he bought race-horses to run away with it. He got into the hands of blacklegs, and fell into company of which we shall say but little; only when such madams smile, men's purses weep; these are a well without a bottom, and the more a fool throws in, the more he may. The greatest beauty often causes the greatest ruin. Play, women and wine are enough to make a prince a pauper.

Always taking out and never putting back soon empties the biggest sack, and so Jack found it; but he took no notice till his last shilling bade him good-by, and then he said he had been robbed; like silly Tom who put his finger in the fire and said it was his bad luck.

IT IS HARD FOR AN EMPTY SACK TO STAND UPRIGHT.

SAM may try a fine while before he will make one of his empty sacks stand upright. If he were not half daft he would have left off that job before



he began it, and not have been an Irishman either. He will come to his wit's end before he sets the sack on its end. The old proverb, printed at the top, was made by a man who had burned his fingers with debtors, and it just means that when

folks have no money and are over head and ears in debt, as often as not they leave off being upright, and tumble over one way or another. He that has but four and spends five will soon need no purse, but he will most likely begin to use his wits to keep himself afloat, and take to all sorts of dodges to manage it.

Nine times out of ten they begin by making promises to pay on a certain day when it is certain they have nothing to pay with. They are as bold at fixing the time as if they had my lord's income. The day comes round as sure as Christmas, and then they haven't a penny-piece in the world, and so they make all sorts of excuses and begin to promise again. Those who are quick to promise are generally slow to perform. They promise mountains and perform molehills. He who gives you fair words and nothing more feeds you with an empty spoon, and hungry creditors soon grow tired of that game. Promises don't fill the belly. Promising men are not great favorites if they are not performing men. When such a fellow is called a liar he thinks he is hardly done by; and yet he is so, as sure as eggs are eggs, and there's no denying it, as the boy said when the gardener caught him up the cherry tree.

A HANDSAW IS A GOOD THING, BUT NOT TO SHAVE WITH.

Our friend will cut more than he will eat, and shave off something more than hair, and then he will blame the saw. His brains don't lie in his beard,



nor yet in the skull above it, or he would see that his saw will only make sores. There's sense in choosing your tools, for a pig's tail will never make a good arrow, nor will his ear make a silk purse. You can't catch rabbits with drums, nor pigeons with plums. A good thing is not good out of its place. It is much the same with lads and girls; you can't put all boys to one trade, nor send all girls to the same service. One chap will make a London clerk, and another will do better to plough and sow and reap and mow and be a farmer's boy. It's no use forcing them; a snail will never run a race, nor a mouse drive a wagon.

"Send a boy to the well against his will, The pitcher will break and the water spill."

With unwilling hounds it is hard to hunt hares. To go against nature and inclination is to row against wind and tide. They say you may praise a fool till you make him useful: I don't know so much about that, but I do know that if I get a bad knife I generally cut my finger, and a blunt axe is more trouble than profit. No, let me shave with a razor if I shave at all, and do my work with the best tools I can get.

Never set a man to work he is not fit for, for he will never do it well. They say that if pigs fly they always go with their tails forward, and awkward workmen are much the same. Nobody expects cows to catch crows, or hens to wear hats. There's reason in roasting eggs, and there should be reason in choosing servants.

HUNCHBACK SEES NOT HIS OWN HUMP, BUT HE SEES HIS NEIGHBOR'S.

HE points at the man in front of him, but he is a good deal more of a guy himself. He should not laugh at the crooked until he is straight himself,



and not then. I hate to hear a raven croak at a crow for being black. A blind man should not blame his brother for squinting, and he who has lost his legs should not sneer at the lame. Yet so

it is, the rottenest bough cracks first, and he who should be the last to speak is the first to rail. Bespattered hogs bespatter others, and he who is full of fault finds fault. They are most apt to speak ill of others who do most ill themselves.

"We're very keen our neigbor's hump to see, We're blind to that upon our back alone; E'en though the lump far greater be, It still remains to us unknown."

It does us much hurt to judge our neighbors, because it flatters our conceit, and our pride grows quite fast enough without feeding. We accuse others to excuse ourselves. We are such fools as to dream that we are better because others are worse, and we talk as if we could get up by pulling others down. What is the good of spying holes in people's coats when we can't mend them? Talk of my debts if you mean to pay them; if not, keep your red rag behind your ivory ridge. A friend's faults should not be advertised, and even a stranger's should not be published. He who brays at an ass is an ass himself, and he who makes a fool of another is a fool himself. Don't get into the habit of laughing at people, for the old saying is, "Hanging's stretching and mocking's catching."

Some must have their joke whoever they poke; For the sake of fun mischief is done, And to air their wit full many they hit.

DRUNKARDS, READ THIS!

DRUNKENNESS

EXPELS REASON. DISTEMPERS THE BODY, DIMINISHES STRENGTH, INFLAMES THE BLOOD,

INTERNAL) CAUSES EXTERNAL WOUNDS; INCURABLE

A WITCH TO THE SENSES. A DEMON TO THE SOUL, A THIEF TO THE PURSE. A GUIDE TO BEGGARY, LECHERY AND VILLIANY.

IT IS

THE WIFE'S WOE AND THE CHILDREN'S SORROW.

MAKES A MAN

WALLOW WORSE THAN A BEAST AND ACT LIKE A FOOL.

HE IS

A SELF-MURDERER WHO DRINKS TO ANOTHER'S GOOD HEALTH AND ROBS HIMSELF OF HIS OWN.

HE HAS A HOLE UNDER HIS NOSE, AND HIS MONEY RUNS INTO IT.

This is the man who is always dry, because he takes so much heavy wet. He is a loose fellow who is fond of getting tight. He is no sooner up



than his nose is in the cup, and his money begins to run down the hole which is just under his nose. He is not a blacksmith, but he has a spark in his throat, and all the publican's barrels can't put it out. If a pot of beer is a yard of land, he must

have swallowed more acres than a ploughman could get over for many a day, and still he goes on swallowing until he takes to wallowing. All goes down Gutter Lane. Like the snipe, he lives by suction. If you ask him how he is, he says he would be quite right if he could moisten his mouth. His purse is a bottle, his bank is the publican's till and his casket is a cask; pewter is his precious metal, and his pearl* is a mixture of gin and beer. The dew of his youth comes from Ben Nevis, and the comfort of his soul is cordial gin. He is a walking barrel, a living drain-pipe, a moving swill-tub. They say "loath to drink and loath to leave off," but he never needs persuading to begin, and as to ending—that is out of the question while he can borrow twopence. This is the gentleman who sings:

> He that buys land buys many stones, He that buys meat buys many bones, He that buys eggs buys many shells, He that buys good ale buys nothing else.

He will never be hanged for leaving his drink behind him. He drinks in season and out of season: in summer because he is hot, and in winter because he is cold.

^{*}Purl.

SCANT FEEDING OF MAN OR HORSE IS SMALL PROFIT AND SURE LOSS.

What is saved out of food of cattle is a dead loss, for a horse can't work if he is not fed. If an animal won't pay for keeping he won't pay for



starving. Even the land yields little if not nourished, and it is just the same with the poor beast. You might as well try to run a steam engine without coals, or drive a water mill without water, as a horse without putting corn into him. Thomas Tusser, who wrote a book upon "Husbandry" in the olden time, said,

"Who starveth his cattle, and wearieth them out By carting and ploughing, his gain I much*doubt; But he that in labor doth use them aright Has gain to his comfort and cattle in plight.

Poor dumb animals cannot speak for themselves, and therefore every one who has his speech should plead for them. To keep them short of victuals is a crying shame. The one in our picture seems to be thoroughly broken in: look at his knees! His owner ought to be flogged at the cart tail. I hate cruelty, and above all things the cruelty which starves the laboring beast.

A right good man is good to all, And stints not stable, rack or stall; Not only cares for horse and hog, But kindly thinks of cat and dog.

Is not a man better than a beast? Then, depend upon it, what is good for the ploughing horse is good for the ploughing boy. A bellyful of plain food is a wonderful help to a laboring man. A starving workman is a dear servant. If you don't pay your men, they pay themselves, or else they shirk their work. He who labors well should be fed well, especially a ploughman.

"Let such have enow That follow the plough,"

A LOOKING-GLASS IS OF NO USE TO A BLIND MAN.

HE who will not see is much the same as if he had no eyes; indeed, in some things, the man without eyes has the advantage, for he is in the



dark and knows it. A lantern is of no use to a bat, and good teaching is lost on the man who will not learn. Reason is folly with the unreasonable. One man can lead a horse to the water, but a hundred cannot make him drink: it is easy work to

tell a man the truth, but if he will not be convinced your labor is lost. We pity the poor blind, we cannot do so much as that for those who shut their eyes against the light.

A man who is blind to his own faults is blind to his own interests. He who thinks that he never was a fool is a fool now. He who never owns that he is wrong will never get right. He'll mend, as the saying is, when he grows better, like sour beer in summer. How can a man take the smuts off his face, if he will not look in the glass, nor believe that they are there when he is told of them?

Prejudice shuts up many eyes in total darkness. The man knows already: he is positive and can swear to it, and it's no use your arguing. He has made up his mind, and it did not take him long, for there's very little of it, but when he has said a thing he sticks to it like cobbler's wax. He is wiser than seven men that can render a reason. He is as positive as if he had been on the other side the curtain and looked into the back yard of the universe. He talks as if he carried all knowledge in his waiscoat pocket, like a peppermint lozenge. Those who like may try to teach him, but I don't care to hold up a mirror to a mole.

DON'T CUT OFF YOUR NOSE TO SPITE YOUR FACE.

Anger is a short madness. The less we do when we go mad the better for everybody, and the less we go mad the better for ourselves. He is far



gone who hurts himself to wreak his vengeance on others. The old saying is, "Don't cut off your head because it aches," and another says, "Set not your house on fire to spite the moon." If things go awry, it is a poor way of mending to

make them worse, as the man did who took to drinking because he could not marry the girl he liked. He must be a fool who cuts off his nose to spite his face, and yet this is what Dick did when he had vexed his old master, and because he was chid must needs give up his place, throw himself out of work, and starve his wife and family. Jane had been idle, and she knew it, but sooner than let her mistress speak to her, she gave warning, and lost as good a service as a maid could wish for. Old Griggs was wrong, and could not deny it, and yet because the parson's sermon fitted him rather close, he took the sulks, and vowed he would never hear the good man again. It was his own loss, but he wouldn't listen to reason, but was as wilful as a pig.

Do nothing when you are out of temper, and then you will have the less to undo. Let a hasty man's passion be a warning to you; if he scalds you, take heed that you do not let your own pot boil over. Many a man has given himself a box on the ear in his blind rage, av, and ended his own life out of spite. He who cannot curb his temper carries gunpowder in his bosom, and he is neither safe for himself nor his neighbors. When passion comes in at the door, what little sense there is indoors flies out at the window.

NEVER STOP THE PLOUGH TO CATCH A MOUSE.

THERE'S not much profit in this game. Think of a man and a boy and four horses all standing still for the sake of a mouse! What would old



friend Tusser say to that? I think he would rhyme in this fashion:

A ploughman deserveth a cut of the whip If for idle pretence he let the hours slip.

Heaps of people act like the man in our picture. They have a great work in hand which wants all

their wits, and they leave it to squabble over some pretty nothing, not worth a fig, Old master Tom would say to them,

No more tittle tattle, go on with your cattle. He could not bear for a farmer to let his horses out for carting even, because it took their work away from the farm, and so I am sure he would be in a great stew if he saw farmers wasting their time at matches and hunts and the like. He says:

"Who slacketh his tillage a carter to be, For groat got abroad, at home shall lose three; For sure by so doing he brings out of heart, Both land for the corn and horse for the cart."

The main chance must be minded, and the little things must be borne with. Nobody would burn his house down to kill the black beetles, and it would never answer to kill the bullocks to feed the cats. If our baker left off making bread for a week while he cracked the cockroaches, what should we all do for breakfast? If the butcher sold no more meat till he had killed all the blowflies, we should be many a day without mutton. If the water companies never gave the Londoners a drink till they had fished every gudgeon out of the Thames, how would the old ladies make their tea? There's no use in stopping your fishing because of the seaweed, nor your riding because of the dust.

EVERY MAN SHOULD SWEEP BEFORE HIS OWN DOOR.

HE is a wise man who has wit enough for his own affairs. It is a common thing for people to *mind* Number One, but not so common to see



people *mend* it. When it comes to spending money on labor or improvements, they think that repairs should begin at Number 2, and Number 3, and go on till all the houses up to Number 50 are touched up before any hint should be given to

Number One. Now, this is very stupid, for if charity should begin at home, certainly reformation should begin there too. It is a waste of time to go far away to make a clearance; there's nothing like sweeping the snow from your own door. Let every dog carry his own tail. Mind your own business, and mend your own manners, and if every man does the same all will be minded and mended, as the old song says:

"Should every man defend his house, Then all would be defended; If every man would mend a man, Then all mankind were mended."

A man who does not look well to his own concerns is not fit to be trusted with other people's. Lots of folks are so busy abroad that they have no time to look at home. They say the cobbler's wife goes barefoot, and the baker's child gets no buns, and the sweep's house has sooty chimneys. This comes of a man thinking he is everybody except himself. All the wit in the world is not in one head, and therefore the wisest man living is not bound to look after all his neighbors' matters. There are wonderful people about, whose wisdom would beat Solomon into fits; and yet they have not sense enough to keep their own kettle from boiling over.

YOU MAY BEND THE SAPLING, BUT NOT THE TREE.

LADDER and pole and cord will be of no use to straighten the bent tree; it should have been looked after much earlier. Train trees when they



are saplings, and young lads before the down comes on their chins. If you want a bullfinch to pipe, whistle to him while he is young; he will scarcely catch the tune after he has learned the wild bird's note. Begin early to teach, for children begin early to sin. Catch them young and you may hope to keep them.

> Ere your boy has reached to seven. Teach him well the way to heaven; Better still the work will thrive If he learns before he's five.

What is learned young is learned for life. What we hear at the first we remember to the last. The bent twig grows up a crooked tree. Horsebreakers say,

> "The tricks a colt getteth at his first backing, Will whilst he continueth never be lacking."

When a boy is rebellious, conquer him, and do it well the first time, that there may be no need to do it again. A child's first lesson should be obedience, and after that you may teach it what you please, vet the voung mind must not be laced too tight, or you may hurt its growth and hinder its strength. They say a daft nurse makes a wise child, but I do not believe it; nobody needs so much common sense as a mother or a governess. It does not do to be always thwarting; and yet remember, if you give a child his will and a whelp his fill, both will surely turn out ill. A child's back must be made to bend, but it must not be broken. He must be ruled, but not with a rod of iron. His spirit must be conquered, but not crushed.

"GREAT CRY AND LITTLE WOOL," AS THE MAN SAID WHO CLIPPED THE SOW.

Now, is not this very like the world with its notions of pleasure? There is noise enough: laughter and shouting and boasting; but where is



the comfort which can warm the heart and give peace to the spirit? Generally there's plenty of smoke and very little fire in what is called pleasure. It promises a nag and gives an egg. Gayety is a

sort of flash in the pan, a fifth of November squib, all fizz and bang and done for. The devil's meal is all bran, and the world's wine turns to vinegar. It is always making a great noise over nutshells. Thousands have had to weep over their blunder in looking for their heaven on earth; but they follow each other like sheep through a gap, not a bit the wiser for the experience of generations. It seems that every man must have a clip at his own particular pig, and cannot be made to believe that like all the rest it will yield him nothing but bristles. Men are not all of one mind as to what is best for them; they no more agree than the clocks in our village, but they all hang together in following after vanity, for to the core of their hearts they are vain. One shears the publican's hog, which is so fond of the swill-tub, and he reckons upon bringing home a wonderful lot of wool; but everybody knows that he who goes to the "Woolpack" for wool will come home shorn: the "Blue Boar" is an uncommonly ugly animal to shear, and so is the "Red Lion." Better shear off as fast as you can; it will be sheer folly to stop. You may loaf about the tap of the "Halfmoon" till you get the full moon in your noddle, and need a keeper: it is the place for men whose wits go wool-gathering, but wool there is none.

A MAN MAY LOVE HIS HOUSE, THOUGH HE RIDE NOT ON THE RIDGE.

You can love your house and not ride on the ridge; there's a medium in everything. You can be fond of your wife without being her drudge, and



you can love your children dearly, and yet not give them their own way in everything Some men are of so strange a kidney that they set no bounds to their nonsense. If they are fond of roast beef they must needs suck the spit; they cannot rest with eating the pudding, they must swallow the bag. If they dislike a thing, the very smell of it sets them grumbling, and if they like it they must have it everywhere and always, for nothing else is half so sweet. When they do go in for eating rabbits, they have

> Rabbits young and rabbits old, Rabbits hot and rabbits cold, Rabbits tender, rabbits tough: Never can they have enough.

Whatever they take up takes them up, and for a season they cannot seize on anything else. At election times the barber cannot trim his customer's poll because of the polling, and the draper cannot serve you with calico because he is canvassing. The nation would go to the dogs altogether if the cat's-meat man did not secure the election by sticking his mark on the ballot paper. It is supposed that the globe would leave off turning round if our Joe Scroggs did not go down to the "Dun Cow," and read the paper, and have his say upon politics, in the presence of the House of Commons assembled in the tap-room. I do not quite think so, but I know this, that when the Whigs and the Tories and the Radicals are about, Scroggs is good for nothing all day long. What party he belongs to I don't know, but I believe his leading principle will be seen in the following verse:

If gentlemen propose a glass,
He never says them nay;
For he always thinks it right to drink
While other people pay.

GREAT DRINKERS THINK THEMSELVES GREAT MEN.

Wonderful men and white rats are not so scarce as most people think. Folks may talk as they like about Mr. Gladstone, Lord Beaconsfield,



and that sharp gentleman Bismarck, but Jack, and Tom, and Harry, and scores more that I know of, could manage their business for them a fine sight better; at least, they think so, and are quite ready to try. Great men are as plentiful as mice in an

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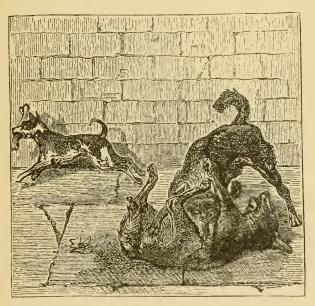
old wheat stack down our way. Every parish has one or two wonderful men; indeed, most publichouses could show one at least, and generally two; and I have heard that on Saturday nights, when our "Blue Dragon" is full, there may be seen as many as twenty of the greatest men in all the world in the tap-room, all making themselves greater by the help of pots of beer. When the jug has been filled and emptied a good many times, the blacksmith feels he ought to be prime minister; Styles, the carter, sees the way to take off the taxes, and old Hobbs, the rat-catcher, roars out,

"They're all a pack of fools, And good-for-nothing tools; If they'd only send for me, You'd see how things would be."

If you have a fancy to listen to these great men when they are talking you need not go into the bar, for you can hear them outside the house; they generally speak four or five at a time, and every one in a Mitcham whisper, which is very like a shout. What a fine flow of words they have! There's no end to it, and it's a pity there was ever any beginning, for there's generally a mix up of foul talk with their politics, and this sets them all roaring with laughter. A few evenings in such company would poison the mind of the best lad in the parish.

TWO DOGS FIGHT FOR A BONE, AND A THIRD RUNS AWAY WITH IT.

WE have heard of the two men who quarrelled over an oyster, and called in a judge to settle the question; he ate the oysters himself, and gave them



a shell each. This reminds me of the story of the cow which two farmers could not agree about, and so the lawyers stepped in and milked the cow for them, and charged them for their trouble in drinking the milk. Little is got by law, but much is

lost by it. A suit in law may last longer than any suit a tailor can make you, and you may yourself be worn out before it comes to an end. It is better far to make matters up and keep out of court, for if you are caught there you are caught in the brambles, and won't get out without damage. John Ploughman feels a cold sweat at the thought of getting into the hands of lawyers. He does not mind going to Jericho, but he dreads the gentlemen on the road, for they seldom leave a feather upon any goose which they pick up.

However, if men will fight they must not blame the lawyers; if law were cheaper quarrelsome people would have more of it, and quite as much would be spent in the long run. Sometimes, however, we get dragged into court willy nilly, and then one had need be wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove. Happy is he who finds an honest lawyer, and does not try to be his own client. A good lawyer always tries to keep people out of law; but some clients are like moths with the candle, they must and will burn themselves. He who is so wise that he cannot be taught will have to pay for his pride.

STICK TO IT AND DO IT.

SET a stout heart to a stiff hill, and the wagon will get to the top of it. There's nothing so hard but a harder thing will get through it; a strong job can be managed by a strong resolution. Have at



it and have it. Stick to it and succeed. Till a thing is done men wonder that you think it can be done, and when you have done it they wonder it was never done before.

In my picture the wagon is drawn by two horses;

but I would have every man who wants to make his way in life pull as if all depended on himself. Very little is done right when it is left to other people. The more hands to do work the less there is done. One man will carry two pails of water for himself; two men will only carry one pail between them, and three will come home with never a drop at all. A child with several mothers will die before it runs alone. Know your business and give your mind to it, and you will find a buttered loaf where a sluggard loses his last crust.

In these times it's no use being a farmer if you don't mean work. The days are gone by for gentlemen to make a fortune off of a farm by going out shooting half their time. If foreign wheats keep on coming in, farmers will soon learn that

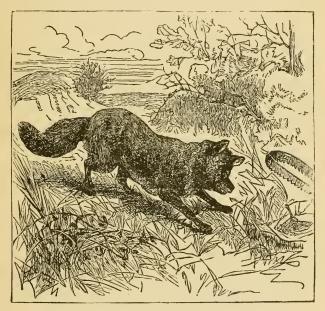
"He who by the plough would thrive, Himself must either hold or drive."

He is a sorry dog who wants game and will not hunt for it: let us never lie down in idle despair, but follow on till we succeed.

Rome was not built in a day, nor much else, unless it be a dog kennel. Things which cost no pains are slender gains. Where there has been little sweat there will be little sweet. Jonah's gourd came up in a night, but then it perished in a night.

AN OLD FOX IS SHY OF A TRAP.

The old fox knows the trap of old. You don't catch him so easily as you would a cub. He looks sharp at the sharp teeth, and seems to say,



"Hollo, my old chap,
I spy out your trap.
To-day, will you fetch me?
Or wait till you catch me?"

The cat asked the mice to supper, but only the young ones would come to the feast, and they never went home again. "Will you walk into my parlor?"

said the spider to the fly, and the silly creature did walk in, and was soon dead as a door-nail.

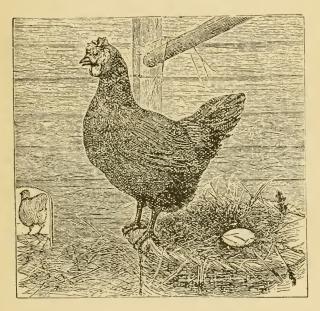
What a many traps have been set for some of us. Man-traps and woman-traps; traps to catch us by the eye, by the ear, by the throat, and by the nose; traps for the head and traps for the heart; day traps, and night traps, and traps for any time you like. The baits are of all sorts, alive and dead, male and female, common and particular. We had need be wiser than foxes, or we shall soon hear the snap of the man-trap and feel its teeth.

Beware of beginnings: he who does not take the first wrong step will not take the second. Beware of drops, for the fellows who drink take nothing but a "drop of beer," or "a drop too much." Drop your drop of grog. Beware of him who says, "Is it not a little one?" Little sins are the eggs of great sorrows. Beware of lips smeared with honey: see how many flies are caught with sweets. Beware of evil questions which raise needless doubts, and make it hard for a man to trust his Maker. Beware of a bad rich man who is very liberal to you; he will buy you first and sell you afterward. Beware of a dressy young woman, without a mind or a heart; you may be in a net before you can say Jack Robinson.

"Pretty fools are no ways rare: Wise men will of such beware."

A BLACK HEN LAYS A WHITE EGG.

THE egg is white enough, though the hen is black as a coal. This is a very simple thing, but it has pleased the simple mind of John Ploughman, and made him cheer up when things have gone



hard with him. Out of evil comes good, through the great goodness of God. From threatening clouds we get refreshing showers; in dark mines men find bright jewels, and so from our worst troubles come our best blessings. The bitter cold

sweetens the ground, and the rough winds fasten the roots of the old oaks. God sends us letters of love in envelopes with black borders. Many a time have I plucked sweet fruit from bramble bushes, and taken lovely roses from among prickly thorns. Trouble is to believing men and women like the sweetbrier in our hedges, and where it grows there is a delicious smell all around, if the dew do but fall upon it from above.

Cheer up, mates, all will come right in the end. The darkest night will turn to a fair morning in due time. Only let us trust in God, and keep our heads above the waves of fear. When our hearts are right with God, everything is right. Let us look for the silver which lines every cloud, and when we do not see it let us believe that it is there. We are all at school, and our great Teacher writes many a bright lesson on the blackboard of affliction. Scant fare teaches us to live on heavenly bread, sickness bids us send off for the good Physician, loss of friends makes Jesus more precious, and even the sinking of our spirits brings us to live more entirely upon God. All things are working together for the good of those who love God, and even death itself will bring them their highest gain. Thus the black hen lays a white egg.

HE LOOKS ONE WAY AND PULLS ANOTHER.

HE faces the shore, but he is pulling for the ship. This is the way of those who row in boats, and also of a great many who never trust themselves on the



water. The boatman is all right, but the hypocrite is all wrong, whatever rites he may practice. I cannot endure Mr. Facing-both-ways, yet he has swarms of cousins.

It is ill to be a saint without and a devil within,

to be a servant of Christ before the world in order to serve the ends of self and the devil, while inwardly the heart hates all good things. There are good and bad of all classes, and hypocrites can be found among ploughmen as well as among parsons. It used to be so in the olden times, for I remember an old verse which draws out just such a character. The man says:

"I'll have a religion all of my own, Whether Papist or Protestant shall not be known; And if it proves troublesome I will have none."

In our Lord's day many followed him, but it was only for the loaves and fishes. They do say that some in our parish don't go quite so straight as the Jews did, for they go to the church for the loaves, and then go over to the Baptist chapel for the fishes. I don't want to judge, but I certainly do know some who, if they do not care much for faith, are always following after charity.

Better die than sell your soul to the highest bidder. Better be shut up in the workhouse than fatten upon hypocrisy. Whatever else we barter, let us never try to turn a penny by religion, for hypocrisy is the meanest vice a man can come to.

FOOLS SET STOOLS FOR WISE MEN TO STUMBLE OVER.

This is what they call "a lark." Fools set stools for wise men to stumble over. To ask questions is as easy as kissing your hand; to answer them is as



hard as fattening a greyhound. Any fool can throw a stone into a well, and the cleverest man in the parish may never be able to get it up again. Folly grows in all countries, and fools are all the world over, as he said who shod the goose. Silly people are pleased with their own nonsense, and think it rare fun to quiz their betters. To catch a wise man tripping is as good as bowling a fellow out at a cricket match.

> "Folly is wise in her own eyes, Therefore she tries Wit to surprise."

There are difficulties in everything except in eating pancakes, and nobody ought to be expected to untie all the knots in a net, or to make that straight which God has made crooked. He is the greatest fool of all who pretends to explain everything, and says he will not believe what he cannot understand. There are bones in the meat, but am I to go hungry till I can eat them? Must I never enjoy a cherry till I find one without a stone? John Ploughman is not of that mind. He is under no call to doubt, for he is not a doctor: when people try to puzzle him he tells them that those who made the lock had better make the key, and those who put the cow in the pound had better get her out. Then they get cross, and John only says, You need not be crusty, for you are none too much baked.

A MAN IN A PASSION RIDES A HORSE THAT RUNS AWAY WITH HIM.

When passion has run away with a man, who knows where it may carry him? Once let a rider lose power over his horse, and he may go over



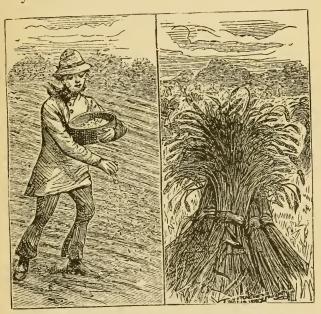
hedge and ditch, and end in a tumble into the stonequarry and a broken neck. No one can tell in cold blood what he may do when he gets angry; therefore it is best to run no risks. Those who feel their temper rising will be wise if they rise themselves and walk off to the pump. Let them fill their mouths with cold water, hold it there ten minutes at least, and then go indoors, and keep there until they feel as cool as a cucumber. If you carry loose gunpowder in your pocket, you had better not go where sparks are flying; and if you are bothered with an irritable nature you should move off when folks begin teasing you. Better keep out of a quarrel than fight your way through it.

Nothing is improved by anger, unless it be the arch of a cat's back. A man with his back up is spoiling his figure. People look none the handsomer for being red in the face. It takes a great deal out of a man to get into a towering rage; it is almost as unhealthy as having a fit, and time has been when men have actually choked themselves with passion, and died on the spot. Whatever wrong I suffer it cannot do me half so much hurt as being angry about it; for passion shortens life and poisons peace.

When once we give way to temper, temper will claim a right of way, and come in easier every time. He that will be in a pet for any little thing will soon be out at elbows about nothing at all. A thunder-storm curdles the milk, and so does a passion sour the heart and spoil the character.

SCATTER AND INCREASE.

PEOPLE will not believe it, and yet it is true as the gospel, that giving leads to thriving. John Bunyan said:



"There was a man, and some did count him mad, The more he gave away the more he had."

He had an old saying to back him, one which is as old as the hills, and as good as gold:

"Give and spend And God will send." If a man cannot pay his debts he must not think of giving, for he has nothing of his own, and it is thieving to give away other people's property. Be just before you are generous. Don't give to Peter what is due to Paul. They used to say that "Give" is dead and "Restore" is buried, but I do not believe it any more than I do another saying, "there are only two honest men, one is dead and the other is not born." No, no, there are many free hearts yet about, and John Ploughman knows a goodish few of them—people who don't cry, "Go next door," but who say, "Here's a little help, and we wish we could make it ten times as much." God has often a great share in a small house, and many a little man has a large heart.

Now, you will find that liberal people are happy people, and get more enjoyment out of what they have than folks of a churlish mind. Misers never rest till they are put to bed with a shovel; they often get so wretched they would hang themselves only they grudge the expense of a rope. Generous souls are made happy by the happiness of others; the money they give to the poor buys them more pleasure than any other that they lay out.

HE WOULD PUT HIS FINGER IN THE PIE, AND SO HE BURNED HIS NAIL OFF.

Some men must have a finger in every pie, or, as the proverb hath it, "their oar must be in every man's boat." They seem to have no business



except to poke their noses into other people's business; they ought to have snub noses, for they are pretty sure to be snubbed. Prying and spying, peddling and meddling, these folks are in every-

body's way, like the old toll-gate. They come without being sent for, stop without being asked, and cannot be got rid of, unless you take them by the left leg and throw them down stairs, and if you do that they will limp up again and hope they don't intrude. No one pays them, and yet they give advice more often than any lawyer; and though no one ever thanks them, yet there they are, peeping through keyholes and listening under the eaves. They are as great at asking questions as if they wanted you to say the catechism, and as eager to give their opinion as if you had gone down on your knees to ask it.

These folks are like dogs that fetch and carry; they run all over the place like starlings when they are feeding their young. They make much ado, but never do much, unless it is mischief, and at this they are as apt as jackdaws. If any man has such people for his acquaintances, he may well say, "Save me from my friends."

I know you assistance will lend; When I want it I'll speedily send; You need not be making such stir, But mind your own business, good sir.

A LEAKING TAP IS A GREAT WASTER.

A LEAKING tap is a great waster. Drop by drop, by day and by night, the liquor runs away, and the housewife wonders how so much can have gone. This is the fashion in which many laboring



men are kept poor. They don't take care of the pence, and so they have no pounds to put in the bank. You cannot fill the rain-water butt if you do not catch the drops. A sixpence here and a shilling there, and his purse is empty before a

man dares to look in it. What with waste in the kitchen, waste at table and waste at the publichouse, fools and their money soon part to meet no more. If the wife wastes too, there are two holes in the barrel. Sometimes the woman dresses in tawdry finery and gets in debt to the tally-man; and it is still worse if she takes to the bottle. When the goose drinks as deep as the gander, pots are soon empty, and the cupboard is bare. Then they talk about saving, like the man who locked the stable door after his horse was stolen. They will not save at the brim, but promise themselves and the pigs that they will do wonders when they get near the bottom. It is well to follow the good old rule.

"Spend so as ye may Spend for many a day."

He who eats all the loaf at breakfast may whistle for his dinner and get a dish of empties. If we do not save while we have it we certainly shall not save after all is gone. There is no grace in waste. Economy is a duty; extravagance is a sin. The old Book saith, "He that hasteth to be rich shall not be innocent," and, depend upon it, he that hasteth to be poor is in much the same box. Stretch your legs according to the length of your blanket, and never spend all that you have:

"Put a little by; Things may go awry."

JOHN PLOUGHMAN'S TALK;

OR,

PLAIN ADVICE FOR PLAIN PEOPLE.

TO THE IDLE.

IT is no more use to give advice to the idle than to pour water into a sieve; and as to improving them, one might as well try to fatten a greyhound. Yet, as the Old Book tells us to "cast our bread upon the waters," we will cast a hard crust or two upon these stagnant ponds; for there will be this comfort about it, if lazy fellows grow no better, we shall be none the worse for having warned them; for when we sow good sense the basket gets none the emptier. We have a stiff bit of soil to plough when we chide with sluggards, and the crop will be of the smallest; but if none but good land were farmed, ploughmen would be out of work, so we'll put the plough into the furrow. Idle men are common enough, and grow without planting; but the quantity of wit among seven acres of them would never pay for raking; nothing is needed to prove this but their name and their character; if they were not fools they would not be idlers; and though Solomon says, "The sluggard is wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason," yet in the eyes of every one else his folly is as plain as the sun in the sky. If I hit hard while speaking to them, it is because I know they can bear it; for if I had them down on the floor of the old barn, I might thresh many a day before I could get them out of the straw, and even the steam thresher could not do it: it would kill them first; for laziness is in some people's bones, and will show itself in their idle flesh, do what you will with them.

ON RELIGIOUS GRUMBLERS.

When a man has a particularly empty head, he generally sets up for a great judge, especially in religion. None so wise as the man who knows nothing. His ignorance is the mother of his impudence and the nurse of his obstinacy; and though he does not know B from a bull's foot, he settles matters as if all wisdom were in his fingers' ends—the Pope himself is not more infallible. Hear him talk after he has been at meeting and heard a sermon, and you will know how to pull a good man to pieces, if you never knew before. He sees

faults where there are none, and if there be a few things amiss, he makes every mouse into an elephant. Although you might put all his wit into an egg-shell, he weighs the sermon in the balances of his conceit, with all the airs of a bred-and-born Solomon, and if it be up to his standard, he lays on his praise with a trowel; but if it be not to his taste, he growls and barks and snaps at it like a dog at a hedgehog. Wise men in this world are like trees in a hedge, there is only here and there one; and when these rare men talk together upon a discourse, it is good for the ears to hear them; but the bragging wiseacres I am speaking of are vainly puffed up by their fleshly minds, and their quibbling is as senseless as the cackle of geese on a common. Nothing comes out of a sack but what was in it, and as their bag is empty, they shake nothing but wind out of it. It is very likely that neither ministers nor their sermons are perfect—the best garden may have a few weeds in it, the cleanest corn may have some chaff—but cavillers cavil at anything or nothing, and find fault for the sake of showing off their deep knowledge; sooner than let their tongues have a holiday, they would complain that the grass is not a nice shade of blue, and say that the sky would have looked neater if it had been whitewashed.

ON THE PREACHER'S APPEARANCE.

A good horse cannot be a bad color, and a really good preacher can wear what he likes, and none will care much about it; but though you cannot know wine by the barrel, a good appearance is a letter of recommendation even to a ploughman. Wise men neither fall into love nor take a dislike at first sight, but still the first impression is always a great thing even with them; and as to those weaker brethren who are not wise, a good appearance is half the battle. What is a good appearance? Well, it's not being pompous and starchy, and making one's self high and mighty among the people, for proud looks lose hearts, and gentle words win them. It's not wearing fine clothes either, for foppish dress usually means a foul house within, and the doorstep without fresh whitened; such dressing tells the world that the outside is the best part of the puppet. When a man is as proud as a peacock, all strut and show, he needs converting himself before he sets up to preach to others. The preacher who measures himself by his looking-glass may please a few silly girls, neither God nor man will long put up with him. The man who owes his greatness to his tailor will find that needle and thread cannot

long hold a fool in a pulpit. A gentleman should have more in his pocket than on his back, a minister should have more in his inner man than on his outer man. I would say, if I might, to young ministers, do not preach in gloves, for cats in mittens catch no mice; don't curl and oil your hair like dandies, for nobody cares to hear a peacock's voice; don't have your own pretty self in your mind at all, or nobody else will mind you. Away with gold rings, and chains, and jewelry; why should the pulpit become a goldsmith's shop? Forever away with surplices and gowns, and all those nursery doll-dressesmen should put away childish things. A cross on the back is the sign of a devil in the heart; those who do as Rome does, should go to Rome and show their colors.

ON GOOD NATURE AND FIRMNESS.

Do not be all sugar, or the world will suck you down; but do not be all vinegar, or the world will spit you out. There is a medium in all things; only blockheads go to extremes. We need not be all rock or all sand, all iron or all wax. We should neither fawn upon everybody like silly lapdogs, nor fly at all persons like surly mastiffs. Blacks and whites go together to make up a world, and hence

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on the point of temper we have all sorts of people to deal with. Some are as easy as an old shoe, but they are hardly ever worth more than the other one of the pair; and others take fire as fast as tinder at the smallest offence, and are as dangerous as gunpowder. To have a fellow going about the farm as cross with everybody as a bear with a sore head, with a temper as sour as verjuice and as sharp as a razor, looking as surly as a butcher's dog, is a great nuisance, and yet there may be some good points about the man, so that he may be a man for all that; but poor soft Tommy, as green as grass and as ready to bend as a willow, is nobody's money and everybody's scorn. A man must have a backbone, or how is he to hold his head up? but that backbone must bend, or he will knock his brow against the beam.

ON GOSSIPS.

"IT is nothing—only a woman drowning," is a wicked and spitful old saying, which, like the bridle, came out of the common notion that women do a world of mischief with their tongues. Is it so or not? John Ploughman will leave somebody else to answer, for he owns that he cannot keep a secret himself, and likes a dish of chat as well as

anybody; only John does not care for cracking people's characters, and hates the slander which is so sweet to some people's teeth. John puts the question to wiser men than himself. Are women much worse than men in this business? They say that silence is a fine jewel for a woman, but it is very little worn. Is it so? Is it true that woman only conceales what she does not know? Are women's tongues like lambs' tails, always wagging? They say foxes are all tail, and women all tongue. Is this false or not? Was that old prayer a needful one-"From big guns and women's tongues deliver us?" John has a right good and quiet wife of his own, whose voice is so sweet that he cannot hear it too often, and, therefore, he is not a fair judge; but he is half afraid that some other women would sooner preach than pray, and would not require strong tea to set their clappers going; but still, what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, and some men are quite as bad blabs as the women.

ON SEIZING OPPORTUNITIES.

Some men never are awake when the train starts, but crawl into the station just in time to see that everybody is off, and then sleepily say, "Dear me,

is the train gone? My watch must have stopped in the night!" They always come into town a day after the fair, and open their wares an hour after the market is over. They make their hay when the sun has left off shining, and cut their corn as soon as the fine weather is ended. They cry "hold hard!" after the shot has left the gun, and lock the stabledoor when the steed is stolen. They are like a cow's tail, always behind; they take time by the heels, and not by the forelock, if indeed they ever take him at all. They are no more worth than an old almanac; their time has gone for being of use; but, unfortunately, you cannot throw them away as you would the almanac, for they are like the cross old lady who had an annuity left to her, and meant to take out the full value of it; they won't die, though they are of no use alive. Take-it-easy and Live-long are first cousins, they say, and the more's the pity. If they are immortal till their work is done, they will not die in a hurry, for they have not even begun to work yet. Shiftless people generally excuse their laziness by saying, "they are only a little behind;" but a little too late is much too late, and a miss is as good as a mile.

ON KEEPING ONE'S EYES OPEN.

To get through this world a man must look about him, and even sleep with one eye open; for there are many baits for fishes, many nets for birds, and many traps for men. While foxes are so common, we must not be geese. There is a very great difference in this matter among people of my acquaintance; many see more with one eye than others with two and many have fine eyes and cannot see a jot. All heads are not sense-boxes. Some are so cunning that they suspect everybody, and so live all their lives in miserable fear of their neighbors; others are so simple that every knave takes them in, and makes his penny of them. One man tries to see through a brick wall, and hurts his eyes; while another finds out a hole in it, and sees as far as he pleases. Some work at the mouth of a furnace, and are never scorched, and others burn their hands at the fire when they only mean to warm them. Now, it is true that no one can give another experience, and we must all pick up wit for ourselves; yet I shall venture to give some of the homely cautions which have served my turn, and perhaps they may be of use to others, as they have been to me.

DEBT.

WHEN I was a very small boy, in pinafores, and went to a woman's school, it so happened that I wanted a stick of slate-pencil, and had no money to buy it with. I was afraid of being scolded for losing my pencils so often, for I was a real careless little fellow, and so did not dare to ask at home; what then was John to do? There was a little shop in the place, where nuts, and tops, and cakes, and balls were sold by old Mrs. Dearson, and sometimes I had seen boys and girls get trusted by the old lady. I argued with myself that Christmas was coming, and that somebody or other would be sure to give me a penny then, and perhaps even a whole silver sixpence. I would, therefore, go into debt for a stick of slate-pencil, and be sure to pay at Christmas. I did not feel easy about it, but still I screwed my courage up, and went into the shop. One farthing was the amount, and as I had never owed anything before, and my credit was good, the pencil was handed over by the kind dame, and I was in debt. It did not please me much, and I felt as if I had done wrong, but I little knew how soon I should smart for it. How my father came to hear of this little stroke of business I never knew, but some little bird or other

whistled it to him, and he was very soon down upon me in right earnest. God bless him for it; he was a sensible man, and none of your children spoilers; he did not intend to bring up his children to speculate and play at what big rogues call financing, and therefore he knocked my getting into debt on the head at once, and no mistake. He gave me a very powerful lecture upon getting into debt, and how like it was to stealing, and upon the way in which people were ruined by it; and how a boy who would owe a farthing might one day owe a hundred pounds, and get into prison, and bring his family into disgrace. It was a lecture, indeed; I think I can hear it now, and can feel my ears tingling at the recollection of it. Then I was marched off to the shop like a deserter marched into barracks, crying bitterly all down the street, and feeling dreadfully ashamed because I thought everybody knew I was in debt. The farthing was paid, amid many solemn warnings, and the poor debtor was set free, like a bird let out of a cage. How sweet it felt to be out of debt.

FAULTS.

HE who boasts of being perfect is perfect in folly. I have been a good deal up and down in

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the world, and I never did either see a perfect horse or a perfect man, and I never shall till two Sundays come together You cannot get white flour out of a coal sack, nor perfection out of human nature; he who looks for it had better look for sugar in the sea. The old saying is, "Lifeless, faultless;" of dead men we should say nothing but good, but as for the living, they are all tarred more or less with the black brush, and half an eye can see it. Every head has a soft place in it, and every heart has its black drop. Every rose has its prickles, and every day its night. Even the sun shows spots, and the skies are darkened with clouds. Nobody is so wise but he has folly enough to stock a stall at Vanity Fair. Where I could not see the fool's-cap, I have nevertheless heard the bells jingle. As there is no sunshine without some shadows, so is all human good mixed up more or less of evil; even poor-law guardians have their little failings, and parish beadles are not wholly of heavenly nature.

THINGS NOT WORTH TRYING.

THAT is a wise old saying, "Spend not all you have; believe not all you hear; tell not all you know, and do not all you can." There is so much work to be done that needs our hands, that it is a pity to waste a grain of strength. When the game is not worth the candle, drop it at once. It is wasting time to look for milk in a gate-post, or blood in a turnip, or sense in a fool. Never ask a covetous man for money till you have boiled a flint soft. Don't sue a debtor who has not a penny to bless himself with—you will only be throwing good money after bad, which is like losing your ferret without getting the rabbit. Never offer a lookingglass to a blind man; if a man is so proud that he will not see his faults, he will only quarrel with you for pointing them out to him. It is of no use to hold a lantern to a mole, or to talk of heaven to a man who cares for nothing but his dirty money. There is a time for everything, and it is a silly thing to preach to drunken men; it is casting pearls before swine; get them sober, and then talk to them soberly; if you lecture them while they are drunk, you act as if you were drunk vourself.

MEN WHO ARE DOWN.

No man's lot is fully known till he is dead; change of fortune is the lot of life. He who rides in the carriage may yet have to clean it. Sawyers change places, and he who is up aloft may have

to take his turn in the pit. The thought that we may ourselves be one day under the window, should make us careful when we are throwing out dirty water. With what measure we mete, it shall be measured to us again, and therefore let us look well to our dealings with the unfortunate.

Nothing makes me more sick of human nature than to see the way in which men treat others when they fall down the ladder of fortune: "Down with him," they cry, "he always was good for nothing."

"Down among the dead men, down, down, down, Down among the dead men, there let him lie."

Dog won't eat dog, but men will eat each other up like canninals, and boast of it too. There are thousands in this world who fly like vultures to feed on a tradesman or a merchant as soon as ever he gets into trouble. Where the carcass is thither will the eagles be gathered together. Instead of a little help, they give the sinking man a great deal of cruelty, and cry, "Serves him right." All the world will beat the man whom fortune buffets. If providence smites him, all men's whips begin to crack. The dog is drowning, and therefore all his friends empty their buckets over him. The tree has fallen, and everybody runs for his hatchet.

The house is on fire, and all the neighbors warm themselves. The man has ill luck, therefore his friends give him ill usage; he has tumbled into the road, and they drive their carts over him; he is down, and selfishness cries, "Let him be kept down, then there will be the more room for those who are up."

SPENDING.

To earn money is easy compared with spending it well; anybody may dig up potatoes, but it is not one woman in ten that can cook them. Men do not become rich by what they get, but by what they save. Many men who have money are short of wit as a hog is of wool; they are under years of discretion, though they have turned forty, and make ducks and drakes of hundreds as boys do of stones. What their fathers got with rakes, they throw away with shovel. After the miser comes the prodigal. Often men say of the spendthrift, his own father was no man's friend but his own; and now the son is no man's enemy but his own; the fact is, the old gentleman went to hell by the lean road, and his son has made up his mind to go there by the fat.

HARD work is the grand secret of success. Nothing but rags and poverty can come of idleness. Elbow-grease is the only stuff to make gold with. No sweat, no sweet. He who would have the crow's eggs must climb the tree. Every man must build up his own fortune nowadays. Shirt-sleeves rolled up lead on to best broadcloth; and he who is not ashamed of the apron will soon be able to do without it. "Diligence is the mother of good luck," as poor Richard says; but "Idleness is the devil's bolster," as John Ploughman says.

Believe in traveling on step by step; don't expect to be rich in a 'ump:

Great greediness to reap Helps not the money heap.

Slow and sure is better than fast and flimsy. Perseverance, by its daily gains, enriches a man far more than fits and starts of fortunate speculation. Little fishes are sweet. Every little helps, as the sow said when she snapped at a gnat. Every day a thread makes a skein in a year. Brick by brick houses are built. We should creep before we walk, walk before we run, and run before we ride. In getting rich, the more haste the worse speed. Haste trips up its own heels. Hasty climbers have sudden falls.

It is bad beginning business without capital. It is hard marketing with empty pockets. We want a nest-egg, for hens will lay where there are eggs already. It is true you must bake with the flour you have, but if the sack is empty it might be quite as well not to set up for a baker. Making bricks without straw is easy enough compared with making money when you have none to start with. You, young gentleman, stay a journeyman a little longer, till you have saved a few pounds; fly when your wings have got feathers; but if you try it too soon you will be like the young rook that broke its neck through trying to fly before it was fledged. Every minnow wants to be a whale, but it is prudent to be a little fish while you have but little water; when your pond becomes the sea, then swell as much as you like. Trading without capital is like building a house without bricks, making a fire without sticks, burning candles without wicks; it leads men into tricks, and lands them in a fix.

Don't give up a small business till you see that a large one will pay you better. Even crumbs are bread.

Better a poor horse than an empty stall; Better half a loaf than none at all.

Better a little furniture than an empty house. In these hard times, he who can sit on a stone and feed himself had better not move. From bad to worse is poor improvement. A crust is hard fare, but none at all is harder. Don't jump out of the frying-pan into the fire. Remember many men have done well in very small shops. A little trade with profit is better than a great concern at a loss; a small fire that warms you is better than a large fire that burns you. A great deal of water can be got from a small pipe, if the bucket is always there to catch it. Large hares may be caught in small woods. A sheep may get fat in a small meadow, and starve in a great desert. He who undertakes too much succeeds but little. Two shops are like two stools, a man comes to the ground between them. You may burst a bag by trying to fill it too full, and ruin yourself by grasping at too much.

> In a great river great fish are found, But take good heed lest you be drown'd.

Make as few changes as you can; trees often transplanted bear little fruit. If you have difficulties in one place, you will have them in another; if you move because it is damp in the valley, you may find it cold on the hill. Where will the ass go that he will not have to work? Where can a cow live and not get milked? Where will you find

land without stones, or meat without bones? Everywhere on earth men must eat bread in the sweat of their faces. To fly from trouble men must have eagle wings. Alteration is not always improvement, as the pigeon said when she got out of the net and into the pie. There is a proper time for changing, and then mind you bestir yourself, for a sitting hen gets no barley; but do not be forever on the shift, for a rolling stone gathers no moss. Stick-to-it is the conqueror. He who can wait long enough will win. This, that, and the other, anything and everything, all put together, make nothing in the end; but on one horse a man rides home in due season. In one place the seed grows, in one nest the bird hatches its eggs, in one oven the bread bakes, in one river the fish lives.

Do not be above your business. He who turns up his nose at his work quarrels with his bread and butter. He is a poor smith who is afraid of his own sparks: there's some discomfort in all trades except chimney-sweeping. If sailors gave up going to sea because of the wet, if bakers left off baking because it is hot work, if plowmen would not plow because of the cold, and tailors would not make our clothes for fear of pricking their fingers, what a pass we should come to!

Nonsense, my fine fellow, there's no shame about any honest calling; don't be afraid of soiling your hands, there's plenty of soap to be had. All trades are good to good traders. A clever man can make money out of dirt. Lucifer matches pay well, if you sell enough of them.

ILLUSTRATIONS AND MEDITATIONS;

OR, FLOWERS FROM A PURITAN'S GARDEN.

BIRD TIED BY A STRING.

"A bird that is tied by a string seems to have more liberty than a bird in a cage; it flutters up and down, and yet it is held fast."

When a man thinks that he has escaped from the bondage of sin in general, and yet evidently remains under the power of some one favored lust, he is woefully mistaken in his judgment as to his spiritual freedom. He may boast that he is out of the cage, but assuredly the string is on his leg. He who has his fetters knocked off, all but one chain, is a prisoner still. "Let not any iniquity have dominion over me" is a good and wise prayer; for one pampered sin will slay the soul as surely as one dose of poison will kill the body. There is no need for a traveller to be bitten by a score of deadly vipers, the tooth of one cobra is quite sufficient to insure his destruction. One sin, like one match, can kindle the fires of hell within the soul.

The practical application of this truth should be made by the professor who is a slave to drink, or

to covetousness, or to passion. How can you be free if any one of these chains still holds you fast? We have met with professors who are haughty, and despise others; how can these be the Lord's free men while pride surrounds them?

THE CRACKED POT.

"The unsoundness of a vessel is not seen when it is empty; but when it is filled with water, then we shall see whether it will leak or no."

It is in our prosperity that we are tested. Men are not fully discovered to themselves till they are tried by fullness of success. Praise finds out the crack of pride, wealth reveals the flaw of selfishness, and learning discovers the leak of unbelief. David's besetting sin was little seen in the tracks of the wild goats, but it became conspicuous upon the terraces of his palace. Success is the crucible of character. Hence the prosperity which some welcome as an unmixed favor may far more rightly be regarded as an intense form of test. O Lord, preserve us when we are full as much as when we are empty.

MEADOWS AND MARSHES.

"Meadows may be occasionally flooded, but the marshes are drowned by the tide at every return thereof."

There is all this difference between the sins of the righteous and those of the ungodly. Surprised by temptation, true saints are flooded with a passing outburst of sin; but the wicked delight in transgression and live in it as in their element. The saint in his errors is a star under a cloud, but the sinner is darkness itself. The gracious may fall into iniquity, but the graceless run into it, wallow in it, and again and again return to it.

THE WEAK STRONG, AND THE STRONG WEAK.

"It is related of Laurence Saunders, the martyr, that one day in the country, meeting his friend Dr. Pendleton, an earnest preacher in King Edward's reign, they debated upon what they had best do in the dangerous time that Mary's accession had brought upon them. Saunders confessed that his spirit was ready, but he felt the flesh was at present too weak for much suffering. But Pendleton admonished him, and appeared all courage and forwardness to face every peril. They both came, under the control of circumstances, to London, and there, when danger arose, Pendleton shrunk from the cross, and Saunders resolutely took it up."

The reader has probably met with this story before, but it will not harm him to learn its lesson again. We are certainly stronger when we feel our weakness than when we glory in our strength. Our pastoral observation over a very large church has led us to expect to see terrible failures among those who carry their heads high among their brethren. Poor timid souls who are afraid to put one foot before another, for fear they should go

an inch astray, go on from year to year in lovely, bashful holiness, and at the same time the very professors who condemned them, and distressed them by their confident pretensions, fall like Lucifer, never to hope again.

COVETOUSNESS AS A SERVANT.

'Covetousness may be entertained as a servant where it is not entertained as a master—entertained as a servant to provide oil and fuel to make other sins burn.''

Where avarice is the absolute master, the man is a miser; but even he is not more truly miserable than the man whose gainings only furnish opportunity for indulging in vice. Such persons are greedy that they may become guilty. Their money buys them the means of their own destruction, and they are eager after it. Winning and saving with them are but means for profligacy, and therefore they think themselves fine, liberal fellows, and dispise the penurious habits of the miser. Yet in what respects are they better than he? Their example is certainly far more injurious to the commonwealth, and their motive is not one whit better. Selfishness is the mainspring of action in each case; the difference lies in the means selected and not in the end proposed. Both seek their own gratification, the one by damning up the

river, and the other by drowning the country with its floods. Let the profligate judge for himself, whether he is one grain better than the greediest skinflint whom he so much ridicules.

INFANTS AND SICK FOLK.

"Though we cannot love their weaknesses, yet we must love the weak, and bear with their infirmities, not breaking the bruised reed. Infants must not be turned out of the family because they cry, and are unquiet and troublesome; though they be peevish and froward, yet we must bear it with gentleness and patience, as we do the frowardness of the sick; if they revile we must not revile again, but must seek gently to restore them, notwithstanding all their censures."

This patience is far too rare. We do not make allowances enough for our fellows, but sweepingly condemn those whom we ought to cheer with our sympathy. If we are out of temper ourselves, we plead the weather, or a headache, or our natural temperament, or aggravating circumstances; we are never at a loss for an excuse for ourselves, why should not the same ingenuity be used by our charity in inventing apologies and extenuations for others? It is a pity to carry on the trade of apologymaking entirely for home consumption; let us supply others. True, they are very provoking, but if we suffered half as much as some of our irritable friends have to endure we should be even more

aggravating. Think in many cases of their ignorance, their unfortunate bringing up, their poverty, their depression of spirit, and their home surroundings, and pity will come to the help of patience. We are tender to a man who has a gouty toe—cannot we extend the feeling to those who have an irritable soul?

THE DRUNKEN SERVANT STILL A SERVANT.

"A drunken servant is a servant, and bound to do his work; his master loseth not his right by his man's default."

It is a mere assumption, though some state it with much confidence, that inability removes responsibility. As our author shows, a servant may be too drunk to do his master's bidding, but his service is still his master's due. If responsibility began and ended with ability, a man would be out of debt as soon as he was unable to pay; and if a man felt that he could not keep his temper, he would not be blamable for being angry. A man may be bound to do what he cannot do: the habitual liar is bound to speak the truth, though his habit of falsehood renders him incapable of it. Every sin renders the sinner less able to do right, but the standard of his duty is not lowered in proportion to the lowering of his capacity to come up

to it, or it would follow that the more a man is depraved by sin the less guilty his actions become, which is absurd.

THE TRAITOR WITHIN.

"A garrison is not free from danger while it hath an enemy lodged within."

You may bolt all your doors, and fasten all your windows, but if the thieves have placed even a little child within doors, who can draw the bolts for them, the house is still unprotected. All the sea outside a ship cannot do it damage till the water enters within and fills the hold. Hence, it is clear, our greatest danger is from within. All the devils in hell and tempters on earth could do us no injury if there were no corruption in our nature. The sparks will fall harmlessly if there is no tinder. Alas, our heart is our greatest enemy; this is the little home-born thief.

AUGUSTINE'S STORY.

"Take heed of giving way to sin. The heart that was easily troubled before, when once it is inured to sin, loseth all its sensitiveness and tenderness, and what seemed intolerable at first grows into a delight. Alipius, St. Austin's friend, first abhorred the bloody spectacles of the gladiators, but gave himself leave, through the importunity of friends, to be present for once. He would not so much as open his eyes at first; but at length, when the people shouted, he gave himself liberty to see, and then not only beheld the

spectacles with delight, but drew others to behold what himself once loathed."

The story has had its counterpart in thousands of instances. Men who shuddered at the sight of a dead bird have, by familiarity with cruelty, come to commit murder without compunction. Those who sipped half a glass of wine have come to drink by the gallon. Stanch Protestants have given way to some little form and ceremony, and become more popish than the Romanists themselves. There is no safety if we venture an inch over the boundary line; indeed, little allowances are more dangerous than greater compliances, since conscience does not receive a wound, and yet the man is undone, and falls by little and little.

DRINKING TO DROWN CARE.

"He is a mountebank who strives to make men forget their spiritual sorrows instead of leading them to the true cure. This is like a man in debt, who drinks to drown his thoughts; but this neither pays the debt nor postpones the reckoning."

When conscience is uneasy, it is foolish as well as wicked to attempt to smother its cries with worldly merriment. Nay, let us hear it patiently. If we be in debt let us know it, and set about meeting our liabilities like honest men; but to burn the ledger and discharge the clerk is a madman's

way of going to work. O soul, be true to thyself. Face thine own case, however bad it may be; for refusing to know and consider the sure facts will not alter or improve them. He is a cruel doctor who tells the afflicted patient that he ails nothing, and thus sets him for the time at his ease, at the terrible cost of future disease, rendered incurable by delay.

Lord, bring me to the bar of my conscience now, lest I stand condemned at thy bar of judgment hereafter.

CÆSAR KILLED WITH BODKINS.

"Not only do great sins ruin the soul, but lesser faults will do the same. Dallying with temptation leads to sad consequences. Cæsar was killed with bodkins."

A dagger aimed at the heart will give as deadly a wound as a huge two-handed sword, and a little sin unrepented of will be as fatal as a gross transgression. Brutus and Cassius and the rest of the conspirators could not have more surely ended Cæsar's life with spears than they did with daggers. Death can hide in a drop, and ride in a breath of air. Our greatest dangers lie hidden in little things. Milton represents thousands of evil spirits as crowded into one hall; and truly the least sin may be a very Pandemonium, in which a host

of evils may be concealed—a populous hive of mischiefs each one storing death.

BERNARD'S CHARITY.

"When Bernard chanced to espy a poor man meanly apparelled, he would say to himself: 'Truly, Bernard, this man hath more patience beneath his cross than thou hast.' But if he saw a rich man delicately clothed, then he would say: 'It may be that this man, under his delicate clothing, hath a better soul than thou hast under thy religious habit!'"

This showed an excellent charity! Oh, that we could learn it! It is easy to think evil of all men, for there is sure to be some fault about each one which the least discerning may readily discover; but it is far more worthy of a Christian, and shows much more nobility of soul, to spy out the good in each fellow-believer. This needs a larger mind as well as a better heart, and hence it should be a point of a honor to practise ourselves in it till we obtain an aptitude for it. Any simpleton might be set to sniff out offensive odors; but it would require a scientific man to bring to us all the fragrant essences and rare perfumes which lie hid in field and garden. Oh, to learn the science of Christian charity! It is an art far more to be esteemed than the most lucrative of human labors. This choice art of love is the true alchemy. Charity towards others, abundantly practised, would be the death of

envy and the life of fellowship, the overthrow of self and the enthronement of grace.

A SWORD NOT TO BE JUDGED BY THE BELT.

"We do not judge a sword to be good merely because it hangs by a golden belt, or because it is set in a jewelled hilt."

Neither is a doctrine to be valued because a fine orator delivers it in gorgeous speech with glittering words. A lie is none the better for being bespangled with poetic phrases and high-sounding periods. Yet half our people forget this, and glittering oratory fascinates them. Alas, poor simpletons!

The same blunders are made about men, who should ever be esteemed according to their native worth, and not according to their position and office. What mistakes we should make if we considered all the hangers-on of great men to be themselves great, or all the followers of good men to be themselves necessarily good. Alas! the Lord Himself had His Judas, and to this day swords of brittle metal hang at the golden girdle of His church. A man is not a saint because he occupies a saintly office, or repeats saintly words.

No; the test of a sword's goodness is to be found

in battle. Will its edge turn in the fray, or will it cut through a coat of mail? Will our faith bear affliction? Will it stand us in good stead when we are hand to hand with the enemy? Will it avail us in the dying hour? If not, we may suspend it on the glittering belt of great knowledge, and hold it by the jewelled hilt of a high profession; but woe unto us!

SATAN CASTING OUT SATAN.

"Lusts are contrary one to another, and therefore jostle for the throne, and usually take it by turns. As our ancestors sent for the Saxons to drive out the Picts, so do carnal men drive out one lust by another, and, like the lunatic in the gospel (Matt. xvii,) fall sometimes into the water, and sometimes into the fire."

Of what use then can reforms be which are wrought by an evil agency? If sobriety be the fruit of pride, it grows upon a pernicious root, and though the body be no longer intoxicated, the mind will be drunken. If revenge be foresworn from considerations of avarice, the meanness of the miserly is a small gain upon the fury of the passionate. If outward irreligion be abandoned out of a desire to gain human applause, the Pharisee will be a very slender improvement upon the prod. igal. Satan's casting out of Satan is deceitful work; his intent no doubt is to establish his empire by pretending to overthrow it.

No, there must be another power at work; or little is accomplished. Any fancied good which one devil may bring another is sure to take away, and the last end of the man whom Satan mends is always worse than the first. A stronger than he must enter in by force of grace, and hurl him out by divine force, and take full possession, or the man may be another man but not a new man.

THE BURNING-GLASS.

"When the beams of the sun are contracted by a burningglass, upon one spot, then they cause fire; so when our thoughts are concentrated on one object they warm the heart and at last burn the truth into it."

This is the reason why so many sermons and addresses are so cold and ineffective; they are not sufficiently focused upon one point. There are many rays of light, but they are scattered. We get a little upon many things, while what is wanted is one great truth, and so much upon it as shall fix it on the heart, and set the soul blazing with it. This is the fault of many lives: they are squandered upon a dozen objects, whereas if they were economized for one, they would be mighty lives, known in the present and honored in the future. "This one thing I do" is a necessary motto if we are to accomplish anything.

BARKING DOGS CATCH NO GAME.

"Hard speeches have an evil influence in controversy, and do exasperate rather than convince. The dog that followeth the game with barking and bawling loseth the prey; and there is not a more likely way to undermine the truth than an unseemly defence of it. Satan is mightily gratified, if men had eyes to see it, with the ill managing of God's cause."

This lesson is a needful one. Zealots are apt to mistake hard words for arguments. The more in earnest we are, the more we are tempted to speak bitterly, and to overlook the better side of our opponent's cause. Many who think with us applaud us most for those very utterances which deserve the censure of the wise; and this foolish commendation is apt to egg us on in the same unprofitable direction. They would be more judicious if, while approving our seal, they hinted that we might use a sweeter method and be none the less strong.

We hope as we grow older to be able to hunt more quietly, with surer scent but with less barking. Certainly as we grow in grace we shall more carefully distinguish between holy ardor which is kindled by the Spirit, and carnal heat, which is the wild-fire of unrenewed nature. God grant that as we grow prudent we may not also become lukewarm; else we may gain one way and lose another. We are poor creatures, for when we try to avoid an

evil we generally swing like a pendulum to the opposite quarter, and commit another folly. The middle point, the golden mean of virtue, we do not readily reach.

VIOLET AND NETTLE.

"Laden boughs hang low. The nettle mounteth above its fellow weeds, but the violet lieth shrouded under its leaves, and is only found out by its own scent."

Walking one day by a stream we were conscious of a delicious perfume, and only then did we perceive the little blue eyes which were looking up to us so meekly from the ground on which we stood. Virtue is always modest, and modesty is itself a virtue. He who is discovered by his real excellence, and not by his egotistical advertisements of his own perfections, is a man worth knowing; the other is a mere nettle who is sure to be forgotten, unless indeed his blustering pride should sting some tender spirit and secure a wretched kind of remembrance.

THE CLEW OF THE MAZE.

LET US LIVE.

The most important part of human life is not its end, but its beginning. Our death-day is the child of the past, but our opening years are the sires of the future. At the last hour men summon to their bedside a solemnity of thought which arrives too late for any practical result. The hush and awe and far-away look, so frequent in departing moments, should have come much sooner. Commend us to the example of the Hebrew king, who fasted and wore sackcloth while the child was yet alive. Wisely did he foresee the uselessness of lamenting when the scene should close, "Can I bring him back again?" was one of the most sensible of questions.

It may be serious business to take the cold iron from the anvil; it seems to us far sadder to be standing still, and seeing the hot bar grow chill. Brother, at my side, whoever you may be, LET US STRIKE!

WHAT HAS DOUBT ACHIEVED?

How is it that no such trophy has ever been raised to the honor of unbelief? Will the poet of infidelity and the historian of scepticism yet appear? If so, what will be their record? "Working righteousness" and "obtaining promises" are rather out of the line of doubt, and it is not likely to endure much suffering to "obtain a better resurrection," for it sneers at the mention of such a thing; the eulogist of doubt would have to content himself with lower achievements. But what would they be? What hospitals or orphanages has doubt erected? What missions to cannibal tribes has infidelity sustained? What fallen women or profligate men has scepticism reclaimed and new-created?

DOUBT IS STERILE.

The fact is that doubt is negative, destructive, sterile. It constrains no man to nobler things, and begets in the human mind no hopes or aspirations. It is by no means a principle upon which to base life's fabric; for whatever force it has is subversive, and not constructive. A principle which tends to nothing but universal smash is not one to which an ordinary man may contentedly commit the ruling of his life. What if some religious notions be mere fancy, impractical, and imaginary? It is no great thing after all to be good at breaking up the bric-a-brac of the house. However much the coldly-wise may rejoice to be rid of what they call rubbish, it will be no great feat to sweep away all the frail fabrics; the genius required is akin to that which is incarnate in a monkey or wild bull. Our ambition lies in a higher region; we would construct rather than destroy. Since we aspire to honorable and useful lives, we seek a positive force which will bear us onward and upward. Those who prefer to do so may doubt, and doubt, and doubt to the dregs of nothing; but our choice is to find truth and believe it, that it may be a life-force to us. No partisan has yet had the hardihood to preach an evangel of "doubt and live;" for too manifestly doubt is akin to death; but BELIEVE AND LIVE is the essence of the message from heaven, and we accept it.

SELF-RELIANCE AND A BETTER RELIANCE.

Self-reliance is inculcated as a moral virtue, and in a certain sense, with due surroundings, it is so. Observation and experience show that it is a considerable force in the world. He who questions his own powers, and does not know his own mind, hesitates, trembles, falters, fails; his diffidence is the author of his disappointment. The self-reliant individual hopes, considers, plans, resolves, endeavors, perseveres succeeds; his assurance of victory is one leading cause of his triumph. A man believes in his own capacity, and unless he is altogether a piece of emptiness he gradually convinces others that his estimate is correct. Even self-conceit, immodest though it be, has sometimes acted forcefully, just as,

at a pinch, Dutch courage has supplied the place of valor. The essence of the matter is that confidence of some sort is an item of great importance in accomplishing our designs, and distrust or doubt is a source of weakness in any and every case. Faith, then, we choose, rather than doubt, as the mainspring of our life.

SCEPTICISM—NO VERY GREAT ACHIEVEMENT.

It has been well said, "Nothing is easier than to doubt. A man of moderate ability or learning can doubt more than the wisest men believe." Faith demands knowledge, for it is an intelligent grace, able and anxious to justify itself; but infidelity is not required to give a reason for the doubt that is in it; a defiant mien and a blustering tone answer its purpose quite as well as argument. In fact, the present acme of unbelief is to know nothing; and what is this but the apothesis of ignorance? Great is the glory of knowing nothing!

A man may glide into agnosticism insensibly, and remain in it languidly; but to believe is to be alive—alive to conflict and watchfulness. Those who think faith to be a childish business will have to make considerable advances toward manliness before they are able to test their own theory.

Shall we prefer doubt because it is so ready to our hand, or shall we become truth-seekers even if we have to dive like pearl-fishers? That depends upon the mind which is in us. We shall elect our life-rule according to the spirit within. A brave soul will not tamely follow the ignoble way of the many, but will aspire to the higher paths even if they be the more difficult.

FAITH IN THE UNSEEN.

That we should limit our confidence to the region of our senses is an absurd supposition. No man has seen, or heard, or tasted the greatest of known forces. Steam, electricity, gravitation, and the rest of the giants, are all invisible. The earth is preserved in its orbit by forces which we cannot grasp. "He hangeth the world upon nothing." The visible powers are of minor rank; the more completely a force can

be compassed by human thought, the more insignificant it must be. Take an illustration from daily life: the old Latin proverb hath it, that it is the mark of a poor man than he can count his flocks. The few pounds which he has saved can be handled by the artisan every hour of the day if their jingle pleases him; but the great banker has never seen his millions, and the evidence that he possesses them lies in certain bonds and bills in which he places unquestionable reliance. He is rich by faith. He could hardly be very rich and actually see his wealth.

GOD CAN BE KNOWN.

It has been asserted that God cannot be known. Those who say this declare that they themselves know nothing but phenomena; and therefore they are bound, if candid, to admit that they do not themselves know that God cannot be known. As they confessedly know nothing about it, they should not be offended if we leave them out of our consideration.

He who made the world was certainly an intelligent Being, in fact, the highest Intelligence; for in myriads of ways His works display the presence of profound thought and knowledge. Lord Bacon said, "I had rather believe all the fables of the Talmud and the Koran than that this universal frame is without a Mind." This being so, we do in that very fact know God in a measure; aye, and in such a measure that we are prepared to trust Him. He that made all things is more truly an object of confidence than all things that He has made.

GOD'S EXISTENCE NOT TAKEN FOR GRANTED.

Do we take God's existence for granted? Certainly not. We believe it to be a fact proved beyond any other. To the candid mind, not diseased with cavilling, but honestly rational, the existence of a work proves the existence of a worker, a design necessitates a designer, a forethought involves a fore-thinker. Now, if we were even in a desert with Mungo Park, a bit of moss would be argument enough that

God was there; or, for the matter of that, the sand under our feet and the sun above our heads would suffice to prove that fact. But dwelling on a fair island, teeming with all manner of life, we may count as many proofs of the Godhead as there are objects of sight, and hearing, and taste, and smell.

This, of course, is called a "mere platitude;" but, by the gentleman's leave, his Latin word makes no difference to

the absolute certainty of the argument.

If more proofs were offered, they would no doubt be blocked in the same captious manner; but contemptuous epithets are no replies to fair reasoning. We conceive that one sound proof is better than twenty faulty ones; and if that one does not convince, neither would a legion. The French savants, en route for Egypt, pestered Napoleon with their denials of a God, but his astute intellect was not led astray. He took them upon deck, and pointing to the stars, demanded, "Who made all these?"

DOUBT LOGICALLY CARRIED OUT.

Doubt, as to the being of a God, has but a short way to run to finish its legitimate career. No man who believes that he has a soul can give better proof of his mental being than that which we can give of the existence of God. Let him try. He claims that his own consciousness is a proof of his being alive. We reply that it may be very good evidence to himself, but it can be none to us, nor would a rational man attempt to use it in that way. Our friend answers, "I work, and my work demonstrates that I am." Precisely so, and God's works demonstrate that He is. Quickly it is replied, "But you see me work, and you see not God." To which we answer, we by no means see you work; your body is not vourself, your true self we have never seen. Your mind executes its purpose through your external frame, and we see your limbs moving; but the soul which moves them is out of sight, and it is a mystery of mysteries how a spiritual subsistence, such as the mind is, should be able to operate upon matter. The initial impression of mind upon matter is a secret which no mortal has unveiled. You cannot prove the existence of your soul to another man except by the same arguments which prove the being of God.

THE GREAT GOD ANSWERING TO FAITH.

Moreover, we may not refuse reliance upon God on the ground of our insignificance; for it is not conceivable that anything can be too little for God. The wonders of the microscope are quite as remarkable as those of the telescope; we may not set a bound to the Lord in one direction any more than in the other. He can and will show His divine skill in a man's life, as well as in a planet's circuit.

Witnesses are alive to testify to the Lord's making bare His arm on the behalf of them that trust Him. Any man may also put the principle to the test in his own instance; and it is memorable that none have done so in vain. There are no reasons in His nature why God should not answer to His creatures' confidence; there are many reasons why He should; at any rate as far as we are concerned, we are ready to put it to the test, and to let the experiment last throughout our whole existence.

WHY IS NOT GOD RELIED ON?

Does it not seem remarkable that so few men should lovingly reach forth to the idea of linking their lives to God in faith? Why is it? The severe moralist would rightly answer—because they have no desire to lead lives with which God could have any connection; they seek not such purity, truth, justice, holiness as God's energy would work in them. Doubtless this is the case; but let it not be true of us. Virtue is so admirable that we cannot have too much of it, and the fact that the divine power makes toward goodness is one of its chief attractions in the eyes of right-minded men.

FURTHER CAUSES OF NON-BELIEF.

Secretly men have a confidence somewhere, even when they refuse to rely upon God. They have made gods of themselves, and have come to rest in self-sufficiency. He who has never seen his own face may easily believe in its superlative beauty, if he be aided therein by flatterers. So a man who knows not his own heart may readily form a high opinion of his own excellence, and find confidence in his own wisdom a plant of rapid growth. This is one of the worst enemies of faith. He who can for all time rely upon himself has no patience with talk about faith in God; he relegates that lowly stuff to underlings; he is of courtlier mould. His self-restraint is perfect, his judgment is infallible, his appreciation of the morally beautiful is fully developed; he is a self-made man, and is both his own Providence and Rewarder.

"Tut—the man is a fool!" Quick and sensible minds speaks thus impatiently; and the cooler observations of the charitable are sorrowfully driven to confirm their verdict. We, with whom the reader now communes, are not such grand self-governing infallibles. We fear that our appetites and passions may betray us, that our reason may misguide us, that our prejudices may impede us, that our surroundings may stumble us; and, therefore, most deliberately would we look to the Strong for strength, and cast our folly upon the wisdom of the Eternal. Of course we shall not expect imitators among the vainglorious, the frivolus, and the fancifully perfect.

THE SNEER.

Sneers are poor, paltry things; they are not born in good men's bosoms, and most wise men despise them when levelled at themselves. They break no bones, and men of backbone smile at them. Yet with the weaker sort they are terrible weapons of war, and the dread of them has made more cowards than the roar of cannon.

"I had as liefinot be, as live to be In awe of such a thing as I, myself."

SEEING FOR ONE'S SELF.

We are not exacting when we demand than each candid man should read the Bible for himself. In testing a book, which professes to be the revelation of God's mind, we shall act unworthily if we trust to others, be they who they may. Second-hand information lacks assurance and vividness; a personal investigation is far more satisfactory and beneficial. The highly superior person, who dismisses the whole matter with a final verdict, which closes the argument before it is opened, is probably not so cultured a being as he affects to be. At any rate, he lacks the judicial mind so helpful in the pursuit of truth. Doth our wisdom decide a matter before it heareth it?

Nature demands attention, hard and persevering, from those who would be true scientists; the Word of God certainly deserves as reverent an investigation as His works. Why should not the scriptures be studied thoroughly? Even as mere literature they will well reward the scholar's care. It is the part of a wise man calmly and earnestly to search those famous writings which are prized by so many masterminds. The voice which cried to Augustine, "Tolle: lege," was no sound of folly. To take up and read a great and good book cannot be to our detriment.

SOMEWHAT MORE THAN READING ACCORDED.

Much of the instruction contained in the material universe can be at once discerned by the eye of the thoughtful observer, but a portion of its secrets no man can thus read; for the discovery of much scientific truth experiment is needed. The chemist, for instance, will acquire little knowledge if he does not engage in tests and analyses. We will not, therefore, in the pursuit of truth, restrict ourselves to mere reading; if the scriptures ask for experiment or experience, we shall be prepared to perform or to undergo the required processes, if at all reasonable.

EFFECTS OF THE BOOK.

The effect which it has produced upon the nations who have yielded it even a partial obedience is very remarkable; they are now far in advance of those who give it a secondary place, and they are out of sight before those who are unac-

quainted with it. The result which follows its introduction in our own day, to the most savage races, is beyond all question exceedingly beneficial. Nobody can doubt that the South Sea Islands have been lifted out of the worst savagery by the teaching of this volume. We have not yet heard of any other book producing such effects, and thus the volume is pressed upon our attention by the undeniable results of its influence, both in former ages and in our own times. It is very easy to discover persons whose entire character has been changed by reading this Book; easier still to find individua's who assert that it is their comfort under all circumstances, their guide out of all difficulties, and the priceless food of their spirits.

Many other books have been warmly praised by their readers; but we have never yet met with any other volume which has commanded such frequent enthusiasm and such devoted affection as the Bible: neither have we heard of one which answers so many and such divers purposes in connection with the lives of men.

FULNESS OF THE BOOK.

One of the marvels of the Bible is its singular fulness. It is not a book of gold-leaf beaten thin, as most books are as to thought; but its sentences are nuggets of unalloyed truth. The book of God is clearly the god of books, for it is infinite. Well said a German author, "In this little book is contained all the wisdom of the world."

> "We search the world for truth; we cull The good, the pure, the beautiful From graven stone and written scroll, From all old flower-fields of the soul; And, weary seekers of the best, We come back laden from the quest, To find that all the sages said Is in the Book our mothers read."

Two literati held a brief discussion as to which of all books they would prefer in prison if they were shut up to the choice of one, and could not obtain another for twelve months. The first made a sensible selection when he proposed to take Shakespeare as his companion; for that great author's works are brimming with fresh thoughts and masterly expression; but we think the second man gave an unanswerable reason for preferring the Bible. "Why," said his friend, "you do not believe in it!" "No," said he, "but whether I believe in it or not, it is no end of a book."

We thank him for that word; it is, indeed, "no end of a book." Its range of subjects is boundless, and its variety of treatment is indescribable. Its depth of thought and height of expression are immeasurable. It is altogether inexhaustible. It is a million-times magnified Bodleian of teaching, and its *Bibline* or book essence is of the most concentrated kind. The Scripture has incidentally suggested masses of human literature, and it is the actual material of books to an extent that few would credit. It contains vast stores of what we may call *mother-of-thought*.

After having been catechised, criticised, caricatured, and crucified, for all these centuries, it still remains a new book, commencing its circulation rather than ending it. When the world grows older and wiser, and attains to the sixth form of its school, the sacred volume will be its final classic, just as it was its first hand-book when the new-born Hebrew nation began to spell out the rudiments of truth and righteousness.

THE SINLESS ONE.

A clear proof of the Divine Origin of Scripture is afforded by its portrait of the Perfect Man. Jesus is sinless in thought, and word, and deed; His enemies are unable to find a fault in Him either of excess or defect. Nowhere else in the world have we such another portrait of man; it would be superfluous to say that nowhere have we such another man. Jesus is unique; He is original, with peculiarities all His own, but without any divergence from the straight line of rectitude. He is not a recluse, whose character would have few relationships, and therefore few tests, but one living in the fierce light of a King among men, coming into relation with the world in a thousand ways; a great ethical Teacher, inculcating a system far surpassing any other, and embody-

ing it in His own life; above all, crowning the edifice of a perfect life with the surrender of Himself to death for His enemies. Whence came this portrait, if the man never existed? No painter goes beyond his own ideal; no imperfect mind could have invented the perfect mind of Christ. The record is divine.

SCIENCE AND THE BOOK AT ONE.

Between the revelation of God in His Word and that in His Works, there can be no actual discrepancy. The one may go farther than the other, but the revelation must be harmonious. Between the interpretation of the Works and the interpretation of the Word, there may be very great differences. It must be frankly admitted that the men of the Book have sometimes missed its meaning; we have never held the doctrine of the infallibility of scripturists. Nay, more: it is certain that, in their desire to defend their Bible. devout persons have been unwise enough to twist its words, or at least to set them in an unnatural light, in order to make the Book agree with the teachings of scientific men. Herein has lain their weakness. If they had always labored to understand what God said in His Book, and had steadfastly adhered to its meaning, whatever might be advanced by the scientific, they would have been wise; and as professed science advanced towards real science, the fact that the old Book is right would have become more and more apparent.

SCIENTIFIC STATEMENTS NOT INFALLIBLE.

Those who have addicted themselves to the study of nature and have despised the Word, certainly cannot claim such immunity from mistake as to demand a revision of Scripture interpretation every time they enthrone a new hypothesis. The history of philosophy, from the beginning until now, reads very like a Comedy of Errors. Each generation of learned men has been eminently successful in refuting all its predecessors, and there is every probability that much of what is now indorsed as orthodox scientific doctrine will be entirely upset in a few year's time. When we remember that one coterie of *savans* has proved to a demonstration that there is no such thing as mind, and that another has been equally successful in proving that there is no such thing as as matter, we are led to ask the question: "When doctors differ, who is to decide?"

LITTLE SETTLED IN SCIENCE.

There are many voices in the world, some powerful, and others weak; but there is not yet a concensus of thoughtful observers sufficiently strong to demonstrate any one system of science to be absolutely true. The inductive process of Bacon, no doubt, yields the nearest approach to certainty; but even this cannot raise a deduction beyond question, for no man of science knows all the instances that can be adduced, and his deduction from what he knows may be upset by equally sure inferences from what he does not know. The time over which scientific observations can travel, even if it be extended into ages, is but as a watch in the night compared with the eternity of God; and the range of human observation is but as a drop of the bucket compared with the circle of the heavens; and therefore it may turn out, in a thousand instances, that there are more things in heaven and earth than were ever dreamed of in the most accurate philosophy of scientists. These good people have done their best, from Aristotle downward, but they have hardly accomplished more than to prove us all dunces, and themselves scarcely a fig better than the rest of us.

NO REMARKABLE PRESENT DIFFICULTY.

At the present moment we see no considerable difficulty. Scripture may not square with proposed hypotheses, but it agrees with known facts. Scripture, interpreted in an intelligent manner, displays as clear an agreement with Nature and Providence as Words can show with Works. An article in the *Illustrated London News* may describe in words a scene which, on the opposite page, is depicted by the pencil of an accurate artist; the two forms of instruction may fully coincide, and yet the impression upon the reader who fails

to see the engraving may not be the same as that produced upon an observer who only notices the sketch and neglects the letter-press. The man who cared only for the typography might quarrel with the votary of the wood-block, while the picture observer might equally well retort upon the reader; but if the two could be combined, the intent of the author would more surely be understood. Let him that readeth the Word consider the Work, and let him that observeth Nature attend to Revelation, and growing wisdom shall be the reward of both.

REMOVAL OF THE GREAT OBSTACLE TO FAITH.

Concerning the consciousness of evil in the past of our lives and the tendency to wrong-doing in our nature, the Bible is very clear, and it is most admirably explicit as to God's way of removing this barrier to our future progress. In Holy Scripture we see a most wise and gracious method for the putting away of guilt, without injury to the divine justice. The atonement offered by the Lord Jesus, who is the essence of the revelation of God, is an eminently satisfactory solution of the soul's sternest problem. Our feeling is that God, the universal Ruler, must do right, and must not. even for mercy's sake, relax the rule that evil done must bring evil as its consequence. We would not, when in our best frame of mind, for our own little sake, wish to have this sanitary law abrogated. Sin ought to be punished; let the rule stand, come what may of us. An unrighteous God would be the most terrible of conceivable evils. Sin linked with reward or divorced from ill consequences would be the death of the great principle of righteousness, which is the aspiration of all perfect moral sanity. Scripture proposes no abolition of law or relaxation of penalty, but it reveals the plan of substitution; the offended Judge bears in His own person the consequences of the offence of rebel man: He assumes human nature, that in His own person human sin may be visited with chastisement.

GOD'S METHOD OF MERCY.

Forgiveness of sin through an atonement satisfies a dim but true decision of humanity in favor of justice—a decision which is well-nigh unanimous in all races. Even the unenlightened conscience of the savage heathen will not rest till the sword is bared and a victim has fallen. Man as a rule dares not approach God without a sacrifice. The more enlightened mind is not content without a measure of explanation as to the need and result of sacrifice; such explanation is given in the inspired Scripture, given with great amplitude.

FAITH DELIGHTS IN A PLAIN GOSPEL.

It is a matter of deep gratitude that the Gospel is as plain as a pikestaff. If it had been intended to be a secret remedy for an elite few, it might have been recondite and philosophical; but it is meant for the poor, the illiterate, and the undeveloped; and therefore it must needs be what it is simplicity itself. Thank God, the Gospel does not lend itself to quackery! To hear our fashionable thinkers talk, one might suppose the Gospel to be an exclusive and aristocratic system for their excellencies to amuse themselves with, whenever they might condescend to develop it a little further. We are glad to find it in the Scriptures in the form of a plain, common-sense, perfect doctrine, which has saved its millions already, and is saving multitudes at the present moment, and will save its myriads, when all its superfine critics are mouldering in their graves. Sometimes faith has great need of patience, when it is pestered with objections against a system which is everywhere in grand operation, and proving itself by its results. Why do not these objectors raise an outcry against the sun? Why not deny that he gives either light or heat?

FAITH AND THE NATURE OF CHRIST.

No idea of the Lord Jesus Christ approaches to correctness which does not see in His one person the two natures of God and man united. In that person, wherein were

blended, but not confused, the Godhead and the Manhood, a practical faith has its most ample help. Jesus sympathizes with the condition in which the struggler after excellence finds himself, for He also was tempted in all points like as we are; He knows the difficulties which grow out of the infirmities of flesh and blood, for He felt sickness and pain, poverty and hunger, weakness and depression. It is a great gain in a human career, a specially suitable assistance, to have an unlimited power at one's side by sympathizing with our weakness.

Nor is the advantage less in the other direction, for here is a Man, bound to us by relationship and affection the most intense, who is not only tender to the last degree of our suffering nature, but is also as wise as He is brotherly, and as mighty to subdue our faults as He is gentle to bear with our frailties. His Manhood brings Jesus down to us, but united with the divine nature it lifts us up to God. The Lord Jesus thus not only ministers to our comfort, but to our betterment, which is the greater concern of the two.

Could faith believe in a Being more answerable to all our needs, more helpful to our noblest longings? Allied to Jesus, we confidently aspire to such likeness to our Creator as it is possible for a creature to bear.

ENTHUSIASM FOR THE PERSON OF JESUS.

The love of the believer to the Lord Jesus is intensely personal and enthusiastic. It overtops all other affections. His love, His sufferings, His perfections, His glories fill the heart and set it on fire. There is more force in the love of an actual living person than in subscription to any set of doctrines, however important they may be. The courage of a leader has often produced deeds of daring which no philosophy could have demanded.

SERMON EXTRACTS.

PROVIDENCE LIKE A WHEEL.

You know in a wheel there is one portion that never turns round, that stands steadfast, and that is the axle. So, in God's Providence there is an axle which never moves. Christian, here is a sweet thought for thee! Thy state is ever changing; sometimes thou are exalted, and sometimes depressed; yet there is an unmoving point in thy state. What is that axle? What is the pivot upon which all the machinery revolves? It is the axle of God's everlasting love towards his covenant people. The exterior of the wheel is changing, but the centre stands forever fixed. Other things may move, but God's love never moves; it is the axle of the wheel, and this is another reason why Providence should be compared to a wheel.

BABEL BUILDING.

But I know you will go away, many of you, and try to build up your own Babel tower, to go to heaven. Some of you will go one way to work, and some another. You will go the ceremony way; you will lay the foundation of the structure with infant baptism, build confirmation on it, and the Lord's Supper. "I shall go to heaven;" you say, "do not I keep Good Friday and Christmas Day? I am a better man than those dissenters. I am a most extraordinary man. Do I not say more prayers than anyone?" You will be a long while going up that treadmill before you get an inch higher. That is not the way to get to the stars. One says, "I will go and study the Bible, and believe right doctrine; and I have no doubt that by believing right doctrine I shall be saved." Indeed, you will not! You can be no more saved by believing right doctrine than you can by doing right actions.

"There," says another, "I like that; I shall go and believe in Christ, and live as I like." Indeed you will not! For if you believe in Christ he will not let you live as your flesh liketh; by His Spirit he will constrain you to mortify its affections and lusts. If he gives you the grace to make you believe, he will give you the grace to live a holy life afterwards. If he gives you faith, he gives you good works afterwards. You cannot believe in Christ unless you renounce every fault, and resolve to serve him with full purpose of heart.

How to Go A Begging.

Sometimes you say, "But I am not fit to go to Christ. "The fittest way to go to Christ is to go just as you are. What is the best livery to wear when you go a begging? I recollect, some time ago, when I lived not far from here, in the extremeness of my greenness, I gave a man who begged at the door a pair of patent leather boots. He put them on, and expressed great gratitude; but I met him afterwards, and I was not at all surprised to find that he had pulled them off. They were not at all the style of things to go about begging in. People would look at him and say: "What! you needing coppers while wearing those handsome boots? Your tale won't do." A beggar succeeds a great deal better barefoot than in fine shoes. Rags are the livery of mendicants. When you go to beg for mercy at the hands of God. do not put on those pretty righteousness of yours, but go with all your sin and misery, and emptiness, and wretchedness, and say: "Lord, here am I. Thou hast said that Christ is able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by him. I am a soul that wants saving to the uttermost, and here I am, I have come, Lord, save me."

THE ACCUSER OF THE BRETHREN.

I now turn to another individual, a very common personage, the accuser of the brethren, I fear I have not a few here of that sort. I know I have some, but I fear there may be more than I think. Do you not know the man, who, when-

ever he can say a vile thing of a Christian will do it; who, whatever a Christian man may do will make mischief of it, who is inclined at all times to be turning that which is good into evil; a man described by Spenser in his picture of envy in the "Faerie Oueen." Envy, who always did chaw between his dripping lips a toad, but "inwardly he chawed his own man," eating his own heart, spitting on every one's good thing, imagining that every creature was as foul and as loathsome as himself. I have seen the dirty mangy wretch, himself abominable as sin, daring to insinuate that all others were as deceitful, vile and filthy as himself. This is when the evil has come to its full grown state. Such persons then become the most loathsome creatures in all society, and the most despicable. Who is there that respects the wretch who has no respect for others? whose only life is to pull other men's characters to pieces, and whose death would be sure to follow the universal reign of truth and goodness. I have seen, however, this disease before it has broken out and assumed its basest shape. I have seen men, and women too let me lay a stress on that second word, for there is a stress sometimes needed there, though I would not be too severe men and women who seem to have a propensity rather to observe that which is evil in another than that which is good. Now, I will put this home question. My friend, it is all very well for you to have those eyes so sharp, and to wear those magnifying glasses for other people, but "are there not with you, even with you, sins against the Lord your God?" What about your own life? I will tell you something about it. Whatever you think of other people is true of yourself; that is an invariable rule. We always measure other people's corn with our own bushel, and if you think you find other people's corn gritty, the dirt was originally in your own. Depend upon it, that your judgment of others will be God's judgment of you, for with what measure ye mete the same shall be measured to you again.

BUTCHER.

Then see the *butcher*. How doth the beast speak to him? He sees the lamb almost lick his knife, and the bullock goes

unconsciously to the slaughter. How might he think every time that he smites the unconscious animal, (who knows nothing of death,) of his own doom? Are we not, all of us who are without Christ, fattening for the slaughter? Are we not more foolish than the bullock, for doth not wicked man follow his executioner, and walk after his own destroyer unto the very chambers of hell? When we see a drunkard pursuing his drunkenness, or an unchaste man running in the way of licentiousness, is he not as an ox going to the slaughter, until a dart smite him through the liver? Hath not God sharpened his knife and made ready his ax, that the fatling of this earth may be killed, when He shall say to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field: "Behold, I have made a feast of vengeance for you, and ye shall feast upon the blood of the slain, and make yourselves drunken with the streams thereof!" Ay, butcher, there is a lecture for you in your trade, and your business may reproach you.

BUILDER.

Are you busy in building all day long, laying the stone upon its fellow and the mortar in its crevice? Then remember thou art building for eternity, too. Oh, that thou mayest thyself be built upon a good foundation! Oh, that thou mayest build thereon, not wood, hay or stubble, but gold, and silver, and precious stones, and things that will abide the fire! Take care, man, lest thou shouldest be God's scaffold, lest thou shouldest be used on earth to be a scaffolding for building His church, and when His church is built, thou shouldest be cast down and burned up with fire unquenchable. Take heed that thou art built upon the rock, and not upon the sand, and that the vermillion cement of the Savior's precious blood unites thee to the foundation of the building, and to every stone thereof.

THE EXCUSES OF SINNERS.

But one cries: "I shall not plead guilty, for though I am well aware that I have not continued 'in all things which are written in the book of the law,' yet I have done the best I could." That is a lie—before God a falsehood. You have not! You have not done the best you could. There have been many occasions upon which you might have done better. Will that young man dare to tell me that he is doing the best he can now? That he cannot refrain from laughing in the house of God? It may be possible that it is hard for him to do so, but it is just possible he could, if he pleased, refrain from insulting his Maker to His face. Surely we have none of us done the best we could. At every period, at every time, there have been opportunities of escape from temptation. If we had had no freedom to escape from sin, there might have been some excuse for it; but there have been turning points in our history when we might have decided for right or for wrong, but when we have chosen the evil and have eschewed the good, and have turned into that path which leadeth unto hell.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

First, then, HERE IS WHAT THEY ARE TO TELL. It is to be a story of personal experience. "Go home to thy friends and tell them how great things the Lord has done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee." You are not to repair to your houses and forthwith begin to preach. That you are not commanded to do. You are not to begin to take up doctrinal subjects, and expatiate on them, and endeavor to bring persons to your peculiar views and sentiments. You are not to go home with sundry doctrines you have lately learned and try to teach these. At least, you are not commanded so to do. You may, if you please, and none shall hinder you; but you are to go home and tell not what you have believed, but what you have felt; what you really know to be your own; not what great things you have read, but what great things the Lord hath done for you; not alone what you have seen done in the great congregation, and how great sinners have turned to God, but what the Lord has done for you. And mark this: There is never a more interesting story than that which a man tells about himself.

Those who Do Not Profess to be Godly.

It is now time for me to tell the openly ungodly what is his real state. You have been more than a little proud of your honesty, and looking down upon certain professors of religion, you have said, "Ah! I make no such pretenses as they do; I am honest, I am." Friend, you cannot have a greater abhorrence of hypocrites than I have; if you can find a fair chance of laughing at them, pray do so. If by any means you can stick pins into their windbags, and let the gas of their profession out, pray do so. I try to do a little of it in my way; do you do the same? You and I are agreed in this, I hope, in heartily hating anything like sham and falsehood; but if you begin to hold your head up, and think yourself so very superior because you make no profession, I must take you down a little by reminding you that it is no credit to a thief that he makes no profession of being honest, and it is not thought to be exceedingly honorable to a man that makes no profession of speaking the truth. For the fact is, that a man who does not profess to be honest is a professional thief; and he who does not claim to speak the truth is an acknowledged liar. Thus, in escaping one horn you are thrown upon another; you miss the rock, but run upon the quicksand. You are a confessed and avowed neglecter of God, a professed despiser of the great salvation, an acknowledged disbeliever in the Christ of God. When our Government at any time arrests persons suspected of Fenianism, they have no difficulty about those gentlemen who glory in wearing the green uniform and flaunting the big feather. "Come along," says the constable, "you are the man, for you wear the regimentals of a rebel." Even so when the angel of Justice arrests the enemies of the Lord, he will have no difficulty in accusing and arresting you, for laying his hand upon your shoulder, he will say: "You wear the regimentals of an enemy of God; you plainly and unblushingly acknowledge that you do not fear God, nor trust in His salvation."

A FAITHFUL FRIEND.

Faithfulness to us in our faults is a certain sign of fidelity in a friend. You may depend upon that man who will tell you of your faults in a kind and considerate manner. Fawning hypocrites, insiduous flatterers, are the sweepings and offal of friendship. They are but the parasites upon that noble tree. But true friends put enough trust in you to tell you openly of you faults. Give me for a friend a man who will speak honestly of me before my face; who will not tell first one neighbor, and then another, but who will come straight to my house and say: "Sir, I feel there is such and such a thing in you, which, as my brother, I must tell you of." That man is a true friend; he has proved himself to be so; for we never get any praise for telling people of their faults; we rather hazard their dislike; a man will sometimes thank you for it, but he does not often like you any the better.

GRIT.

It is said by an old writer, that in the olden times men used to take care of their houses, but now the houses take care of the men; that they used to eat off oaken porringers, and then they were oaken men; but now they are willowmen, can bend any how; they are earthenware men, which can be dashed to pieces. Scarcely in business, in politics, or in religion, have you got a man. You see a lot of things, which are called men, who turn the way the wind blows. I pray God to send a few men with what the Americans call "grit" in them; men, who when they know a thing to be right, will not turn away, or turn aside, or stop; men who will persevere all the more because there are difficulties to meet or foes to encounter; who stand all the more true to their Master because they are opposed; who, the more they are thrust into the fire, the hotter they become; who, just like the bow, the further the string is drawn the more powerfully it sends forth its arrows, and so the more they are trodden upon, the more mighty will they become in the cause of truth against error.

THE HUMAN HEART.

It, then, the all-seeing eye of God takes in at one glance the wide regions of death, and wide they are, wide enough to startle any man who shall seek to range them through—if I say, with one glance God seeth death and seeth hell through, with all its bottomless depths, with all its boundlessness of misery, surely, then, he is quite able to behold all the actions of the little thing called man's heart. Suppose a man so wise as to be able to know the wants of a nation and to remember the feelings of myriads of men, you cannot suppose it difficult for him to know the actions of his own family and to understand the emotions of his own household. If the man is able to stretch his arm over a great sphere, and to say: "I am monarch of all this," surely he shall be able to control the less. He who in his wisdom can walk through centuries, shall not say that he is ignorant of the history of a year; he who can dive into the depths of science, and understand the history of the whole world from its creation, is not to be alarmed by some small riddle that happens at his own door. No, the God who seeth death and hell seeth our hearts, for they are far less extensive.

Hypocrisy.

This age is full of shams. Pretence never stood in so eminent a position as it does at the present hour. There be few, I fear, who love the naked truth; we can scarce endure it in our houses; you would scarcely trade with a man who absolutely stated it. If you walked through the streets of London, you might imagine that all the shops were built of marble, and that all the doors were made of mahogany and woods of the rarest kinds; and vet you soon discover that there is scarce a piece of any of these precious fabrics to be found anywhere, but that everything is grained, and painted. and varnished. I find no fault with this, except that it is an outward type of an inward evil that exists. As it is in our streets, so it is everywhere; graining, painting and gilding are at an enormous premium. Counterfeit has at length

attained to such an eminence that it is with the utmost difficulty that you can detect it. The counterfeit so near approacheth to the genuine, that the eve of wisdom itself needs to be enlightened before she can discern the difference. Specially is this the case in religious matters. There was once an age of intolerant bigotry, when every man was weighed in the balance, and if he was not precisely up to the orthodox standard of the day, the fire devoured him; but in this age of charity, and of most proper charity, we are very apt to allow the counterfeit to pass current, and to imagine that outward show is really as beneficial as inward reality. If ever there was a time when it was needful to say, "Beware ve of the leaven of the Pharisees, which is hypocrisy," it is now. The minister may cease to preach this doctrine in the days of persecution; when the faggots are blazing, and when the rack is in full operation, few men will be hypocrites. These are the keen detectors of impostors; suffering, and pain, and death, for Christ's sake, are not to be endured by mere pretenders. But in this silken age, when to be religious is to be respectable, when to follow Christ is to be honored. and when godliness itself has become gain, it is doubly necessary that the minister should cry aloud, and lift up his voice like a trumpet against this prevailing sin, "The leaven of the Pharisees, which is sin."

ABSURDITY OF INDECISION.

And is it not true, that a man who is neither one thing or another is in a most absurd position? Let him go among the worldlings; they laugh under their sleeve, and say, "This is one of the Exeter Hall saints," or, "This is one of the elect" Let him go among Christian people, those that are saints, and they say, "How a man can be so inconsistent, how he can come into our midst one day, and the next be found in such and such society, we cannot tell." Methinks even the devil himself must laugh at such a man in scorn. "There," says he, "I am every thing that is bad; I do sometimes pretend to be an angel of light, and put on that garb; but you do really excel me in every respect, for I do it to get

something by it, but you do not get anything by it. You do not have the pleasure of this world, and you do not have the pleasures of religion either; you have the fears of religion without its hopes; you are afraid to do wrong, and yet you have no hope of heaven; you have the duties of religion without the joys; you have to do just as religious people do, and yet there is no heart in the matter; you have to sit down and see the table all spread before you, and then you have not power to eat a single morsel of the precious dainties of the gospel."

THE INSINCERE MAN.

Sometimes Saul was among prophets, easily turned into a prophet, and then afterwards among the witches; sometimes in one place and then another, and insincere in everything. How many such we have in every Christian assembly; men who are very easily molded. Say what you please to them, they always agree with you. They have affectionate dispositions, very likely a tender conscience; but then the conscience is so remarkably tender, that when touched it seems to give, and you are afraid to probe deeper; it heals as soon as it is wounded. I think I used the very singular comparison once before, which I must use again; there are some men who seem to have India-rubber hearts. If you do but touch them, there is an impression made at once, but then it is of no use, it soon restores itself to its original character. You may press them whichever way you wish, they are so elastic you can always effect your purpose, but then they are not fixed in character and soon return to be what they were before.

FRIENDSHIP.

Cicero has well said, 'Friendship is the only thing in the world concerning the usefulness of which all mankind are agreed." Friendship seems as necessary an element of a comfortable existence in this world as fire and water, or even air itself. A man may drag along a miserable existence in proud solitary dignity, but his life is scarce life; it is nothing but an existence, the tree of life being stripped of the leaves of hope and the fruits of joy. He who would be happy here must have friends; and he who would be happy hereafter, must, above all things, find a friend in the world to come, in the person of God, the father of His people.

Friendship, however, though very pleasing and exceedingly blessed, has been the cause of the greatest misery to men when it has been unworthy and unfaithful; for just in proportion as a good friend is sweet, a false friend is full of bi terness. "A faithless friend is sharper than an adder's tooth." It is sweet to repose in some one; but O! how bitter to have that support snapped, and to receive a grievous fall as the effect of your confidence. Fidelity is an absolute necessary in a true friend. We cannot rejoice in men unless they will stand faithful to us. Solomon dec'arcs that "there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." That friend, I suppose, he never found in the pomps and vanities of the world. He had tried them all, but he found them empty; he passed through all their joys, but he found them "vanity of vanities." Poor Savage spoke from sad experience when he said:

> "You'll find the friendship of the world a show! Mere outward show! 'Tis like the harlot's tears, The statesman promise, a false patriot's zeal, Full of fair seeming, but delusion all."

And so for the most part they are. The world's friendship is ever brittle trust to it, and you have trusted a robber, rely upon it, and you have leaned upon a sham; aye, worse than that, upon a spear, which shall pierce you to the soul with agony!

LIVING FOR SELF.

There is a minister; when he first began his ministry he would say, "God is my witness; I have but one object; that I may free my skirts from the blood of every one of my hearers, that I may preach the gospel faithfully and honor my Master." In a little time, tempted by Satan, he changed his tone and talks like this: "I must keep my congregation up. If I preach such hard doctrine they won't come. Did not one of the newspapers criticise me, and did not some of

my people go away from me because of it? I must mind what I am at. I must keep this thing going. I must look out a little sharper and prune my speech down. I must adopt a little gentler style, or preach a new-fashioned doctrine; for I must keep my popularity up. What is to become of me if I go down? People will say, 'Up like a rocket, down like the stick;' and then shall all my enemies laugh." Ah, when once a man begins to care so much as a snap of the finger about the world, it is all over with him. If he can go to his pulpit and say: "I have got a message to deliver; and whether they will hear or whether they will not hear, I will deliver it as God puts it into my mouth; I will not change the dot of an i, or the cross of a t, for the biggest man that lives, or to bring in the mightiest congregation that ever sat at a minister's feet"—that man is mighty. He does not let human judgments move him, and he will move the world.

Losses.

Losses, too, are frequently the means God uses to fetch home his wandering sheep; like fierce dogs, they worry the wanderers back to the shepherd. There is no making lions tame if they are too well fed; they must be brought down from their great strength, and their stomachs must be lowered a bit, and then they will submit to the tamer's hand; and often have we seen the Christian rendered obedient to his Lord's will by straightness of bread and hard labor. When rich and increased in goods, many professors carry their heads much too loftily, and speak much too boastfully. Like David, they boast: "My mountain standeth fast; it shall never be moved." When the Christian groweth wealthy, is in good repute, hath good health, and a happy family, he too often admits Mr. Carnal Security to feast at his table. If he be a true child of God, there is a rod preparing for him.

TRUE PARENTAGE OF LOVE.

But how is this to be? How is the world to be brought back? How is it to be restored? We answer, the reason why there was this orignal harmony between earth and heaven was because there was love between them twain, and our great reason for hoping that there shall be at last reestablished an undiscordant harmony between heaven and earth is simply this, that God hath already manifested His love towards us, and that in return, hearts touched by His grace do even now love Him; and when they shall be multiplied, and love re-established, then shall harmony be complete.

WANT OF OBSERVATION.

But we do not observe God's hand as much as we should. Our good puritanic forefathers, when it rained, used to say, that God had unstopped the bottles of heaven. When it rains nowadays, we think the clouds have become condensed. If they had a field of hay cut, they used to plead of the Lord that he would bid the sun shine. We, perhaps, are wiser, as we think; and we consider it hardly worth while to pray about such things, thinking they will come in the course of nature. They believed that God was in every storm; nay, in every cloud of dust. They used to speak of a present God in every thing; but we speak of such things as laws of nature, as if laws were ever anything, except there was some one to carry them out, and some secret power to set the whole machinery in motion. We do not get our assurance, because we do not observe enough.

MEN AT ALL TIMES ALIKE.

The passage tells us nothing about the statue of men's bodies, but as far as they are spiritually concerned the photograph which Elihu took is the portrait of many of those who are brought to Jesus now. Reading the passage over, we find that men in those times needed converting; for they were deaf to God's voice; they were obstinate in evil purposes, and puffed up with pride. They needed chastening to arouse them to thought, and required sore distress to make them cry out for mercy. They were loth to say, "I

have sinned," and were not at all inclined to prayer. Nothing but sharp discipline could bring them to their senses, and even then they needed to be born again. Men in those days were sinful, and yet proud; sinful self and righteous self were both in power; it was one part of conversion to withdraw them from their purposes of sin, and another part of their conversion to "hide pride" from them. Though they were sinful, they thought that they were righteous, and though they were condemned by the law of God they still entertained the fond hope that they should by their own merits obtain the favor of the Most High. They were then, as they are now, poor as poverty, and yet proud of their wealth, Publicans in sin, and yet Pharisees in boasting.

HENRY OF NAVARRE.

Notice the blessing: "And they shall be to me a people." All flesh belongs to God in a certain sense. All men are His by right of creation, and He hath an infinite sovereignty over them. But He looks down upon the sons of men, and He selects some, and He says: "These shall be my peculiar people." When the King of Navarre was fighting for his throne, the writer, who hymns the battle, says:

"He looked upon the foemen, and his glance was stern and high; He looked upon his people, and the tear was in his eye."

And when he saw some of the French in arms against him-

"Then out spoke gentle Henry, 'No Frenchman is my foe; Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."

The king had an eye to his people even when they were in rebellion against him, and he had a different thought towards them from what he had towards others. "Let them go," he seemed to say, "they are my people." So, mark you, in the great battles of strifes of this world, when God lets loose the dread artillery of heaven, His glance is stern upon His enemies, but the tear is in His eye towards His people. He is always tender towards them. "Spare my people," saith He, and the angels interpose lest those chosen ones should dash their feet against a stone.

CHEQUE BOOK.

"And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel."—Gen. iii: 15.

This is the first promise to fallen man. It contains the whole gospel, and the essence of the covenant of grace. It has been in great measure fulfilled. The seed of the woman, even our Lord Jesus, was bruised in his heel, and a terrible bruising it was. How terrible will be the final bruising of the serpent's head! This was virtually done when Jesus took away sin, vanguished death, and broke the power of Satan; but it awaits a still fuller accomplishment at our Lord's second advent and in the day of judgment. To us the promise stands as prophecy that we shall be afflicted by the powers of evil in our lower nature, and thus bruised in our heel; but we shall triumph in Christ who sets his foot on the old serpent's head. Throughout this year we may have to learn the first part of this promise by experience, through the temptations of the devil, and the unkindness

of the ungodly, who are his seed. They may so bruise us that we may limp with our sore heel; but let us grasp the second part of the text, and we shall not be dismayed. By faith let us rejoice that we shall still reign in Christ Jesus, the woman's seed.

"When thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed."-Isa, liji: 10.

Our Lord Jesus has not died in vain. His death was sacrificial; he died as our substitute, because death was the penalty of our sins, and because his substitution was accepted of God. He has saved those from whom he made his soul a sacrifice. By death he became like the corn of wheat, which bringeth forth much fruit. There must be a succession of children to Jesus; he is "the Father of the everlasting age." He shall say, "Behold, I and the children whom thou hast given me."

A man is honored in his sons, and Jesus hath his quiver full of these arrows of the mighty. A man is represented in his children, and so is the Christ in Christians. In his seed a man's life seems to be prolonged and extended; and so is the life of Jesus continued in believers.

Jesus lives, for he sees his seed. He fixes his

eye on us, he delights in us, he recognizes us in the fruit of his soul travail. Let us be glad that our Lord does not fail to enjoy the result of his dread sacrifice, and that he will never cease to feast his eyes upon the harvest of his death. Those eyes which once wept for us, are now viewing us with pleasure. Yes, he looks upon those who are looking unto him. Our eyes meet! What a joy 18 this!

"When I see the blood, I will pass over you."-Ex. xii: 13.

My own sight of the precious blood is for my comfort; but it is the Lord's sight of it which secures my safety. Even when I am unable to behold it, the Lord looks at it, and passes over me because of it. If I am not so much at ease as I ought to be, because my faith is dim, yet I am equally safe, because the Lord's eye is not dim, and He sees the blood of the great sacrifice with steady gaze. What joy is this!

The Lord sees the deep inner meaning, the infinite fulness of all that is meant by the death of His dear Son. He sees it with restful memory of justice satisfied, and all His matchless attributes glorified. He beheld creation in its progress, and said: "It is very good;" but what does He say of

redemption in its completeness? What does He say of the obedience even unto death of His wellbeloved Son? None can tell His delight in Jesus, His rest in the sweet Savior which Jesus presented when He offered Himself without spot unto God. Now rest we in calm security. We have God's sacrifice and God's word to create in us a sense of perfect security. He will, He must, pass over us, because He spared not our glorious substitute. Justice joins hands with love to provide everlasting salvation for all the blood-besprinkled ones.

"If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."-John xv: 7.

Of necessity we must be in Christ to live unto him, and we must abide in him to be able to claim the largesse of this promise from him. To abide in Jesus is never to quit him for another love, or another object; but to remain in living, loving, conscious, willing union with him. The branch is not only ever near the stem, but ever receiving life and fruitfulness from it. All true believers abide in Christ in a sense; but there is a higher meaning and this we must know before we gain unlimited power at the throne. "Ask what ye will" is for Enochs who walk with God, for Johns who lie in the Lord's bosom, for those whose union with Christ leads to constant communion,

The heart must remain in love; the mind must be rooted in faith; the hope must be cemented to the Word; the whole man must be joined unto the Lord, or else it would be dangerous to trust us with power in prayer. The *carte blanche* can only be given to one whose very life is "Not I, but Christ liveth in me." O you who break your fellowship, what power you lose! If you would be mighty in your pleadings, the Lord himself must abide in you, and you in him.

"And of Zebulun he said, Rejoice, Zebulun, in thy going out."—Deut. xxxii: 18.

The blessings of the tribes are ours; for we are the true Israel who worship God in the spirit, and have no confidence in the flesh. Zebulun is to rejoice because Jehovah will bless his "going out;" we also see a promise for ourselves lying latent in this benediction. When we go out we will look out for occasions of joy.

We go out to travel, and the providence of God is our convoy. We go out to emigrate, and the Lord is with us both on land and sea. We go out as missionaries, and Jesus saith, "Lo, I am with you unto the end of the world." We go out day by day to our labor, and we may do so with pleasure, for God will be with us from morn till eve.

A fear sometimes creeps over us when starting, for we know not what we may meet with; but this blessing may serve us right well as a word of good cheer. As we pack up for moving, let us put this verse into our traveling trunk; let us drop it into our hearts, and keep it there; yea, let us lay it on our tongue to make us sing. Let us weigh anchor with a song, or jump into the carriage with a psalm. Let us belong to the rejoicing tribe, and in our every movement praise the Lord with joyful hearts.

"Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."—Phil. iv: 6, 7.

No care, but all prayer. No anxiety, but much joyful communion with God. Carry your desires to the Lord of your life, the guardian of your soul. Go to him with two portions of prayer, and one of fragrant praise. Do not pray doubtfully, but thankfully. Consider that you have your petitions, and, therefore, thank God for his Grace. He is giving you grace, give him thanks. Hide nothing. Allow no want to be rankling in your bosom; "make known your requests." Run not to man. Go only to your God, the Father of Jesus, who loves you in him.

This shall bring you God's own peace. You shall not be able to understand the peace which you shall enjoy. It will enfold you in its infinite embrace. Heart and mind, through Christ Jesus, shall be steeped in a sea of rest. Come life or death, poverty, pain, slander, you shall dwell in Jesus above every ruffling wind or darkening cloud. Will you not obey this dear command?

Yes, Lord, I do believe thee; but I beseech thee help mine unbelief.

"When a man's ways please the Lord, He maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him."—Prov. xvi: 7.

I must see that my ways please the Lord. Even then I shall have enemies: and, perhaps, all the more certainly because I endeavored to do that which is right. But what a promise this is! The Lord will make the wrath of men to praise Him, and abate it so that it shall not distress me. He can constrain an enemy to desist from harming me, even though he has a mind to do so. This He did with Laban, who pursued Jacob, but did not dare touch him; or he can subdue the wrath of the enemy, and make him friendly, as He did with Esau, who met Jacob in a brotherly manner, though Jacob had dreaded that he would smite him and his family with the sword. The Lord

can also convert a furious adversary into a brother in Christ, and a fellow-worker, as he did Saul of Tarsus. Oh, that he would do this in every case where a persecuting spirit appears!

Happy is the man whose enemies are made to be to him what the lions were to Daniel in the den, quiet and companionable! When I meet death, who is called the last enemy, I pray that I may be at peace. Only let my great care be to please the Lord in all things. Oh, for faith and holiness; for these are a pleasure unto the Most High!

"The Lord thy God will turn thy captivity."—Deut. xxx: 3.

God's own people may sell themselves into captivity by sin. A very bitter fruit is this, of an exceeding bitter root. What a bondage it is when the Child of God is sold under sin, held in chains by Satan, deprived of his liberty, robbed of his power in prayer and his delight in the Lord! Let us watch that we come not into such bondage; but if this has already happened to us, let us by no means despair.

But we cannot be held in slavery forever. The Lord Jesus has paid too high a price for our redemption to leave us in the enemy's hand. The way to freedom is "Return unto the Lord thy God." Where we first found salvation we shall find it again. At the foot of Christ's cross, confessing sin, we shall find pardon and deliverance. Moreover, the Lord will have us obey his voice according to all that he has commanded us, and we must do this with all our heart, and all our soul and then our captivity shall end.

Often depression of spirit and great misery of soul are removed as soon as we quit our idols and bow ourselves to obedience before the living God. We need not be captives. We may return to Zion's citizenship, and that speedily. Lord, turn our captivity!

"For he shall deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also, and him that hath no helper."—Ps. lxxii: 12.

The needy cries; what else can he do? His cry is heard of God; what else need he do? Let the needy reader take to crying at once, for this will be his wisdom. Do not cry in the ears of friends, for even if they can help you, it is only because the Lord-enables them. The nearest way is to go straight to God, and let your cry come up before him. Straight-forward makes the best runner; run to the Lord, and not to secondary causes.

"Alas!" you cry, "I have no friend or helper."

So much the better; you can rely upon God in both capacities—as without supplies and without helpers. Make your double need your double plea. Even for temporal mercies you may wait upon God, for he careth for his children in these temporary concerns. As for spiritual necessities, which are the heaviest of all, the Lord will hear your cry, and will deliver you and supply you.

O, poor friend, try your rich God. O, helpless one, lean on his help. He has never failed mc, and I am sure he will never fail you. Come as a beggar, and God will not refuse your help. Come with no plea but his grace. Jesus is King, will he let you perish of want? What! Did you forget this?

"They shall feed and lie down, and none shall make them afraid."—Zeph. iii: 13.

Yesterday we thought of the afflicted and poor people whom the Lord left to be a living seed in a dead world. The prophet says of such that they shall not work inquity nor speak lies. So that while they have neither rank nor riches to guard them, they were also quite unable to use those weapons in which the wicked place so much reliance; they could neither defend themselves by sin nor by subtlety.

What then? Would they be destroyed? By no means. They would both feed and rest, and be not merely free from danger, but even quite from fear and evil. Sheep are very feeble creatures, and wolves are terrible enemies; yet, at this hour, sheep are more numerous than wolves, and the cause of the sheep are always winning, while the cause of the wolves is always declining. One day flocks of sheep will cover the plains, and not a wolf will be left. The fact is that sheep have a shepherd, and this gives them provender, protectection and peace. "None"—which means not one, whether in human or diabolical form-"shall make them afraid." Who shall terrify the Lord's flock when he is near? We lie down in green pastures, for Jesus himself is food and rest to our souls.

"And the Lord looked upon him and said, Go in this thy might, and thou shalt save Israel from the hand of the Midianites; have not I sent thee?"—Judges vi: 14.

What a look was that which the Lord gave to Gideon? He looked him out of his discouragements into holy bravery. If our look to the Lord saves us, what will not his look at us do? Lord, look on me this day, and nerve me for its duties and conflicts.

What a word was this which Jehovah spake to Gideon! "Go." He must not hesitate. He might have answered, "What, go in all this weakness?" But the Lord put that word out of court by saying, "Go in this thy might." The Lord had looked might into him, and he had now nothing to do but to use it, and save Israel by smiting the Midianites. It may be that the Lord has more to do by me than I ever dreamed of. If he has looked upon me he has made me strong. Let me by faith exercise the power with which he has entrusted me. He never bids me "idle away my time in this my might." Far from it. I must "go," because he strengthens me.

What a question is that which the Lord puts to me even as he put it to Gideon! "Have not I sent thee?" Yes, Lord, thou has sent me, and I will go in thy strength. At thy command I go, and going, I am assured that thou wilt conquer by me.

"I will save her that halteth."—Zeph. iii: 19.

There are plenty of these lame ones, both male and female. You may meet "her that halteth" twenty times in an hour. They are in the right road, and exceedingly anxious to run in it with diligence, but they are lame, and make a sorry

walk of it. On the heavenly road there are so many cripples. It may be that they say in their hearts: "What will become of us? Sin will overtake us. Satan will throw us down. Ready to halt is our name and our nature; the Lord can never make good soldiers of us, nor even nimble messengers to go on His errands. Well, well, He will save us, and that is no small thing. He says: 'I will save her that halteth.' In saving us He will greatly glorify Himself. Everybody will ask: 'How came this lame woman to run the race and win the crown?' And then the praise will all be given to almighty grace."

Lord, though I halt in faith, in prayer, in praise, in service, and in patience, save me, I beseech thee. Only Thou canst save such a cripple as I am. Lord, let me not perish because I am among the hindmost, but gather up by Thy grace the slowest of Thy pilgrims—even me. Behold he hath said it shall be so; and therefore, like Jacob, prevailing in prayer, I go forward though my sinew be shrunk.

"But if the priest buy any soul with his money, he shall eat of it, and he that is born in his house: they shall eat of his meat.—Liv. xxii: 11.

Strangers, sojourners, and servants upon hire were not to eat of holy things. It is so in spiritual

matters still. But classes were free at the sacred table, those who were bought with the priest's money, and those who were born into the priest's house. Bought and born, these were the two indisputable proofs of a right to holy things.

Bought. Our great High Priest has bought with a price all those who put their trust in him. They are his absolute property—altogether the Lord's. · Not for what they are in themselves, but for their owner's sake they are admitted unto the same privileges which he himself enjoys, and "they shall eat of his meat." He has meat to eat which worldlings know not of. "Because ye belong to Christ," therefore, shall ye share with your Lord.

Born. This is an equally sure way to privilege; if born in the priest's house we take our place with the rest of the family. Regeneration makes us fellow-heirs, and of the same body; and, therefore, the peace, the joy, the glory, which the Father has given to Christ, Christ has given to us. Redemption and regeneration have given us a double claim to the divine permit of this promise.

"For his anger endureth but a moment; in this favor is life; weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."-Ps. xxx: 5.

A moment under our Father's anger seems very long, and yet it is but a moment after all. If we grieve his spirit we cannot look for his smile; but he is a God ready to pardon, and he soon puts aside all remembrance of our faults. When we faint and are ready to die because of his frown, his favor puts new life into us.

This verse has another note of the semi-quaver kind. Our weeping night soon turns into joyous day. Brevity is the mark of mercy in the hour of the chastisement of believers. The Lord loves not to use the rod on his chosen; he gives a blow or two, and all is over; yea, and the life and the joy which follow the anger and the weeping, more than make amends for the salutary sorrow.

Come, my heart, begin thy hallelujahs! Weep not all through the night, but wipe thine eyes in anticipation of the morning. These tears are dews which mean us as much good as the sunbeams of the morrow. Tears clear the eyes for the sight of God in His grace; and make the vision of His favor more precious. A night of sorrow supplies those shades of the picture by which the high lights are brought out with distinctness. All is well.

SALT-CELLARS;

A Collection of Proverss, Together With Homely Notes Thereon. In two Vol-UMES—A TO L AND M TO Z.

"These three things go to the making of a proverb: shortness, sense and salt."

SALT-CELLARS.

A bad dog sees not the thief.

We have plenty of bad dogs nowadays. Ministers will not see the error which abounds; statesmen wink hard at vice; and religious people sleep while satan · plunders the church.

A bad dog may get a good bone.

Often very unworthy men gain fortunes, offices and honors. This world is not the place of rewards and punishments, and so it happens that satan's bullocks often feed in the fattest pastures.

A bad motive makes a good action bad.

What appears good enough in itself has often been polluted by the motive. It might be well to kiss the Lord Jesus, but the motive of Judas made a kiss a crime.

A bad padlock invites a picklock.

Carelessness on the part of owners may prove a temptation to servants and others. We should not put theft into their minds by want of proper care.

A bird that cannot be shot may be snared.

Dispositions vary, and satan knows how to fit his temptations to our temperament. He who will not fall into open sin may be seduced into secret unbelief and pride.

A bitten child is afraid of a stuffed dog.

The same as "a burnt child dreads the fire," or "a scalded cat dreads cold water." It were well if more who have suffered from sin would have a solemn fear of it, and henceforth shun it.

A blustering fellow is always a coward.

This observation has come down through long ages of observers. It is a rule to which there are very few exceptions. Mr. Bluster is soon in a fluster.

A braying donkey may spoil a grazing donkey's business.

A noisy person may prevent a neighbor from following his work with success, and may even cause a prejudice against others in the same line who are quiet and unassuming.

A cat must not always keep her back up.

If now and then a man has to assert himself, and be on the warpath, let him come to his usual level as soon as possible.

A cat on hot bricks is all in a hurry.

And so is a person when he is out of his element. Many a man at church, or in court, or at a prayermeeting, or by a dying bed, is very much in this unhappy condition.

A clever head is all the better for a close mouth.

Then the man will act rather than gossip; and he will not disclose his plans before the proper time for carrying them out.

A cloudy morning brings a clear day.

We may begin a work with trouble, and yet the business may bring us great joy as it proceeds.

A cow's tail droops down, but never drops off.

Many institutions look as if they would fall, but they have not done so yet, and they will not do so for many a year.

A cracked bell should not be rung.

It would be well if we could keep foolish people quiet, but who can? If they were not cracked you might quiet them, but they have not wit enough to hold their tongues.

A creaking door hangs long on its hinges.

Persons who are usually ill often live on for many years, while robust persons die suddenly. This may comfort the invalid, and be a warning to the strong.

A donkey may grow, but he will never be an elephant.

It is not in some men, advance as they may, to grow out of their natural folly, and arrive at any measure of sagacity.

A drowning man will catch at razors.

A man who is losing money will gamble, or speculate, or try the most shameful trick to save himself. Thus he hurts himself still more, and makes his ruin and wretchedness sure.

A fair face may be a foul bargain.

Young men should not be carried away with mere beauty, but look to character and disposition. One who marries a woman for her beauty alone is as foolish as the man who ate a bird because it sang so sweetly.

A fog cannot be driven away by a fan.

Trifling acts cannot accomplish great results.

A fool calls others fools.

He ought to be a judge of fools since he is in that line himself. Perhaps he unconsciously hopes that he may turn upon others the contempt which he half suspects is due to himself.

A fool is a man who is wise too late.

This is a sententious and instructive definition. Alas, how many are in that condition on a dying bed!

A fool in his own house will not be wise in mine.

If he does not know his own business he will not be likely to know mine one-half so well. It is idle to seek or accept counsel from one who has already failed in the management of his own concerns.

A fool's gun is soon fired.

He has little to say, but he is in a desperate hurry to say it. In olden times they said "a fool's bolt is soon shot."

A foolish man diligently advertises his own folly.

He will talk, and talk most upon that which he should never mention for his credit's sake.

A good book is the best companion.

It will speak or be quiet, and it neither talks nonsense nor perpetrates folly.

A good cat should have a good rat.

And so she will if she catches it herself. God helps those who help themselves. We will wish well to him who works well. "May the best man win!"

A good head will save the feet.

A sensible person takes a practical view of things, uses a little foresight, and does two or three things at the same time, thus saving future journeys.

A good horse never lacks a saddle.

Somebody or other will employ the man of ability, character, and tact. The man needs his place, but the place also needs the man.

A good layer up should be a good layer out.

Hoarding is a vulgar thing which any fool may accomplish; but it needs a wise man to expend judiciously what has been saved carefully.

A good worker should have good wages.

He deserves them, and it will be to his employer's interest to see that he has them. Never lose a good servant through bad pay.

A grateful man is a rare bird.

Yes, he is almost as rare as a phœnix. How often does charity receive an ungrateful return! But we must not be discouraged, for we are bound to give our alms for Christ's sake, and not to purchase thanks.

A great cage does not make a bird sing.

Large possessions bring great cares, and these too often silence songs of praise.

A great man's blunders are great blunders.

When a whale makes a splash it is a great splash. A man of distinguished capacity and position does everything, right or wrong, upon a large scale.

A hammer of gold will not open the gates of heaven.

Money opens many of the gates of earth, for bribery is rife; but it has no power in the world to come. Money is more eloquent than ten members of Parliament, but it cannot prevail with the great judge.

A handsome woman is soon dressed.

She does not require such careful setting off. She is "most adorned when unadorned the most."

A hasty man is seldom out of trouble.

He is constantly offending some one or other and picking quarrels right and left. He boils over and scalds himself.

A hedge-hog is a poor bed fellow.

And so are bad-tempered people, especially Mrs. Caudle.

A hen with one chick seems mighty busy.

Some persons make as much fuss about little as others do who have ten times their work.

A hundred years hence we shall all be bald.

Our skulls will be bare as the palm of our hand when it has lain a little while in the grave. What's the use of making much of trifles which will soon come to an end? So also we may see the folly of those who glory in their luxuriant tresses.

A hungry man is an angry man.

Never collect subscriptions before dinner, for you will get nothing.

A journey of a thousand miles is begun with a step.

Beware of despising small beginnings. Some men never arrive at usefulness because they are not satisfied to begin in a small way, and proceed a step at a time. A kind face is a beautiful face.

Even a plain countenance is made absolutely charming when a kind disposition lights it up.

A lazy man makes himself more work by his lazi-

He adopts shifts to save himself trouble; and as these do not answer, it costs him ten times more to do the thing than if he had set about it in the right way at first.

A leaden sword in an avory scabbard is still lead.

You cannot make a man of one who is no man, though you may make him a magistrate, or a minister, or an emperor

A liar never believes other people.

Of course he does not; he judges them by himself.

A little fore talk may save much after talk.

Let the bargain, or agreement, be clearly understood, that there may be no after contention. Let counsel be carefully taken, that there may be no need for regret. Better thrice meet for consultation than once for lamentation.

A little gall spoils a great deal of honey.

A few angry words have embittered the friendship of a life. A few bitter sentences have destroyed the usefulness of a sweet sermon, and even of a sweet life.

A little man may cast a long shadow.

Though his talents are small, his influence may be great. A holy life may tell upon a wide circle, and prove a blessing to many generations.

A little oil may save a deal of friction.

Just a kind word and a yielding manner, and anger and complaining will be avoided.

A little too late is too much too late.

Punctuality is an important duty, and we ought to be ashamed if we are five minutes behind the promised time.

A little warmess may save great weariness.

By forethought, contrivance and arrangement, much care and labor may be saved.

A man cannot prosper till he gets his wife's leave.

She must practice economy, or all his savings may melt away.

A man is known by the company he shuns.

Quite as much as by the company he keeps.

A man may be a fool and not know it.

Indeed it generally is the case that he is not aware of his own folly. If he did know it, he would not be a fool any longer.

A man of prayer is a man of power.

But he must not be of the same kind as the Berkshire farmer, who said: "It was no use praying for rain as long as the wind was in the north."

A man of silence is a man of sense.

Even if he has no other sense, he acts sensibly when he keeps quiet. He has at least sense enough to conceal his want of it.

A man who will not flee will make his foes flee.

He only will move the world who will not let the world move him. Stand against those whom you withstand, and in a short time they will not stand against you.

A man's tongue should never be larger than his hand.

He should not say more than he can do, nor promise more than he can perform.

A mask is an instrument of torture to a true man.

He hates all disguise. He wishes to be known and read of all men.

A mischievous dog must be tied short.

Persons who injure others must have their power limited.

A miser is like a hog—of no use till he is dead.

Many are hoping that he will cut up well. Our societies could do very well with a side of such bacon.

A nice dog can give a nasty bite.

Very sweet-spoken men can say slanderous things. You fancy that butter would not melt in their mouths; but you soon find that in proportion to the softness of their oil is the sharpness of their sword.

A nimble ninepence beats a slow shilling.

Quickness in trade is a great thing. The oftener the capital is turned over, the better. "Small profits and quick returns" is a good motto.

A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse.

As he can see nothing at all, it matters not how you try to direct him. Plenty of men are equally hard to guide.

A parson should not drive a grey horse.

Because the hair comes off and shows on his black coat. Our company and our pursuits should be congruous to our calling.

A penny is a debt as true

As if ten thousand pounds were due.

Little sums are apt to be forgotten, but the principle involved in leaving them unpaid is the same as knavery in larger amounts.

A pound of idleness weighs twenty ounces.

That is to say, it is more heavy and burdensome than anything else. Doing nothing is hard work.

A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck.

Resolution will bring the success which the believer in luck gapes for in vain.

A prejudiced man puts out his own eyes.

He refuses to see the other side of the question. His judgment is blinded by his own wilfulness, and this is the worst of blindness.

A rich man may make a poor husband.

Better to have a treasure in the man than with the man.

A rolling stone gathers no moss.

This is the home-lover's reason for stopping forever in his native village. There is some reason in it, for frequent and freakish changes hinder prosperity.

A sheep should not tire of carrying his own wool.

He is a lazy man who complains of the weight of his clothes, the toils of his trade, or the natural care of his own family.

A servant is best discovered by his master's absence.

That is to say, he is found out by what he does when his master goes out and leaves him to himself. Then you see whether he is honest and industrious, or the reverse.

A slanderer is a cur that will bite to the bone.

Like a mad dog, he leaves venom in the wound, which may drive the sufferer to madness.

A soft heart needs a hard head.

Otherwise sympathy will run away with a man and lead him into foolish actions. Judgment must sway the feelings and keep them in their right place, or harm will be done where good was intended.

A sparrow may fly as high as it will, But it must remain a sparrow still.

So a person may soar aloft in outward show, and in high pretence, but it makes no difference to the man's real self.

A strong will walks through a wall.

No difficulty can hinder the man of firm resolution.

A tame tongue is a rare bird.

One wishes these birds would multiply till they were as numerous as sparrows.

A tradesman must be self-made or never made.

He must stick to business, and get on by his own energy, or he will not prosper for any length of time.

A wager is a fool's argument.

He does not pretend to prove his statements, but bawls out, "I'll bet you a pound on it," which is neither sense nor reason.

A white devil does double mischief. Beware!

Putting on the form of an angel of light, the prince of darkness gets advantage over men. Error is terrible when it professes to be a purer form of Christianity.

A white glove often hides a dirty hand.

Deceitful professions are used to conceal base actions.

A wise man may often learn from a fool.

The ignorant man often blunders out absurdities which suggest new views, and on some one point he may happen to be better informed than the cultured man.

A word once out flies much about.

Words are like thistle down, and no one knows where they will go, and what will grow of them. "Keep the door of thy mouth."

"Almost" never shoots a cock-sparrow.

The half-hearted man does nothing. He is always going to do much, but it ends in mere proposing, and comes to nothing. A life which lingers on the verge of something, but never comes to anything, is most ridiculous.

"Always at it" wins the day.

Perseverance conquers every difficulty by its dogged determination. He that will not be beaten cannot be beaten. He who keeps on pegging away will do it sooner or later.

Always leave a little coal for the next day's fire.

Don't say all on a subject nor spend all on a feast.

All bread is not baked in one oven.

No one man, or society, or denomination, or section of the community, can do all the good work that is needed in this poor world.

All is fine that is fit.

If a thing is suitable it is admirable; but if unfit for its purpose it is often unendurable, however grand may be the look of it. All sunshine, and nothing else, makes a desert.

If we had nothing but prosperity, we should be burnt up with worldliness. We may be thankful there is no fear of this.

All the speed is not in the spurs.

Strength is wanted as well as stimulus. Comfortable instruction is as needful as earnest exhortation.

An ape is an ape, though dressed in a cape.

No garment can long conceal character. The man comes out sooner or later. Let nine tailors do their best, a fop is not a man for all that.

An early start makes easy stages.

To begin promptly causes work to go pleasantly; whereas delay keeps one in a perpetual heat.

An ill calf may become a good cow.

We cannot depend upon parentage. Grace does not run in the blood. The best of men have the worst of children.

An obedient wife commands her husband.

By her love the good man is conquered, so that he delights to give her pleasure.

An old dog must bark in his own way.

There must be much indulgence shown to age and long-established habit.

An open mouth shows an empty head.

When persons are so exceedingly ready to chatter, it is soon discovered that they know nothing. If there had been anything in the box, the owner would have had some kind of fastening for it.

An owl will never teach an eagle to look at the sun.

Tutors of doubtful character and irreligious principles can never instruct young people in the ways of godliness.

Any boy or girl you see, can leap o'er a fallen tree.

As soon as a man is down, there are plenty to triumph over him. A hare can sport with the beard of a dead lion. In fact, some spirits take peculiar delight in pouring contempt upon the great in the day of their calamity.

Any time means no time.

When a work has no appointed season, it is put off from day to day, and in all probability is forgotten and neglected altogether.

As easy as an old shoe, and of as little value too.

Many are without spirit, and from that reason are very agreeable to others, but are worth nothing for practical service.

As they must dig who gather ore, so they must dig who gather lore.

The notion with many is that reading and studying are mere amusement; but if they would try for themselves, they would find that headwork is more tiring than handwork.

As you give love, you will have love.

This is generally true; at least, the price of love is love. Those who love everybody will win love, or better still, they will deserve it.

As the corn is, such will the flour be. As the *corn* is, such will the walk be.

This last is not corn in the field, but corn on the foot. Corns and bunions do not contribute to a pilgrim's progress.

As you make your bed, so you must lie on it.

If young people will choose unfit partners in life, they must take the consequences. If they choose poverty or vice, they must abide their choice.

Asses carry the oats, and horses eat them.

So it comes to pass that mere labor gets little compared with the more skilled form of work. The proverb indicates a grievance, but hints at the only way of escaping it.

At the sign of the angel, beware of the Devil.

In Vanity Fair this is the tavern that Diabolus always patronizes.

Avarice is a mad vice.

The miser is called by French wit, "the treasurer of his heir." Poor idiot!

Avoid extremes and bubble schemes.

Avoid that which makes a void in your pocket.

Bad beef will never make good broth.

Several meanings may be given to this proverb. You cannot get good influences out of bad doctrine. Ill-gotten money brings no blessing in its use. Bad schemes cannot lead to good results.

Bad wares are never cheap.

Yet they catch a crowd of customers. The reason for this lies in Carlyle's remark, "That the United Kingdom contains so many millions of inhabitants, mostly fools."

Bad work is never worth doing.

It will only need undoing, or if it be left as it is, it will be a perpetual abomination. Work thy best, or let it rest.

Bare-footed folk should not tread on thorns.

Those who are particularly sensitive in any direction, should keep out of the way of the evil they dread.

Be little fish if you have but a little water:

Accommodate yourself to your condition.

Be a man before your mother.

Some do not seem as if they would be. The mere dandy is like his mother in this only; she will never be a man, nor will he.

Be always valorous, but seldom venturous.

We are to be ready for all that comes, but we are not to seek conflict. Face a lion if you must, but don't go down to the circus and get into a cage with him of your own accord.

Be always ahead of your work.

Then you will be comfortable. If you are behindhand you will be constantly whipped at the cart's tail of hurry.

Be as neat as a pin, and as brisk as a bee.

Appearance and deportment may seem little things, but they greatly effect success in life. Employers like to have about them persons who are neat in attire and quick in their movements. Nobody wants to have a bundle of old rags rolling about his shop.

Be careful, but not full of care.

It has been well said that our anxiety does not empty to-morrow of its sorrows, but only empties to-day of its strength.

Be good, and then do good.

You cannot really do more than you are.

Be hardy, but not hard.

Endure hardship yourself; but do not become unkind to others because you are strong and can rough it. A hardy man with a tender heart is a beautiful character; but an unfeeling tyrant is a curse to his household.

Be honest, and thus outwit the rogues.

Honesty perplexes the cunning. They think you are practising some deep policy, and they are baffled.

Be low in humility and high in hope.

He who will not bend his head in humility will run against a beam; he that will not hold up his head in hopefulness will not be cheered by an early sight of the good which is waiting for him.

Be merrily wise and wisely happy.

It is to be done, though it will need prudence and prayer.

Be not ever and over touchy.

Too much sensitiveness will be avoided by a sensible man. Persons who are easily aggrieved will have a sad time of it in this rough-and-tumble world.

Be not everybody's dog that whistles you.

Have a mind of your own, and do not follow first one leader and then another

Be old when young, that you may be young when old.

Prudence, sobriety and true godliness, are supposed to be appropriate to the aged; but we should possess them in our youth. So may we hope to be preserved in health and vigor when years have multiplied upon us.

Be not honey abroad and wormwood at home.

Do not spend all our good humor on strangers, and then sulk and scold in your own house. Some read it, "Be not an angel abroad and a devil at home." Who but a hypocrite will bring himself under the censure of this proverb.

Be quiet: walls have ears.

Nobody knows who may be listening. Say nothing which you would not wish put in the daily papers.

Be sure you know your own know.

Don't pretend to knowledge and then break down under a question or two. Also, be quite sure of what you know, and let nobody beat you from your belief.

Be your own most useful friend: Cease on others to depend.

An ancient philosopher once said, "I am the only one of my friends that I can rely upon." A friend may help you over a stile, but he cannot be expected to carry you on his back.

Beauty wins, but bounty holds.

The eye is charmed by an elegant appearance but the actual receipt of kindness is that which retains the heart.

Bear the hen's cackle for the sake of the eggs.

Little annoyances must be put up with because of great advantages. The rattle of machinery and the noise of traffic must be endured for the sake of business.

Before a fool handles a whip he ought to feel it on his own back.

Not meant to be a cruel observation, but to prevent much of that cruelty which arises from ignorance of the pain which the lash is causing. Before you decide, hear the other side.

This is sensible advice, but many persist in the neglect of it.

Before you mount look to your girth.

Applicable to many mounts besides those upon a horse's back. Many men accept offices which they cannot fulfill, and enter upon positions which they cannot maintain.

Before you trust the cat, put the cream out of reach.

Remove temptation even from those in whom you have confidence. He who bids you pray, "Lead us not into temptation," would not have you lead others into it.

Bend the boy's neck, or he'll be a stiff-necked man.

Want of training to obedience in youth is the cause of much of the disorder and love of anarchy which we see in certain classes of society. The child is getting to be the father of the man with a vengeance, and the father is coming to be the son's slave.

Better a good groat than a bad bank book.

Sincerity makes the least man to be of more value than the most talented hypocrite.

Better a salt tongue than an oily one.

Sensible persons prefer a little sharp honesty to glib conceit. We say, "Speak the truth, shame the devil," but we know some who warp the truth, and please the devil.

Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.

Wit is a razor, and if it be in unwise hands it may injure men. It needs great sense to play the fool, and the man who attempts wit should have all his wits about him.

Better be a lean bird in the wood than a fat one in a cage.

The sweets of liberty are worth paying for. The Creoles say that "fat has no feeling," hence the fat bird does not fret about the cage.

Better be half an hour too soon than a minute too late.

Then you only lose your own time, but in the other case you are wasting the time of others. If you keep four persons waiting a quarter of an hour, you have stolen an hour of their time.

Better bread in the lap, than feather in the cap.

A supply for necessities is better than mere honor or the pretence of it. "Rag and famish" is a poor motto.

Better dove without serpent, than serpent without dove.

Simplicity without prudence is better than subtlety without sincerity. Yet when a fellow will not do right when softly persuaded by your dove, it may be wise to set your serpent at him.

Better eat humble pie than no pie at all.

Some throw themselves out of a situation sooner than apologize for a fault or put up with a rebuke. This is extreme folly.

Better half a loaf than no bread at all.

If wages be not so high as we could wish, yet if we are out of work for a single week it will take months to recover the loss. Strikes hurt the striker, even if they win.

Better keep peace than make peace.

What are small gains compared with the pearl of peace.

Better leave undone than have to undo.

When a case is doubtful, it is best to do nothing till you see what to do, for if we do the wrong thing it may make bad worse.

Better live on a little than outlive a great deal.

Economy must be strictly practiced when a business is in peril, for the greatest pinching will be better than losing the chance of a livelihood. Cultivate forethought upon a little oatmeal. Do not by extravagance kill the goose which lays the golden egg.

Better out of fashion than out of credit.

Some spend so much to be fashionable that they get into debt, and loose credit with their neighbors. "You must be in fashion," is the utterance of weak-headed mortals.

Better serve God in a city than a cell.

Because there is more opportunity for doing good among the masses. Lonely service may be good for me, but what is to become of perishing millions.

Better wear out shoes than sheets.

Industry is much to be preferred to indolent self-indulgence. Better trudge along the road to success than doze one's self into failure.

Better work for nothing than become lazy.

It is really so. Gentlemen who have retired from business often take up an unpaid occupation to keep them from absolute weariness of life.

Between said and done a race may be run.

It is generally desired that they may very nearly keep pace with each other. *Said* will be a little ahead, but *done* should follow at his heel.

Beware of having more notion than motion.

We see everywhere persons who know more than they practice, and have more conceit than industry, more doctrine in the head than holiness in life. Let such men serve us as beacons.

Beware of men made of molasses.

Persons who are very plausible and exceedingly polite have generally some design upon you, as also religionists who call you "dear" the first time they see you, and are forever prating of a love which lies only on their lips, and *lies* even there.

Beware of mettle in a blind horse.

He is apt to dash into danger. He must go, and he does not see where. Many zealots are so ignorant that they come under this proverb; they are dangerous when they are not well guided.

Beware of the stone thou stumblest at before.

We shall be doubly guilty if we do not learn to avoid in future that which has already proved an occasion of sin to us.

Beware of two black eyes.

Whether in your own head, or in the lovely face of a doubtful woman.

Bitter truth should be sweetly spoken.

We should be anxious to cause no more offence than naturally goes with the truth itself. Coat your pills with sugar.

Borrowing may be tried once, but only once.

Sudden need may come to any one, but *the habit* of running to others should not be formed, much less continued.

Bought wit lasts longest.

It makes a deep impression on the memory and usually remains for life. Its serious price helps its preservation.

Blue is blue, but there may be better blue.

True and faithful, good and generous as a man may be, there may be others quite as good, if not better.

Both folly and wisdom grow with our years.

Too often they seem to grow side by side. Some know better and do worse. Time makes some mellow and others rotten.

Bread baked must be eaten.

Either by ourselves or somebody. Our conduct has results and very sad ones, too, in some cases.

Brevity is a fine thing in a speech.

Want of study, and want of really knowing what one is driving at, must bear the blame of many a long and weary talk. Hence a short speech is usually of better quality than a long one; and if it is not, it is all the better that it is short.

Bring up your boy to nothing, and he'll be a rogue.

He will have nothing to do, and he will do it diligently. Of course he will run into bad company, and wicked men and the devil together will soon make a tool of him.

Buttons all right are husbands' delight.

What vexation may be caused by neglect of such a little thing as a button! Let wives think nothing trivial which tends to peace.

"Candidly but cautiously," said the wise man.

So should we always speak the truth by all means, but that truth with caution; for there are so many lying upon the catch that one has need to look at his words twice before he speaks them.

Carry your eyes in your own head.

Judge for yourself; don't make another your guide.

Cast not dirt into the well which gives you water.

Find not fault with those who feed you, nor with the trade which supports you, nor with the Lord who gives you all things.

Cats in mittens catch no mice.

Persons who are fastidious in dress seldom accomplish much. A minister who preaches in gloves is usually too fine a gentleman to move men's consciences.

Cats know the ways of cats.

Certain classes of people know one another's ways, which cannot be comprehended by strangers.

Cease play when it ceases to be play.

When bad temper creeps in because the weaker does not like to be beaten, drop the game. It is meant for pleasure; end it when it comes to pain.

Censure from the bad is true praise.

When Agesliaus heard any persons praised or censured, he remarked that it was as necessary to know the characters of the critics as the character of the person of whom they spoke. Slander is the homage which vice pays to virtue. If the wicked praised us, we should have to ask with the stoic, "What have I done wrong, that these fellows should speak well of me?"

Character is a man's best capital.

It is the backbone of success, especially with those employed by others. Young men see that you do not impoverish yourself by wasting this precious stock in trade of life. Charity is the salt of riches.

Sprinkle a good deal of it over your income. Be not one of those of whom *Sidney Smith* said, that they were "ready to act the good Samaritan, without the oil and the twopence."

Charity should be warmest when the season is coldest.

Then is the time for coals and blankets, and the more the merrier. It will warm your hearts to warm poor people's bodies.

Cheerfulness smoothes the road of life.

It either gathers out the stones, or else trips so lightly over them that they are not noticed.

Chide thy friend in private, praise him in public.

The first will prove that thy faithfulness is full of love, and the second that thy love is not ashamed to own itself. This is what thou wouldst expect of him, therefore so act towards him.

Children never tell what they don't know.

They are best sent out of the way when things are talked of which you do not wish reported.

Chins without beards are better than heads without brains.

Young men, when wise, are to be preferred to those without sense, who have not even youth to excuse their folly. When Queen Elizabeth had sent a somewhat young ambassador to a foreign court, and the king complained of it, the ambassador replied, "If Her Majesty had known that you measure wisdom by beards, she would have sent you a goat."

Choose a kit from a good cat.

Daughters will probably be like their mothers; therefore the mother is a good guide for a young man in selecting a wife. Clean hands are better than clever hands.

Much is made of cleverness nowadays but the devil is the cleverest of all, and yet he is most wicked.

Clean your tongue as well as your teeth.

This is easier said than done.

Compassion will do more than passion.

The kindly warmth of the sun made the traveller take off his cloak, while the cutting wind could not tear it off, but made him bind it closer about him; so love does more than wrath.

Constant occupation removes temptation.

In a great measure it does so. David sinned with Bathsheba when he stayed at home from battle, and was resting on his bed in day time.

Cool head and warm heart: these should never be apart.

Lest we should be carried away by excitement, and lose our balance of mind.

"Couldn't help it" doesn't mend it.

Frequent is the excuse, "I couldn't help it." It does not comfort the injured party, and it is seldom true. The Creoles very wisely say, "Asking my pardon does not cure the bumps you made on my forehead."

Count money after your own kin.

In trade transactions deal with relatives as you would with strangers, so far as methods of business are concerned. This rule is a wise one and promotes love.

Courage needs eyes as well as arms.

We must not blindly rush into danger. Fearless need not be heedless. True courage is not cousin to rashness.

Cows forget that they were calves.

Elderly persons fail to remember that they were once young themselves, and so they do not make allowance for juveniles around them.

Credit won by lying is quick in dying.

For very soon the falsehood is found out. Truth is like a cuckoo; you cannot hedge it in, nor prevent its voice being heard.

Crowbars swallowed strengthen the back.

Hard things, when patiently endured, tend to increase our mental and spiritual strength. An old friend of mine told me in my youth that I should have to swallow many bush-fagots cross-ways. I have done so, and have found the process of great service in clearing the throat.

Cursing men are cursed men.

For curses are like processions, which go their round and come home again.

Cutting off a mule's ears won't make him a horse.

Mere change of appearance is of little value. So taking away some one glaring folly will not change a man's nature; the proverb is Creole. The Italians say, "Cut off a dog's tail and he remains a dog."

Daylight will peep through a very small hole.

Secrets are made known by very simple circumstances. Truth is disseminated by the weakest means.

Dirty linen should be washed at home.

Family quarrels should not be made public. Almost any degree of suffering is better than public exposure of private wrongs and personal bickerings.

Do not growl, lest you be taken for a dog.

Certain persons can never be pleased. They are cynics, and prove their right to the name by their dogged complaints.

Do the duty that lies nearest thee.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth," said Solomon, "do with thy might." Carlisle says: "Our grand business is not to *see* what lies dimly at a distance, but to *do* what lies clearly at hand." Do the next thing.

Do to others as you would that they should do to you.

The golden rule, but not the rule by which to get gold. It is much admired in church, but if it were to wander into the exchange or the market, it would be locked up by the beadle. The world's golden rule is, "Do others, or others will do you."

Don't accuse the times to excuse yourself.

The times are good enough for men who are good enough. If times are hard we must work harder.

Don't be above your business, nor below it.

To be too proud to attend to your work, or too uneducated to do it thoroughly, will be equally injurious. There is an honor in hard work. The French rule is "Respect the burden," and every burden of labor is respectable.

Don't bet even a farthing cake.

This was the very largest wager of an old friend of ours, and then he always stipulated that he should himself have the first bite, whether he won or not. We don't recommend even this.

Don't blow the broth which does not burn you.

If there's no real fault, don't blame a man. Never grumble without cause. If it's no concern of yours, let it alone.

Don't burn your candle at both ends.

It will go fast enough at one. Don't lose your wages in holidays, and at the same time spend your money in your frolics.

Don't carve another man's leg of mutton.

Some are very pleased when they are eating and drinking at other people's expense; but it never pays with men of honor, for they feel bound to make a return, and they will be called on to do it.

Don't crawl all day over one cabbage leaf.

The movements of some parties are so slow that this admonition might be fairly addressed to them. A master once asked his gardener, "John, did you ever see a snail?" "Yes, sir." "Then," said the master, "I am sure you met it, for you would never have overtaken it."

Don't cut down an oak to plant a thistle.

To destroy an old institution for some new nonsense is not wise.

Don't fight for the shell and lose the kernel.

This is done when mere words are the ground of contention, and essential doctrine is overlooked.

Don't give a good pail of milk, and then put your foot in it.

Cows sometimes do this; but it is by no means a pleasure to the farmer. Don't do a good action and spoil it by your after conduct; nor preach a good sermon and contradict it. As a rule do not "put your foot in it," in any sense. An Irishman observed that whenever he opened his mouth he put his foot in it. Don't imitate him.

Don't go out woolly and come home shorn.

Plenty do this who would have been more sensible had they staid at home; they leave the old faith for something more attractive and lose their comfort, if not their character.

Don't hold with the hare and run with the hounds.

Jack-o-both-sides generally catches it from both parties before long. Don't play the game of double-shuffle.

Don't let your feet run faster than your shoes.

It is unwise to go faster than you can do with safety and comfort. Many have brought their bare feet to the ground by spending more than their income could provide.

Don't let your heart sink into your hose.

Fear makes the heart go down into the stocking. But heart in hose is out of place. Why fear if you are right.

Don't meddle, or you'll muddle.

Is it not generally the case, that those who interfere do more harm than good? These amateur cooks spoil the broth.

Don't pick a man up before he is down.

Don't correct him before he has made a mistake.

Don't put all your eggs into one basket.

It is unwise to risk all that you have in any one concern. If you have any savings, put them in several places. The marines' form of this saying is, "Don't ship all your goods in one vessel."

Don't put on so much coal as to put out the fire.

You can lay so many books on the brain as to bury it, and teach children so much that they learn nothing, and preach so long that the people forget all that is said.

Don't roll in the mire to please the pigs.

Do nothing wrong to please those who take delight in evil.

Don't shiver with last winter's cold.

Let not past sorrows be remembered. If the memory of them awakens gratitude, well and good; but if they renew your pain it is foolish to raise them from the grave of the past.

Don't sow your wild oats; they are bad reaping.

Many talk as if young people ought to be vicious for a time, or as if it was a very excusable thing for a young man to be impure in his behavior. This is very pernicious. Alas! throughout life men have had to feel in their bones the sins of their youth.

Don't spend other peoples' money.

This is too often done. Expenditure upon credit, tampering with trusts, and many other matters come under the last of this sentence.

Don't throw good money after bad.

It is useless to spend your money in going to law with a person who will not or cannot pay. If you sue a beggar you know what you will get, and that fact should make you forbear.

Don't trust a rickety chair or a tricky man.

For if you do, you may get an ugly fall, or find yourself deceived. It is risky to ride broken kneed horses, or to trust men who have already failed, and fellows who have once deceived you.

Drink like a fish—water only.

Drinking water neither makes a man sick, nor in debt, nor his wife a widow. But some men are like the drunken Parisian, who declared that in his childhood he had been bitten by a mad-dog, and consequently had a horror of water.

Drive one plow at a time.

Turn all your strength in one direction. Divided energies threaten failure. "One thing I do," is a good motto.

Dry bread at home is better than roast meat abroad.

That is to say, as a general rule. One does not turn up his nose at a roast or boiled when one is at a friend's house, or sojourning by the sea, or wandering among the alps. Still there's no table, no bed, no fireside, no home, no wife like our own.

Ducks lay eggs; geese lay wagers.

Such geese are very common near our common, especially towards Derby Day. Where is the sense of this mania for gambling? We need not ask where is the morality of it?

Early up and never the nearer.

A man might as well keep in bed if he does not rightly use his time after he has risen. The main matter is not rising early, but well spending the day.

East or West, home is best.

Foreign travel pleases for a season, but the heart turns to home as the needle to the pole. He has no home who does not love it dearly.

Empty tubs are easily rolled.

When there is nothing in a man he has no stability but is easily persuaded and deluded. A drunkard said he was sure the world was round, for he rolled about so; and certain others have a sort of mental reeling which can only come of emptiness.

Even a plowman can see who is a true gentleman.

An indescribable something in tone, manner and spirit, will cause the most uncultured mind to see who is the true gentleman, and who the mere pretender.

Even Soloman was not always wise.

Indeed he was the greatest fool of his time. He. was always the most knowing, but not always the wisest man.

Every fool will give advice, but few of them will take it.

Indeed it needs much good sense to be willing to be advised. The humility and self diffidence which will submit to be led by the wisdom of the really prudent are rarer than we think.

Every girl can keep house better than her mother till she tries.

This is the fault of many young folks; they know nothing about a matter, but yet feel that they could do the business in first rate style. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and the proof of the work is in the doing and the lasting.

Every man carries an enemy inside his own waiscoat.

He had better watch that fellow, or he will be stabbing at his heart or tampering with his conscience.

Every one is wise after the business is over.

This is the special wisdom of the unwise. Yet we could all do much better if we had to do it over again; at least we think so. We are fools enough to imagine that we should not be fools again.

Every peddler sells the best pins.

At least he says so, and he ought to know.

Every tub must stand on its own bottom.

We are individually accountable, and no one can hide behind another, so as to justify himself.

Everybody's friend is nobody's friend.

His universal generosity lies all in talk. He is not to be depended on. He is always helping so many that he cannot come to your aid.

Everything comes to the man who can wait.

It is only a matter of time. Patience beholds great wonders. In spiritual things, if we watch and wait, we shall see glorious things.

Expect nothing from those who promise a great deal.

Their readiness to promise should make you more than a little suspicious. They would not issue so many bank notes if they *had* to keep enough gold in the cellar to meet them.

Expectation is a fool's income.

He is always looking for something which has never yet occurred, and never will occur in his time. His ship is to come home, but as yet it is not launched. He has an estate somewhere, which is to come to him when we have a week all Sundays, but at present the rightful owner is depriving him of it.

Expensive wife makes pensive husband.

When the draper's bill drains his pocket, the poor man thinks more than he dares to say. The arithmetic of a good wife is very different. She adds to his happiness, substracts from his cares, multiplies his joys, divides his sorrows, and practices reduction in the expenditure of his household.

Face to face clears many a case.

Quarrels are fomented by hearsay statements and reports. Bring the parties together and let the truth come out.

Faint heart never won fair lady.

Faint heart sees dangers where there are none, and so avoids attempts which might succeed. Doubtless even in the tender business of courtship this operates to the young man's injury. If *he* is afraid to propose, he can hardly expect *her* to do so.

Feed a pig and you'll have a hog

Those who are of a swinish nature only grow worse when they receive either kindness or consideration.

Fight, but fight only with yourself.

Self conquest is the greatest of victories. Many have vanquished all others, and yet have been slaves to their own passions.

First practice at home, then preach abroad.

It is not every man that would like to preach to his neighbors from his own doorstep.

Folly and learning may live under one hat.

Book learning may carry a man far from truth and common sense; experience is needed, and grace of God, to make true wisdom.

Fools should never set on eggs.

They will addle them or break them, but never hatch them. This saying means that designs which need patient attention must never be left to unwise people.

Frogs in a well know nothing of the high seas.

Men with narrow range of knowledge and experience cannot calculate the greatness of the divine designs, nor even understand the larger ideas of more instructed men.

Give the birds crumbs; God gives you loaves.

In the winter pay the birds for the songs of spring by feeding them. In Sweden a sheaf is always left for the birds.

Go after wisdom, or it will never come to you.

A suggestive preacher once said, "Do not suppose that wisdom is so much flattered at having you for a pupil that she will set you easy lessons, and yet give you the gold medal."

Good sees good, and foul sees foul.

This accounts for the various reports which men give concerning the moral condition of a neighborhood. Each man notices that which is after his own mind. If a vulture fly over a region he would spy out carcases, where a dove would note clean corn.

Giving is generally a kind of fishing.

They give a sprat to catch a salmon. Orientals are great at this art, and some in these Western parts are becoming proficient.

Fretting cares make grey hairs.

And this is all they make. What is the use of them?

Good wives if they were sold Were well worth crowns of gold.

But nobody wishes to sell them; and nobody could buy them if he wished to do so.

Goose and gander are very much alike.

What is true of woman is true of man, for bad or good.

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Gossiping and lying are brother and sister.

Alas, for the misery which is caused by a long tongue! The quantity of the gossip could not be kept up if it were restricted to truth, and so evil inventions are added thereto. These at first are a sort of spice and flavoring, but in time they become the principal ingredient. A modern essayist defines gossip as, "the putting of two and two together, and making five of them." Say fifty and you are nearer the mark.

Great oaks were once little acorns.

Despise not the day of small things. Despair not because your strength is little. Who knows what you may be or do.

Great weight may hang on small wires.

On a word or even a look the history of a nation has depended. On a single act a man's whole life may turn.

Grind no man's name; seek other grist.

Yet some are never so pleased as when they have a gracious man between their millstones, and are reducing his character to dust.

Guilt on the conscience puts grief on the countenance.

Where it is real and deep, it is a hard matter to conceal conviction of sin. This heaviness of the heart makes a man stoop.

APPENDIX.



Death of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

Mr. Spurgeon's final illness began in June, 1891. The message of sympathy from Mr. Gladstone was appropriately answered by the sufferer with his own trembling hand. This was in July. He made a brave struggle to remain in London and to perform occasionally his duties at the Tabernacle, but he was compelled to give up the fight in October and yield wholly to his physician. On the 26th of October he left his home and London, and, in company with Mrs. Spurgeon, went to Calais, France, and thence to Mentone. It was hoped that the balmy air of this famous resort would restore his health. The change brought temporary improvement, but soon complications arose that baffled the physician's skill. He could take no nourishment, and extreme lassitude and even delirium followed at intervals.

During November and December there occurred alternating periods of hope and depression, as he became better

The reader will notice that the appendix begins with page 497. This is caused not by any omission of pages, but from the fact that the full page illustrations are included in numbering the appendix.

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or worse. He was strong enough at times to walk about, and to write letters, and then again dangerous symptoms returned. At one time hope was entertained by himself, as well as by his friends, that God had heard the prayers of his people for the invalid's recovery, and had blessed the means taken for his complete restoration to health.

"New Year's day, 1892, found him still hopeful, and he felt so bright that he was able to make a short address to the little circle of friends in the hotel at Mentone, who had met to greet him on that day. He also sent a New Year's message to his congregation at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, in which he said: 'What a joy it will be to be within measurable distance of the time to return to my pulpit and to you. I have not reached that point yet. Now may the Lord cause the cloud of blessing to burst upon you in a great tropical shower. I am expecting this.''

"Even as late as January 9th last, he was still hopeful of being restored to his flock, and wrote to them: 'Personally, I scarcely make progress during this broken weather; but the doctor says I hold my own, and that is more than he could have expected. Whether I live or die, I would say, in the words of Israel to Joseph, "God shall be with you."

But he was again taken alarmingly ill and breathed his last at Mentone, Sunday, January 31, 1892, at twenty minutes past eleven o'clock at night, (about 6 P. M. our time,) in the 58th year of his age. The malady that terminated his eventful career was the gout, from which he suffered many years. It was hereditary. His grandfather often said to him: "Charles, I have nothing to leave to you but my gout, but I have left you a great deal of that."

Between his attacks of suffering on Saturday he was able to speak, and expressed himself as anxious to send a message to his congregation. He thought constantly of his wife. It was early Sunday morning that he relapsed into unconsciousness, which continued to the end. He did not recognize his wife, and refused all food. Milk was given him but he did not retain it. The end was painless, the great preacher dying without a struggle. Besides his wife, Dr. Fitzhenry, Miss Thorne, Rev. James Spurgeon and his wife, and other loving friends were present.

Dr. H. L. Wayland says: "Every November he found it necessary to leave his work and seek rest in the delightful climate of the South of France, returning late in the winter with renewed vigor. But to everything there comes an end. He left London last fall more than usually exhausted and greatly weakened by the influenza, and probably affected with Bright's disease. Through the good providence of God, his wife, so long an invalid and unable to travel, so far recovered her strength as to go with him. Periods of hope alcernated with gloom. Probably never in the history of man was there more earnest and united prayer than for him. The people of the Tabernacle prayed without ceasing, and from tens of thousands of closets all over Christendom prayer was made by the church for him. Why these prayers were not granted, we do not know. Indeed, that they were heard and in some way answered, we most fully believe. Gradually Mr. Spurgeon declined; at last, consciousness ceased; the voice of his wife fell on unheeding ears; she, with his son and with officials of the church, went with him to the borders of the river, till he entered the stream and the waters closed over him."

During all this eventful Sunday at Mentone, vast crowds filled the Tabernacle at London; prayers were fervently uttered and telegraphic bulletins eagerly sought after.

LAST WORDS.

We have not yet heard what were his last words, but we need no last words to assure us of the undying hope and trust of one whose whole life, and every word and deed, were such as his. He, however, has left us words spoken or written during his fatal sickness that comport with his lifelong professions, and will ever be remembered among his best utterances.

The Christian Herald gives the following interesting matter:

LAST CORRESPONDENCE.

"Pastor Spurgeon, even in his moments of keenest pain, never forgot his flock who in turn mourned his unavoidable absence in the vain search for renewed health. Every week brought from Mentone to London some gentle reminder of his kind solicitude, to be read from the Tabernacle pulpit by his substitute and assistant, Rev. Dr. Pierson.

"Some of these letters are 'pearls of the faith,' and will undoubtedly be prized and cherished, now that the writer is gone. On September 20, 1891, he wrote: 'The affectionate and effectual prayers of the saints dragged me back to life, and only by the same means shall I recover strength. I will not touch upon my present affliction; you will guess at it when I say that, although the stairs of my bed-chamber are very easy, I cannot ascend them, but have to be carried up by others. The heart as yet will not endure that even small climb, therefore I need your prayers still; and I know I shall have them, for your love never ceases.'

"Again on September 27, he wrote: 'If sharp pruning makes fruit-bearing branches bring forth more fruit, it is not a thing to be lamented when the great Vine-dresser turns his knife upon us. If I may in the end be more useful to

you, and to those who come in and out among us, I shall rejoice in the woes which I have endured. May you each one when tried with sickness improve your school-time, that you may be the sooner able to learn and know all the Master's mind!'

"And on October 10: 'I am indeed happy in being borne up by the prayers of saints as by the hands of angels.'

"On November 7, he wrote these expressive sentences from Mentone: 'I am far away in body, but not in spirit. I am a sick man physically, but in heart I am strong in the Lord. A great waste of life-force still weakens me; but it is not so great as it was, and he who has spared my life will in his own right time spare me this weakening of my strength by the way. It is a great trial to be unable to preach in the pulpit, but it is no small comfort to be able to preach through the press. It is my life to proclaim the everlasting Gospel of the grace of God, and so I shall live and speak long after I am dead.'

"Death was drawing very near to Mr. Spurgeon when on November 14, last, he dictated this—too feeble, now, to write with his own pen: 'I am a sick man who has narrowly escaped the hand of death, and I feel that the things of eternity ought not to be trifled with. To be saved at the last, our wisdom is to be saved at once. If I had left my soul's matters for a sick bed, I could not have attended to them there, for I was delirious, and the mind could not fix itself sensibly upon any subject. Before the cloud lowers over your mind give your best attention to the Word of the Lord.'

"In one of his latest sermons at the Tabernacle he uttered a pathetic message, which conveyed to the minds of hearers and readers that he had a premonition of his approaching separation from the church to which he had ministered thirty-nine years. He took the opportunity of condensing into one thrilling utterance, the essence of his long and successful ministry. In the light of recent events, it seems almost prophetic. The passage is as follows:

A PREMONITION OF THE END.

'Settle this in your heart: "Whether I am up or down, the Lord Jesus is the same." My time is ended, although I had much more to say. I can only pray the Lord to give you to believe in him. If I should never again have the pleasure of speaking for my Lord upon the face of this earth, I should like to deliver, as my last confession of faith, this testimony—that nothing but faith can save this nineteenth century; nothing but faith can save England; nothing but faith can save the present unbelieving Church; nothing but firm faith in the grand old doctrines of grace, and in the ever-living and unchanging God can bring back to the Church again a full tide of prosperity, and make her to be the deliverer of the nations for Christ; nothing but faith in the Lord Jesus can save you or me. The Lord give you, my brothers, to believe to the utmost degree, for his name's sake! Amen.'"

HONORS TO MR. SPURGEON.

The coffin containing the body of Rev. Mr. Spurgeon was taken to the Scotch Church, Mentone, February 4th, and impressive services were held over the body. A large number of the relatives, friends and admirers of the dead clergyman were present, and the church was not large enough to hold all those who sought admission. After the delivery of the addresses and offering of prayers, there were read the

telegram of condolence from the Prince of Wales and the message from Mr. Moody, the American evangelist. At the close of the services the coffin was taken to the railway station for conveyance to London.

The body of the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon arrived at New Haven from Mentone at five o'clock, morning, February 8th. Notwithstanding the earliness of the hour, there was a large assemblage on the quay awaiting the arrival of the Channel steamer which brought the body from France. Many persons went to New Haven the day before from London, and some of them had remained up all night.

The coffin was taken ashore soon after the steamer arrived, and as it was carried down the gangway the people reverently bared their heads. The coffin was enclosed in a wooden case, and before it was taken to the train that was to convey it to London this case was taken off. It was broken to pieces, and the crowd eagerly seized upon the bits of wood and carried them off as relics.

All the deacons and elders of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Mr. Spurgeon's church, were assembled at the Victoria Station, London, when the train bearing the body arrived, and an enormous crowd was in the station and about the entrance. A long line of coaches was waiting at the gates of the station. The coffin was removed from the train and placed in a hearse. A procession was then formed, and, following the hearse, moved slowly to the Tabernacle.

BURIAL OF SPURGEON.

The last memorial service over the remains of the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon was held Wednesday night, February 10. The Metropolitan Tabernacle was crowded, and the services, which were not concluded until after midnight, were very

solemn and impressive. Thursday morning a majority of the shops in the vicinity of the Tabernacle were closed as a mark of respect to the dead minister, and the buildings very generally bore mourning emblems. The funeral services opened at 11 o'clock. The members of Mr. Spurgeon's family in London, the Mayor of Croydon, several members of the House of Commons, Lady Burdette-Coutts and deputations from sixty religious bodies were among those present.

After the singing of the last hymn that Mr. Spurgeon had announced before he was taken sick, "The Sands of Time Are Sinking," the Rev. Mr. Pierson, the American minister who filled Mr. Spurgeon's pulpit during the latter's illness, made a most eloquent address. He dwelt at length upon Mr. Spurgeon's powerful influence. A cedar of Lebanon has fallen, he said, and the crash of its downfall has shocked the whole land. No such vacancy has been felt in the church for a century. Mr. Pierson concluded his remarks by drawing parallels between the work done by Mr. Spurgeon and that performed by John Wesley. After the offering of prayers and the singing of hymns, Mr. Pierson pronounced the benediction.

The olive-wood coffin containing the remains was then taken from the catafalque, upon which it had rested since Monday night, and conveyed to the hearse in waiting at the main entrance of the Tabernacle. As it was borne down the aisle the entire congregation arose and joined in singing the hymn, "There's No Night in Homeland." After the mourners had entered carriages the funeral procession started for Norwood Cemetery, where the remains will be interred. There was an enormous number of coaches in the procession, and the entire route from the Tabernacle to the cemetery was lined by an immense concourse of people.

Three mounted policemen preceded the hearse. On the coffin lay an open Bible. The sides of the hearse bore the text, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." As the cortege moved slowly along, the spectators removed their hats and bowed their heads. The bells of St. Mary's and St. Mark's Churches tolled solemnly as the funeral procession passed. The flags displayed along the route followed by the procession were all at half-mast.

Places of business between Kensington and Clapham were closed, and many of the houses had their blinds drawn. The children from the Stockwell Orphanage occupied a raised platform that had been erected for their use at a point where a good view of the procession could be had. This platform was heavily draped with black and other mourning emblems. A large number of persons took advantage of the deep feeling created by the noted divine's death, and they did a brisk trade in selling Mr. Spurgeon's portraits, biographies and mourning rosettes.

TESTIMONIALS.

The morning papers in London contained long memorials and obituary articles on Mr. Spurgeon. The *Chronicle* appeared with a mourning border. It compared the dead pastor to Martin Luther. The *Telegraph* characterized him as "A great, fearless and faithful minister." It adds, "Albeit of homely genius and eloquence, all agree that he leaves a void that will be filled with difficulty."

The *Independent*, New York: "Plain Mr. Spurgeon, great in his simplicity and earnestness, he was above all titles, and he wished none that could not be borne by the humblest mechanic or serving-man. But the world honored him as it honors its greatest men by dropping even the *Mister*, and speaking of him by his last name only, Spurgeon, just as we

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speak of Shakespeare or Milton or Gladstone. His name had to be spoken too often for us to take time to give it a prefix. We have lost the greatest preacher of his day, one of the greatest the world has ever seen. His influence has been only good. It is such men that are the true successors of the Aposties."

The Churchman: "The greatest Baptist preacher of the day, we might almost say of any day, has gone to his wellearned rest. Charles Haddon Spurgeon was a man who has filled a large place, and who, we can fearlessly say, has left no successor. He was not an orator in the sense that Punshon was an orator. It would be quite absurd to mention him as a speaker in the same breath with Liddon or Magee. Nevertheless, he always exercised a distinct influence on the religious world of England. His power was felt far beyond the walls of that huge tabernacle where for thirty years he held a congregation of 5,000 hanging breathlessly on his lips. What John Knox was in Scotland, what Martin Luther was in Germany, what Wesley in his day was in England, so has Spurgeon been to his time and generation. It is no exaggeration to say that the non-conformist pulpit in England has been a great preservative of Christianity among the masses. Greatest in that pulpit there was Spurgeon. He was not a learned man; his presence was not commanding; he was not a literary nor a topical preacher. Eloquence is a difficult thing to define. A great preacher is a preacher who produces and maintains a profound spiritual impression. This impression was habitually produced by Spurgeon, and it was produced upon people who cannot appreciate subtle argument, delicate fancy, or strong originality. Of course, what Aristotle calls the ethos of the speaker, his moral weight as a man, had much to do with Spurgeon's success. His simplicity of life, his sweetness of speech, his intense earnestness and reality won the heart and confidence of a hearer. But Spurgeon's example as a preacher is instructive from another point of view. Independently of the vivid power exercised by Spurgeon as a believer, as a man of intense convictions, his method as a teacher of Christianity is well worth studying in these days of pulpit oddities, socialistic and scientific preachers, sensationalism, and halfveiled unbelief in pulpit and pew. Spurgeon, like Bunyan, was homely in language, and sometimes humorous. But of all the qualities that made him and his life a defence of Christianity was his knowledge and ready application of the Bible, as containing the inspired Word of God, to the lives and needs of ordinary men. The Bible was his oracle, and he made it the oracle of his hearers. He was a Scriptural preacher, a textual preacher. He proved how potent is the language of the sacred book, how completely it serves for the guide and inspiration of human lives. There have been many preachers more learned than Spurgeon, many more original. The pulpits of America and England have recently sounded forth much that is gorgeous and convincing, and have echoed the best examples of the sermon from Chrysostom to Phillips Brooks, but this century has not heard a voice raised for Christ with so complete a mastery of Scripture thought and language as was exhibited by Spurgeon, who has left a precedent and an example as a man mighty in the Scriptures which no preacher, of whatsoever church or denomination, can afford to disregard."

The Examiner: "It is not too much to say that the whole Christian world has been saddened by the death of the Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon, which occurred at Mentone, France, at a late hour Sunday night. His genius and personal force

has made his name dearly cherished for a generation, not only among Baptists, but with all of them, of whatever name, that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."

The Advocate (M. E) estimates him as "the greatest Evangelical preacher since John Wesley, and the most powerful personality in the pastorate since the rise of Protestantism."

Dr. Landrum in the Religious Herald: "Spurgeon is at home, not again in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, but in 'the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' The greatest preacher of the age is silent. 'The holiest among the mighty and the mightiest among the holy' of our times rests in the bosom of his God. Christendom, regardless of church or creed, mourns its foremost exponent of divine grace and human virtue. Great Britain, and 'the Greater Britain which belts the globe,' as well, because of love for the mother country, has been twice bereaved of late, but not for such as Spurgeon. No prince of the blood and heirpresumptive to the crown was he; no venerable prelate of an ancient, opulent and haughty church, but something far more excellent. Rank and title he did not heed. They would have only belittled him. Spurgeon was nature's nobleman, a prince in Israel, a herald of 'the glorious gospel of the blessed God.' England was but the platform on which his pulpit stood, while the earth was his parish and his audience earth's millions, eager to hear the best news from heaven. With Spurgeon gone, the colossal figure of the religious world has fallen."

Dr. W. E. Hatcher, in the *Baltimore Baptist:* "It adds immeasurably to the altitude and beauty of Spurgeon's life to remember that he came up from the bottom. Neither fortune nor education favored him. The humbleness of his origin was a thing of which he never was ashamed. He said

that his ancestors came from Belgium, and likely enough had toiled at the Belgium looms and had suffered for their faith. It was something for him to say in a country where men are judged by their blood, rather than by their merit, that he would rather be descended from those who had suffered for the gospel than to have in his veins the blood of all the emperors. His character is a shaft whose base is in the valley and whose top is above the clouds. He never could have ascended so splendidly if he had not started so low. In his boyhood he was a toiling usher in the school; but in his full manhood he was the princeliest preacher of the world, and his name was the delight of Christendom. Those who got near to Spurgeon found that his crowning charm was goodness. He was the soul of sincerity. While a gentleman in every instinct and habit, he was an absolute stranger to those conventional disguises and those diplomatic intrigues which many public men consider indispensable to their success. One could not come into his presence and hear him talk without feeling intensely the gentleness, modesty and transparency of his nature. God reigned in him, and his life was the outshining of virtue, truth and righteousness. Some said that he was not great, and others charge that he was lacking in practical wisdom, but not one denied that he was good. He was charmingly free from individualism, and really knew not what it was to speak well of his own performances. For God he had the fullest reverence and love; for men he had affection and sympathy, and for himself severe condemnation of all that was unworthy, and a ready confession of his weakness and sin."

Prof. William C. Wilkinson: "In writing this paper for the *Independent*, I yield to the urgent request of the editor. But I never so reluctantly yielded to such editorial request

before. I spring joyfully, indeed, at the thought of paying grateful, admiring and affectionate tribute to a dear and honored memory; but my heart is too heavy with grief for any proper buoyancy of mind. A great light has gone out in the sky, and I seem to feel, in something more than my own just measure, the darkening of the world. How well I remember when the news first came across the Atlantic-it must have been about the year 1855—that a young preacher in London was renewing, and more than renewing, the pulpit triumphs of Whitefield and of Edward Irving! I was myself at that time still a student in college, and this young preacher, already famous by the then novel name of Spurgeon, was only of an age about equal to my own. During all the time succeeding until now, a period beyond the space of a human generation, Mr. Spurgeon has not for one moment intermitted to be upon the whole the most popular, and, let us not hesitate to say, the greatest preacher in the world. It is a long term of activity and of world-wide renown that Mr. Spurgeon has thus been permitted to fulfill. But he has fallen in the very meridian of his days, and his career seems prematurely cut short. In boldly pronouncing Mr. Spurgeon the greatest preacher in the world, of his time, I have indeed been, perhaps not bold enough. It is not likely that, if all the just conditions of comparison were adequately taken into account, Mr. Spurgeon might appear to be conspicuously the greatest preacher of all times since the age of the Apostles. However this may be, certain it is that, besides being foremost among his peers as a preacher, this prodigious man has, during three decades of years, been also one of the most fruitful and most steadily popular of authors. When it is added, that he has exhibited one of the most successfully organific minds, one of the most stimulating and sustaining forces of personal character anywhere coevally at play among

men; and further beyond all this, that he has meantime been distinctively a teacher of preachers past comparison more influential than any one of his fellows and contemporaries in that vocation, something like a just estimate in outline has been projected of the magnitude of what the world has so long been enjoying in Mr. Spurgeon, and of what it has now lost in his death. Of course, it is not what Mr Spurgeon was, that I mean in speaking of the loss that his death brings to the world; for what Mr. Spurgeon was, the world has not lost. The past at least is secure, and that is immortal. The world has lost only what Mr. Spurgeon might have been in the many unaccomplished years, the hope of which was, until lately, large and lucid round his brow."

President H. G. Weston: "He was the greatest preacher since the time of the Apostles. There is not such another instance in the Christian history. Not for one week, but for almost forty years, there was not a fluctuation, not an ebb of the tide. Has there been a death like this during the Christian era? Has there been a man whose death touched so many hearts? And all this was honestly won. There was no endeavor to drum up a congregation; no compromise; but honest, bold presentation of the truth, that won every heart which loved the truth. During a series of summers in London I found myself every Sunday morning in my accustomed seat at the Tabernacle. I often asked myself, 'Why am I here? Canon Liddon is preaching at St. Paul's; Dr. Vaughn at the Temple Church; Canon Farrar at St. Margaret's.' But when he began to speak every doubt vanished and I felt that I was in a higher atmosphere. Why? He put himself in such a relation to his hearers that they were all his friends. Not an orator, he therefore laid

hold of the whole congregation. It was the perfection of an oral address. He stood and talked. His English was perfect; he filled the cup of your mind just full. There was nothing to repel, but everything to attract. You could not resist him as he stood there on the quarter deck. Very noticeable was his denial of self, quite different from self denial. His reticence kept him within clearly defined limits. You kept saying, 'How much more you know than you say!' He was a spiritual preacher. There was nothing to make you know to what nation he belonged. There was no English accent. His sermons might have been preached in any century. You only knew that he was a preacher of the gospel. It was a marvelous congregation. Here sat a trustee of Princeton Seminary; there a literary man, without any belief; there a tourist. His sermons were read everywhere, on the frontier, on shipboard, in Australia, in New Zealand. Do you believe that God so endowed this man for the forty years which he labored? I look forward to the eternity beyond; and I cannot more justly close these remarks than by the words, 'Let me go, for the day breaketh.'"

Dr. George Dana Boardman: "An affectionate husband and father; a steadfast friend; a genial neighbor; a sturdy patriot; a national benefactor; a consistent Christian; a devoted minister; a loyal ambassador; a Biblical unfolder; an unwavering believer; a conservative theologian; a watchful sentinel; a courageous prophet; an acute observer; a self-reliant thinker; a lucid expresser; a quaint aphorist; an honest orator; a sympathetic interpreter; a melodious speaker; a wholesome author; a wise counsellor; a sagacious projector; a practical philanthropist; a tireless upbuilder; a master organizer; a born metropolitan; a conscientous steward; a patient sufferer; in brief, Christ's

conspicuously consecrated servant:—Charles Haddon Spurgeon has overcome, and is sitting down with his Master in his throne, even as his Master had overcome, and is sitting down with his Father in his throne. I heard a voice from heaven saying, Write, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; for their works follow with them."



THE HEROIC LIFE.

"For if ye love them which love you, what thank have ye? for sinners also love those that love them. And if ye do good to them which do good to you, what thank have ye? for sinners also do even the same. And if ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye? for sinners also lend to sinners, to receive as much again."—Luke 6: 32-34.

All the discourses of Jesus are the words of God to our soul, whether they convey to us instruction, warning, rebuke, invitation or consolation. Yet have I known professors who would fain rend the Master's vesture that they might have only the softest part of it to be a pillow for their idle heads. "That," they say, "was a Gospel sermon, sweet food for our souls," because it happened to tell of what Christ has done for us; but on the next occasion they cry out, "That was not a Gospel sermon; it was legal; it laid a burden upon our shoulders," because it dared to tell of what Christ has commanded us to do for him. Such men, it seems to me, accept Christ for a servant rather than for a Master. Feeling certain that you are not of that order of religious cavillers, but that

This sermon, by the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, is one of his latest and his was truly a heroic life.

you will accept anything that comes from Christ, I am glad to have

A PRACTICAL SUBJECT.

We live under a spirit whose law is perfection, and therefore a little fault causes us much self-condemnation. We judge ourselves by a severer rule than we would apply to others; for our privileges and responsibilities are exceptionally great. I allow in other men what I would denounce in myself. I could approve in some men actions which to me also would be lawful but would not be expedient, upon the higher rule of glorifying God in all things. When I have heard of certain deeds of unconverted and unenlightened men I have excused them, saying, "Poor souls, considering who they were, and where they were, their conduct is not so heavily to be blamed;" and yet if I had behaved one-half as badly there would have been rebellion and presumption in the deed.

If you are what you profess to be, my brethren, more is expected from you than from any other men beneath the sun, and therefore I shall throw aside all hesitancy in setting before you a supreme standard, and asking of you what we never can get from sinners, nor from men of the world. Know ye not that your Lord has said, "Except your right-eousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter the kingdom of heaven?"

I. Our first observation in plunging into our discourse is this. Much that is naturally good

MAY FALL FAR SHORT

of Christian character. Do not make the mistake of saying that moral excellence is not good. Some have broadly declared that there is no good thing in an unconverted man;

but this is scarcely true. It will generally be so understood that its meaning will be false, and that is a great pity; we must not utter falsehood in order to honor God; there is a great deal of good—good under certain senses and aspects of the term "good"—in many unconverted people. Many who are total strangers to the grace of God yet exhibit sparkling forms of the human virtues in integrity, generosity, kindness, courage, self-sacrifice and patience. I could wish that some who call themselves Christians were in certain respects as good as others whom I know of who have never bore the Christian name. It is always right to speak the truth, and truth obliges me to say as much as this.

Observe the three things mentioned in the text against which there is no law, but of which much is to be spoken in commendation. These acts are good, but they do not come up to

CHRIST'S STANDARD.

The first mentioned is, "If ye love them which love you." Thousands have never reached so high as this standard. "If ye love them which love you." But even if we reach as high as that it is by no means a great attainment: is it? Our Lord says that sinners also love those that love them. Grace is not needed to make a man the loving husband of a tender wife; grace is not needed to make affectionate sons and daughters; we see them all around us. I am sure it does not require grace in the hearts of the bulk of you to make you feel kindly towards those who treat you in a friendly manner; "sinners also love those that love them." You have all come as far as that, and such feeling is good, the more of it the better; yet it is not up to the mark of Christ's teaching if it stands alone. Can you love those who have belied your character, who have done the best they can to

ruin you, and who will do the same again? Can you feel towards them an earnest desire for their present and eternal welfare? If you could do them good would you delight to do it, and repeat the deed until you had made them too happy to be malicious, too much indebted to continue at enmity? This would be glorious indeed.

GOD-LIKENESS.

This is high, and I think I hear some one say, "I cannot attain unto it; I can love those that love me, but loving those that hate me is another business; I shall have to look at the matter two or three times before I attempt it." I dare say you will, my friend, and hence it is that it needs the work of God Himself to make us Christians. Godliness is Godlikeness, and this is not easy to attain.

The next thing in the verses before us is grateful return. "If ye do good to them which do good to you, what thank have ye?" It is a very right thing that if persons have served us we should endeavor to repay the benefit. By common consent "one good turn deserves another." It is certainly a horrible thing that men should be ungrateful; but yet supposing that you, dear hearer, are grateful, and have lately taken special pains to do good to one who aforetime was good to you, what thank have you? You have done what you ought to have done, and no more; you have paid an old debt as every honest man should do, but this does not prove you to be a Christian, for Christianity includes this, and rises above it like an Alp above the surrounding plain.

Followers of Jesus are called upon to do good to those who have done them harm. You know the old saying, evil for good is devil-like, evil for evil is beast-like, good for good is man-like, good for evil is God-like. Rise you to that God-like point. If a man has taken the bread out of your mouth, seize the first opportunity to help him to a livelihood. If he has bespattered you, be ready to forgive him, but say not a word against him. Watch for a time, when by great kindness you may heap coals of fire on his head. "Hard teaching," says one. I know it is, and harder doing, but it is blessed doing. It is sweet to render good for ill! There is a self-conquest about it which ennobles the soul more than the conquest of an empire; there is a getting near to Christ in such actions that is more of heaven than all beside.

NEIGHBORLY HELP.

Again, you note in the thirty-fourth verse that mention is made of helping others in a neighborly way with the expectation of their returning the friendly deed. "If ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye." Temporary help is often rendered in the expectation that, if ever we are in the same need, we shall only need to ask and receive like aid. I help you and you help me—a very popular thing to do, and the more of such brotherly and neighborly co-operation the better, but still there is nothing so very virtuous in it. "What thank have ye, for sinners also lend to sinners to receive as much again." You as a Christian are to rise to something higher than this—namely, to be ready to help without the expectation of being helped again, ready to aid those who, you are certain, could not help you, who are too poor ever to come to your rescue; ay, and ready to help those who would not help you if they could, who may even return your kindness with words of falsehood and acts of unkindness. Can you rise to this? for this is to be a Christian, this is to be like your heavenly

Father. Thus, brethren, I think I have shown you that there are certain good things in the world which do not reach to

THE STANDARD OF CHRISTIAN VIRTUE.

This holds good of all religious actions. You go to the house of God; so do the heathens go to the house of their god. You spend certain times in prayer; so do the Mahommedans. You are very devout; so are Parsees. You are known to be a religious man; so were a great many who have turned out to be rogues. You are a deacon or other church officer; yes, so were certain bank directors who were none the more honest for that. But you are a preacher, yes, and so was Judas, who hanged himself and so went to his own place. Religious acts count for nothing unless there is a true heart at the back of them. These things ought we to have done, but if we leave heart work undone nothing is done.

Oh, it shames me when I sit down and look over my life and enquire, "Is this a life a Christian ought to live?" Does not the same question arise in your minds? Do you not feel in many points that even unconverted men have excelled you? Do you not know some persons who are no Christians who are, nevertheless, more patient than you in the endurance of pain? Do you not know unbelievers who are generous to a high degree, and show much of self-sacrifice in helping their poor neighbors? Do you not know men whose devotion to science is greater than your devotion to Christ? What manner of person ought I to be, when those who do not profess to know the mysteries of everlasting love rise to such courage in battle, such endurance in pushing over seas of ice? If even a text like this staggers me, and I say it is a hard lesson, where, where must I be in the sight of God, who sees all my failures?

II I want you to notice that Christian virtue is in many ways extraordinary, and

MIGHT BE CALLED HEROIC.

To illustrate this, I will confine myself to the gospel according to Luke. In the passage we have been reading we have evidently a form of virtue which is quite out of the ordinary range of men's thoughts. It concerns love. "Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you." In the point of love, kindness, consideration for men's needs, and desire to do good, the Christian life is to rise above every other till it becomes sublime. Heathen moralists recommended kindness, but they did not suggest its being lavished upon enemies. I have been somewhat amused by the caution of Cicero. He says: "Kindness must not be shown to a youth, nor to an old man; not to the aged, because he is likely to die before he can have an occasion to repay you the benefit; and not to the young man, for he is sure to forget it." Those of us who are middle-aged may value the orator's generosity as we like, but we may reflect that he only recommends its exercise towards us because we are likely to be good debtors, and pay back what we receive, perhaps, with interest. That gentle laugh which ripples over the congregation is the best refutation of such barefaced selfishness. Our Lord bids us seek no reward from men, and he assures us that then a greater

REWARD WILL COME.

Next, read Luke 9: 54, 55, and you will see that the Christian is to rise above human passion in the matter of gentleness. A Christian should be ready to give way; he should be quiet, peaceable, gentle. If in trying to do good, he

wishes to bless certain people, and they refuse to hear him, let him not grow indignant and denounce the offenders, but let him change the scene and carry his message to those who perhaps are hungering for it. He may go round again very shortly to those who repulsed him and find them in a better mind. Be gentle, brother; soft words are hard to answer. They refused you at first, try them again; at any rate, be not provoked, for then they will have conquered you.

The true believer is to be willing to bear reproach; ay, and to bear much more than reproach, as saints of God have done time out of mind. So far from flinching from suffering, we are not even to give it a thought as to how we shall speak if we are brought before kings and rulers, for a part of the Christian's heroism is to lie in his

CALM SELF-POSSESSION.

The man who is so gentle that if men will not listen to him he goes elsewhere, is so steadfast that he cannot be silenced; bold as a lion he stands before his accusers, and he is not troubled as to how he shall put his words together, for he relies upon the indwelling spirit.

See how far the true believer is lifted up above this world, as you turn to Luke 12: 22, where the Lord bids us cultivate a holy ease of heart as to all temporal things. The rich man finds his wealth in his bursting barns, but the believer finds his treasure in the all-sufficiency of God. The Savior says: "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat; neither for the body, what ye shall put on. The life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment. For all these things do the nations of the world seek after."

Another point in which Christian heroism is seen is in humility and in delight in service. A Christian man is to be one who is ready to do anything for the good of others, however lowly the service. He will be a door-keeper in the house of the Lord, if he may but

SERVE HIS BROTHER

and glorify his Master. "Where are these Christian people?" asks a hearer. "Where are these good and humble people? I cannot find them." Are you not one of them yourself? If you are not, make the confession, and go before God and ask him to set you right, and when you are of a lowly, loving spirit yourself you will find others of a like mind. I must admit that they are not easy to come at, but when you are meek and lowly you will find them, on the principle that like draws to like, and birds of a feather flock together.

The next verse of this seventeenth chapter shows us that Christians are to be men of service. The Lord Jesus Christ would not have us always be asking, "How can I be happy? How can I obtain spiritual enjoyment?" There is more joy in plunging your arm up to the elbow in the mire to find a jewel for Christ than in washing one's idle hands with the scented soap of respectable propriety. Oh, to get clean away from all idea of self-seeking in religion. We are first of all saved by grace like drowning mariners snatched from the deep, but afterwards we are taught to man the life-boat ourselves for the rescue of others from destruction. Christianity finds me a soldier wounded in battle, and it heals my wounds, but it does far more than that: it girds me with armor, it gives me a sword, it teaches me to fight, and it makes a hero of me if I yield myself to its full power. God grant it may do this.

III. I will now close with the reflection that the Christian religion

SUPPLIES DUE NOURISHMENT

for the most heroic life. Bear with me while I show you this in a few sentences. We are helped to holy heroism by the reward which it brings, for our blessed Master, though he bids us spurn the thought of reward on earth, yet tells us there is a reward in the thing itself. Just follow my text in the thirty-fifth verse: "Love ye your enemies, and do good. and lend, hoping for nothing again; and your reward shall be great." What reward? Why, the reward of having done good. This is quite enough. If you go to your brother who has treated you so badly, and say, "Brother, we are going to be friends," and you manage to heal all wounds, you will not want any other reward. You will sleep sweetly at night, and the music that awakes you in the morning will be sweet as the bells of heaven. Suppose you have an enemy, and persistently do him all the good you can, you will not wish to be paid for it; it is such a grand thing to have acted like a Christian that you will be

BLESSED IN THE DEED.

Therefore, do not you be so mercenary as to expect to be paid in dirty bronze and tarnished silver, but ask to find your recompense in the spirit by which you are led to do good, and in the smile of your heavenly Father. We are expected to be like God because we are his children. "Ye shall be the children of the Highest; for he is kind to the unthankful and to the evil." We expect to see something of the father in the child. If we are children of God we ought to do what others never think of.

If you are the children of God remember what a Brother you have, and what an example He has set you. Come with me to the cross, and there He hangs. It is your Lord: remember! See, the iron passes through his hand; it is your Lord who is thus maimed! The nails tear through His feet; the feet of your Lord. He wears a diadem as monarch, but it is a coronet of thorns; it is your Lord who is thus crowned! He wears crimson, too; but it is His own blood; and He is your own Lord! And they are hissing at Him, jesting at His prayers, and scoffing at His cries—all this at

YOUR LORD!

And what of you? The other day you were ashamed to own that you were his disciple. Are you not disgusted at such cowardice? You were silent the other day when sinners were blaspheming him; you were niggardly when his poor people needed help; you refused to give when his church and his cause knocked at your door. You would not forgive a fellow Christian the other day, and you parted company with one who had been your friend for years, and all for a hot word; and yet you call yourself a Christian! Yes, and I, too, am a Christian, and have my own private cause for self-humiliation; and that is our Master bleeding there. How can we bear to look him in the face? What sorry disciples we are! O blessed Master, let thy blood drop on us till thou has blotted out these many faults of ours and made us like thyself. Amen.



CHARLES H. SPURGEON.

BY WILLIAM WRIGHT, D.D.

Some thirty-five years ago, Charles H. Spurgeon met me at the parting of life's ways, and sent me on the path which I have since been trying to travel. From that time forward, he and I became fast friends, but during the past ten years I had a standing invitation to spend my Saturday afternoons with him. I used my privilege sparingly, but sufficiently to have seen my many-sided friend from many points of view. A few side-lights from the outer and inner circles may prove, not only interesting, but useful.

I first met Mr. Spurgeon at Belfast. I was then preparing for college, with a hankering after the Indian civil service. Mr. Spurgeon preached in Dr. Cook's church. He singled me out, and spoke to me as if no one else was present. There was no thrumming of theology, and no sanctimonious posing, but a clear, direct, hot, living, personal appeal, that dare not be resisted. As soon as the benediction was pronounced, Mr. Spurgeon descended from the pulpit, and, seeing me looking at him, he held out his hand to me when he was about two-thirds down the stairs. I stepped forward and seized it. "How did you like my sermon?" were his first words. The human, manly, straightforward, genuine ring of the question clinched the effect already produced on

a youth in search of what was genuine. Many started anew on life's journey that night, and few of Spurgeon's people ever turned back.

Fifteen years later, I went to the Tabernacle on my way home from Damascus. The same straightforward Englishman was preaching the same straightforward gospel in all its fulness and freeness, and without any apology for its severity. I walked into the vestry without introduction. He had not seen me for ten years, but he recognized me in the crowd without a moment's hesitation. He ran over the books on the Holy Land, stating the merits of each, and ended by saying, "I suppose Thompson's 'The Land and the Book' is still the best on the manners and customs." He had the literature of Palestine at his finger ends.

When I came to be Mr. Spurgeon's near neighbor, I found that he was acquainted with all literature. His power of reading was, perhaps, never equalled. He would sit down to five or six large books, and master them at one sitting. He sat with his left hand on the left side of the book, and, pushing his right hand up the page on the right side of the book until the page became projected, he turned it over, and proceeded to the next page. He took in the contents almost at a glance, and his memory never failed him as to what he read. He made a point of reading half-a-dozen of the hardest books weekly, as he said he wished to rub his mind against the strongest; and there was no skipping. I often tested the thoroughness of his reading.

"Natural Law in the Spiritual World" reached him and me about the same time. I called on him fresh from a study of the book. He had just read it, with four or five other works, on that day. At tea we began to discuss the work. A third party disputed his recollection of certain points, whereupon Spurgeon quoted a page, to show that the natural and spiritual laws were declared to be "identical," and another important page to show how the book erred by defect. I looked over the page again, on my return home, and I believe he scarcely missed a word in his repetition. His power of reading was one of the greatest of his many talents.

In the vastness of his knowledge Mr. Spurgeon had no equal except Mr. Gladstone, who has all the world's literature open to him. Mr. Spurgeon was limited to the wide field of English. With Mr. Gladstone more than with Mr. Spurgeon I have always felt the depths of my own ignorance. In discussing subjects which were specially my own with Mr. Gladstone, I have always felt that he knew my subject better than I did. I once told him of Spurgeon's power of rapid and thorough reading, believing that he possessed the same gift; but he assured me he read slowly, but that he used up all the odds and ends of time at his disposal to keep abreast of the age.

These two men greatly esteemed and honored each other. This is known from their last correspondence; but I knew it as a fact from each; and when Mr. Spurgeon dissented from Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy, through fear of the priests, he added one day, after condemning Home Rule, "Yes, but I will back William Ewart Gladstone against the world to carry the bill. The purity of his purpose and simplicity of his motives will do it."

I was at first surprised to find Mr. Spurgeon consulting both the Hebrew and Greek texts. "They say," said he, "that I am ignorant and unlearned. Well, let them say, and in everything, by my ignorance and by my learning, let God be glorified."

His exegesis was never wrong. He spared no pains to be sure of the exact meaning of his subject. He was going to preach on the olive-tree, and he sent his secretary to the keeper of the natural-history department of the British Museum with a series of questions as to the peculiarities of the tree.

The keeper was so much interested in the inquiry that he wrote out several pages for Mr. Spurgcon; but when the sermon came to be preached, the information had been passed through the crucible of Mr. Spurgeon's mind, and came forth in one fine Bunyanesque sentence.

Mr. Spurgeon held that the lies that were told about his vulgarity were overruled to the furtherance of the gospel. People read in some of the London revilers how he slid down the pulpit-rail to illustrate the descent of the wicked into hell, and they went to see the dissenting mountebank, and very often they remained to pray and work; for Spurgeon's converts bowed to the yoke.

I once asked him if he had really coined the phrase "Resist the Devil," and he will flee from you; resist a deacon, and he will fly at you." "No," said he, "I never had the wit to invent it, nor the experience to justify my repeating it. Besides," he added, "the saying, like most of the vulgarities fathered on me, is older than my grandfather."

Mr. Spurgeon was sometimes subject to great depression, but nothing weighed him down so heavily as the thought that his orphans might be left destitute. On his return once from Mentone, he met his deacons to see how it fared with the orphans. "You must work another miracle, governor," said one of the deacons; "for we have now only a balance of £50." "Let us ask God for the money that we want," replied Mr. Spurgeon. They knelt round the table and prayed. "Now," said Mr. Spurgeon, when they had again resumed their seats, "let us see what we can do ourselves." He drew a piece of paper to him and wrote down £50 on it,

and passed the paper to his nearest neighbor. When it had gone round the table it contained promises for £500.

"I went home that night," said Mr. Spurgeon, "as if my heart would break." As he was crossing the hall wearily to his study, he heard an altercation going on at the door. He heard his man saying, "No one can see the master to-night," and then he heard a gentleman's voice remonstrating warmly. "What is the matter there?" said Mr. Spurgeon. "O, Mr. Spurgeon!" replied the gentleman at the door, "I have come a long way to see you. I promised, when in India, to give seven hundred pounds to your orphanage, and I have brought you the money." The next morning, the first letter opened by Mr. Spurgeon contained a like amount, "and," said he, when telling the story, "I was once more in the third heaven."

Mr. Spurgeon was a great preacher, a great administrator, great in his orphanage, great in his college, but he was nowhere so great as in his own house on a Saturday afternoon with a single friend.

Westwood is one of the most charming places in a charming neighborhood. How Mr. Spurgeon came to possess it is one of the romances of his life, but it is too long for this article. The grounds belonging to the house, some thirteen acres, are exceedingly picturesque. There are some twenty or thirty acres attached to the place besides. On Saturday afternoons I generally found Mr. Spurgeon down among the cattle, or in his extensive conservatories. He possessed cows and horses and pigs and dogs and sheep, and turkeys and fowls of all description, and ducks of every kind, and geese and pigeons of every variety. And he took an interest in them all, just as he did in each of his orphans. He talked to them and they stood and listened to him, and knew him, and, I believe, loved him as his orphans did.

We returned to the house through the conservatories. These were filled with all kinds of exotic plants and flowers, and Mr. Spurgeon would draw attention to the peculiarities of each, pointing out beautiful contrasts with human life, and analogies with the life to come. His fancies were as charming as the exotics themselves. His sallies in the garden were sometimes inimitable. "Are you ever troubled with these sinless people?" he said to me one day. "We have a nest of them here, and the craze has got in among the gardeners. I called up my three gardeners on Saturday week, and said to them, 'I have been observing you for some time. You come late and you go early, and, in the interval, you spoil my shrubs. I don't want your services any more. I will have my garden attended to by sinners for the future." And he added quietly, "I have now three sinners, and they are doing my garden beautifully."

From the conservatory we proceeded to tea with Mrs. Spurgeon, where the conversation sparkled like champagne. She, too, was carrying on a great work in supplying good books to ministers of all denominations.

After tea, we filed into the study for prayers. There were generally, besides Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon and the guests, five or six servants. Mr. Spurgeon would read a chapter, with a running commentary of striking originality, and then pray with great earnestness and power.

After prayers, the servants and the guests from a distance departed, and then Mr. Spurgeon was at his best. His fun, his stories, his criticisms, his adventures, his projects, made the time pass rapidly. He talked of poetry, philosophy, theology, politics, social schemes, war, peace—everything of human interest shown in the light of his genius.

When at last I rose to go, about nine o'clock, he used to grow sad and heavy; and he would say, "I must now get

some crumbs for my chickens." Seldom, when I left him on Saturday night, did he know either of his texts for Sunday. But he had a well-stored mind, and when he saw his lines of thought, a few catch-words on a sheet of note-paper sufficed. On parting, he offered up a short prayer which was an inspiration to both.

Mr. Spurgeon had a marvelous combination of qualities which contributed to his greatness.

A voice that you heard with pleasure, and could not help hearing.

A mind that absorbed all knowledge, whether from books or nature, that came within its range.

An eye that took in a wide angle, and saw everything within view.

A memory that he treated with confidence, and that never disappointed him.

A great, large heart, on fire with the love of God and the love of souls.

A practical common sense in doing things either sacred or secular. He would have been prime minister had he not been the pastor of the Tabernacle.

A singleness of aim, and a transparent honesty that made him trusted by everybody.

A lovableness that made you love him, if you came within its spell.

"You seem very proud of Mr. Spurgeon," I said, one day to a deacon at the Tabernacle.

"We would all die for Mr. Spurgeon," was his reply.

But the chief secret of Mr. Spurgeon's power was faith in the living, and in the power of the gospel. "After my service last night," said he to me one day, "I went to see two of my dear people. The wife was dying of consumption, the husband of typhoid fever. They had neither doubt nor

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fear, and were as happy as on their wedding day." With a tear in his voice he added: "I preach like a lion when I see my people die so." They prate of his narrowness who never knew his faith. His was the narrowness of the arrow that flew straight to the mark.

Woolsthorpe, London, England.















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